

MY MEMORIES

1830-1913

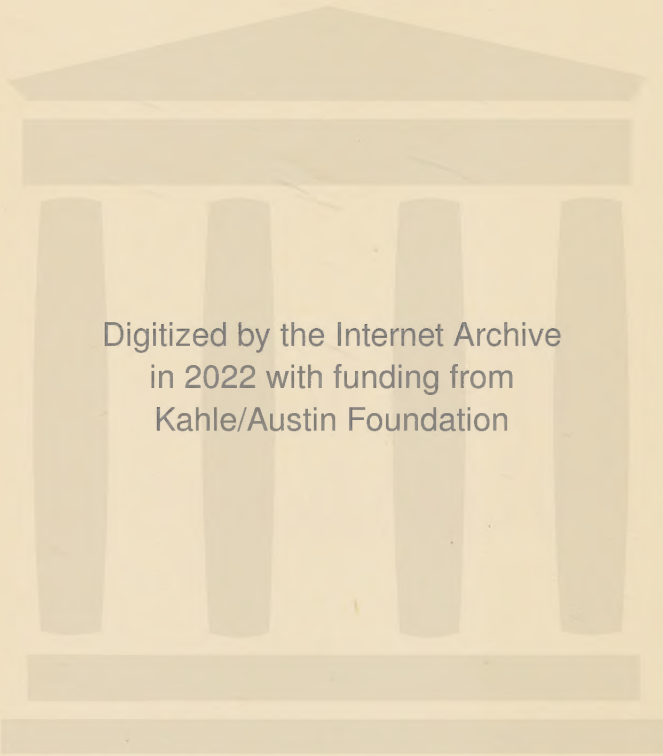
LORD SUFFIELD



WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY
LORD CHARLES BERESFORD

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MY
MEMORIES
BY
LORD
SUFFIELD



W. & D. Downey

Alfred & Co

MY MEMORIES

1830-1913

BY

LORD SUFFIELD

P.C., G.C.V.O., K.C.B., V.D.

EDITED BY

A L Y S L O W T H

WITH 1 PHOTOGRAVURE &

32 OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS

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TO
H.M. QUEEN ALEXANDRA

MADAM,

To you I dedicate this little record of my life,
wherein so much of the happiness I have known is owing
to you and to our dear late King, Edward.

I have the honour to be, Madam,
Your Majesty's very obedient and devoted servant,

SUFFIELD

INTRODUCTION

BY ADMIRAL LORD CHARLES BERESFORD

THE memories of my old friend, Lord Suffield, are full of interest, although through an access of modesty he has left out so much that he might have said. No man was ever more deservedly popular or more justly respected. His kind-hearted generosity and his simplicity of manner endeared him to all who knew him, and I shall never forget how greatly his tact and thoughtfulness contributed to the happiness and comfort of everybody during the visit of King Edward, then Prince of Wales, to India in 1875-6. He was, indeed, the life and soul of us all, and everyone was devoted to him, not only our own party, but the native princes and their *entourage* as well as the English people we met, who saw how frequently he put himself to inconvenience, and quietly and unobtrusively went out of his way to do others a good turn.

During the many years he was at Court, in the suite of King Edward before and after he came to the throne, his sturdy, honest character, and his devotion to the King and to Queen Alexandra, endeared

him to them both, and they regarded him with sentiments of true and deep affection and friendship.

He was a great sportsman and an indomitable rider, with a beautiful seat and perfect hands, and one of the hardest men to hounds of his day. I well remember riding home across country with Suffield one day, after a hunt with Her Majesty's Buckhounds. He took a turn to the right, and I took a turn to the left. Suddenly he disappeared altogether from view. As suddenly he appeared again, on his horse's neck, speedily got back to the saddle, and went away as if nothing had happened, looking neither to right nor left.

Knowing what an extraordinary rider he was I felt curious as to the cause of his sudden disappearance, and rode in the direction he had been to see what had happened. I found that he had come across a deep V-shaped ditch which had a very high post and rails at the bottom. How any man or horse ever got over it is impossible to say. When I spoke to him about it that evening he treated it quite as a matter of course, and only said: "It was a rather nasty place."

He was noted for his wonderful horseman-

ship even as a youngster, before he joined the 7th Hussars; and no one has ever beaten his records at steeplechasing when with them in Ireland during his youth. His own horses were like personal friends to him, and he could ride animals that would not allow any other man even to approach them.

It is well known that Whyte Melville, who was very much attached to him, wrote of Suffield his famous couplet :

“ A rider unequalled—a sportsman complete,
A rum 'un to follow, a bad 'un to beat,”

and no truer tribute was ever penned.

When we were in India with the Prince he always preferred riding to going on an elephant, though only a consummate horseman could have got through the jungle and over the countless obstacles to be met therein as he did.

In referring to my many unlucky mishaps when in India, he says that I never made a fuss about anything, but the same remark might more truthfully have been made of himself. How many men are there who would have sat up night after night as he often did during that tour, sometimes when wet through and very weary, yet never get bad-tempered and irritable, and never grumble, nor visit his own discomfort upon

less self-sacrificing heads? He felt it his duty to play watch-dog to the Prince, and play it he did, at no matter what cost to himself, whether fatigue or fever, or actual danger from animal or human intruders.

Sir Arthur Ellis and he used to take turns in guarding the Prince at night, and when Suffield was on duty (a wholly voluntary duty, for the Prince scouted the idea of danger) he would walk up and down throughout the night to make sure of not falling asleep. This, perhaps, after a long day in the saddle, hunting, or an equally fatiguing day in uniform, spent in ceremonious functions. Oddly enough, in an alien land full of people who had little cause at that time to love us, danger from men only threatened the Prince once, and then, perhaps, but in appearance. It was one night when we were in camp somewhere, and Suffield told me next day that suddenly he felt there was someone in the room. And there, below the tent canvas came creeping, softly as a snake, a native. Before he was well into the tent Suffield had him by the shoulder. The fellow carried a letter, and swore he had only to make sure that it reached the Prince; but Suffield had him out of the tent, and thoroughly convinced, no doubt, that the

spot was an unhealthy one, before he could fulfil any sort of object, and no more was heard either of him or his errand.

He was a marvellously good shot, too, and never was any man more cool and self-possessed in the face of danger. He was also a great yachtsman in his day, and knew as much about the handling of craft as any seaman I have ever met.

His charm of manner was always one of his greatest attractions ; his unaffected, true kindness of heart and consideration for others are, however, the qualities that make all who know him devoted to him. He is, in short, a chivalrous gentleman, and personally he is one of the greatest friends I have ever had.

CHARLES BERESFORD,

Admiral.

PREFATORY NOTE

I CANNOT let these memoirs go to the publisher without some appreciation of the untiring and extraordinary patience and cleverness of my friend, Alys Lowth, who, amid the most disheartening conditions, has persevered with never-flagging kindness and interest in the editing of this record of my life. Though I cannot adequately express my gratification, I highly appreciate the fact that such able hands have undertaken the troublesome work, and carried it through notwithstanding the great labour it has involved. Most heartily and sincerely I thank my editor for all the trouble she has taken, and compliment her upon the ability she has shown.

SUFFIELD

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MY
MEMORIES
BY
LORD
SUFFIELD

MY MEMORIES

CHAPTER I

SOME OF MY ANCESTORS

IN the depth of one of the coldest winters Norfolk has ever known, when the roads in many parts of the country were rendered impassable by deep snow, and terrible storms at sea were making havoc among the shipping on our coast, I was born at Gunton, on the 2nd of January, 1830.

There were no extraordinary rejoicings over my arrival. I was my father's fourth son, and my two half-brothers were nearly grown-up, so that there was then no question of my being the heir. I was only the second son of my mother, and, though she had lost my brother just eighteen months before, I do not think she regarded me as in any way a treasure sent to replace him. She would probably have preferred a second daughter to keep my little elder sister Emily company, but alas! I proved the forerunner of six stalwart sons, and no more girls came to act as roses in our family wreath, until it came to my turn and that of my brothers to open the doors of that surprising storehouse Father Time keeps up aloft.

Before my generation sons were always more

plentiful than daughters in our family. Yet by a curious coincidence it was inheritance through sisters that brought about the establishment of my own branch to the estate of Gunton. Unhappily, most of our family records were burnt in a disastrous fire that destroyed the library and muniment rooms at Gunton in 1882, and much that was of the greatest interest was lost.

In bygone years much discussion took place between the Heralds and certain worthy ancestors of mine as to the origin of my family. The Heralds, a race of men who belong to the *genus They*, and, being therefore immaterial and invisible, are without modesty or pride, tried to foist upon us the bend sinister of the Herberts of Somersetshire, and even went the length of excusing it on the plea that it was no worse than that of many other ancient houses.

But my good ancestors would have none of it : they stoutly denied the connection, and, proudly brushing aside all such royal beginnings, they took a simple esquire named William Harbord or Hobart, of Wilton in Somersetshire, as the progenitor of our line. How he assumed the name, or how it was thrust upon him, we know not : suffice it to say that he had a son named Charles, who must have been an able, as well as an ambitious, fellow, for while still a young man he appears to have had a good deal to do with the negotiations for the marriage of Charles I. and Henrietta Maria, and was made one of the Queen's trustees. He sat in Parliament for many years ; was one of the twelve on the secret committee in Lord Stafford's



MY LITTLE DUTCH ANCESTRESS, MARIA VAN AELST. 1600
From a painting at Gunton

Impeachment ; became Surveyor-General to Charles I., and later to Charles II. ; was knighted, and lived to the age of eighty-four, retaining his activities to the end. Burnet describes him as " a very rich and covetous man, who knew England well."

His wife was Maria Van Aelst, whose portrait, as well as her name, leaves no room for doubt as to her nationality, and they lived first in Hertfordshire, and then at Besthorpe in Norfolk, where Sir Charles¹ died in 1679. The only really interesting member of their family was the fourth son, another Charles, who, when only twenty years of age, was knighted for his services in the Navy, and lost his life twelve years later at the battle of Sole Bay. He was a First Lieutenant on the *Royal James*, and a devoted friend of his Admiral, Sir Edward Montagu, afterwards the Earl of Sandwich. They travelled together to many lands, and met with many adventures, both at home and abroad ; together they fought the Spaniards when Montagu shared the command with Blake in his last action in 1657 ; and together they went to Scheveling, when the English fleet went over to bring Charles back to his kingdom.

¹ Sir Charles Harbord had five sons and three daughters. His sons were : Philip, the eldest, of Stanning Hall, in Norfolk, who was evidently interested in genealogy ; Charles, who died in infancy ; William, who was a member of Parliament for Thetford, became auditor to the Duchy of Cornwall, afterwards Deputy-Lieutenant of Ireland, and died at Belgrade in 1692 ; Charles, who perished in the Battle of Sole Bay ; and John, who was the first owner of Gunton, of whose pursuits there is no record.

But it was written that they were to come safely out of strange seas into English waters, and die within sight, almost within touch, of home. Both were buried in Westminster Abbey.¹

William, the third son of Sir Charles Harbord, succeeded his father as Surveyor-General. He is chiefly interesting through being regarded

¹ The inscription on the monument to Charles Harbord runs: "To preserve and unite the memory of two faithful friends who lost their lives at sea together, May 28th, 1672. Sir Charles Harbord, Knt., third son of Sir Charles Harbord, Knt., His Majesty's Surveyor-General and first lieutenant of the *Royal James*, under the most noble and first illustrious Captain and Earl of Sandwich, Vice-Admiral of England, which after a terrible fight maintained to admiration against a squadron of the Holland fleet for above six hours near the Suffolk coast, having put off two fire ships, at last being utterly disabled and few of her men remaining unhurt, was by a third unfortunately set on fire, but he, though he swam well, neglected to save himself, as some did, and out of perfect love to the worthy Lord, whom for many years he had constantly accompanied in all his honourable employments, and in all the engagements of the former war, died with him, at the age of 32, much bewailed of his father, whom he never offended, and much beloved of all for his known piety, virtue, loyalty, fortitude and fidelity."

On the other side: "Clement Cottrell, Esq., eldest son of Sir Charles Cottrell, Knt., Master of the Ceremonies, and his assistant to have succeeded in that office, for which he was very fit, having a tall handsome person, a graceful winning behaviour and great natural parts, much improved by study and by converse in most courts of Europe, where, firm to the Court of England, he learnt not their vices, but customs and languages, understanding seven and speaking four of them as his own, though but twenty-two years old; yet not content to serve his King and Country at home only; his excess of courage incited by a deep sense of honour could not be kept from going volunteer with the Earl of Sandwich, with whom he had been in Spain when his Excellency was there as Ambassador Extraordinary, with whom, after having returned unwounded into his ship from being the first man that boarded a Dutch one of 80 guns and pulled down the Ensign of it with his own hand, he also perished universally lamented."



MONUMENT TO SIR CHARLES HARBORD IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

by Samuel Pepys as his "most persistent enemy."¹

Like his father, he was almost fanatical in his hatred of Papistry ; he openly blamed the Duke of York for the disaster at Sole Bay, and he made no secret of his dislike of the Duke and all whom he favoured.

He appears to have been about the world more than most men of his time, and he probably went abroad when Charles II. died, for in 1686 he wrote an account of the battle of Buda in Hungary, and nothing is heard of him in England until 1689, when he was made a Privy Councillor to William of Orange. Among his other appointments was that of Keeper of Hyde Park, according to Lyson's *Environs*. In 1690 he became Vice-Treasurer for Ireland, and in 1692 he was appointed Ambassador to Turkey. But he died at Belgrade on his way to Constantinople—unhappily before he had any opportunity of showing what sort of ambassador a Norfolk man would make ; for, as he admitted once that he was of a choleric disposition, it would have been interesting to study his career among the Turks.

His death left only two of the old Surveyor-General's sons alive, both of them plain country gentlemen, and living within a few miles of each other on their own estates, Philip at Stanninghall, John at Gunton. John apparently had no children ; there is no record to show that he was even married. All that is really known about him is that he lived at Gunton until he was eighty-four,

¹ Wheatley's Edition of Pepys' Diary. See Appendix iv.

when he was still a hale and active man. Then one day, when riding home from shooting, his horse stumbled on Pheasant Hill and fell with his rider. John's neck was broken, and he died on the spot. There is a monument in the church of St. George, Tombland, Norwich, to his memory.¹

Of Sir Charles Harbord's three daughters we only know that Catherine, the youngest, married twice, first Thomas Wright, of Kilverstone in Norfolk, and, after his death, William Copley, of Haughleigh in Suffolk and Thetford in Norfolk. John's heir was this sister Catherine's son, Harbord Copley, who assumed his uncle's name with the estates, thus becoming the first Harbord Harbord of Gunton.

Close to Gunton lived John's niece and Harbord Copley's sister, Judith, who had married John Morden of Suffield. Judith had a son, William, who had inherited the political tastes of his grandfather and great-uncle, and for eight years he represented, during three Parliaments, Beeralston in Devonshire. When Harbord Harbord the

¹ It bears the following inscription :

P. M. S.

Johannis Harbord de Gunton Armiger qui ex munificentia non vulgari ducentes numerorum libras, ad tectum aedes hujus stramine suo denudandum, plumbo uno obducendum

Expendendas Testamento

Legavit.

A.D. 1711.

The Latin is very rocky, but this is a rough translation : ("aedes" should be "aedis"; "stramine" looks like "stamine") :

"John Harbord of Gunton, Knight, who with uncommon liberality bequeathed by will two hundred pounds for the purpose of stripping the roof of this house of its straw and covering it with lead."

first died in 1742, William Morden found himself heir to Gunton, and with the estate he assumed the name and arms, as his uncle had done before him. He married Elizabeth, daughter and co-heir of Robert Britiffe, Esquire, of Beaconsfield, in Norfolk, and had two sons, the eldest of whom he named after his uncle. In 1744 William was made a Knight of the Bath; in 1746 a Baronet. He lived at Gunton for twenty-eight years, and died and was buried there in 1770.

His eldest son, Harbord Harbord II., had gone into politics as quite a young man, and represented Norwich for thirty years, from 1756 to 1786, when he was created Baron Suffield, of the United Kingdom. He married Mary, daughter and co-heiress of Sir Ralph Assheton, Bt., of Middleton in Lancashire, and had three sons, Charles, who died in infancy, William Assheton, his heir, and Edward, my father.

Sir Harbord Harbord was a contemporary of Thomas William Coke, of Norfolk, afterwards Earl of Leicester, and of William Windham,¹ who has been described by Lord Rosebery as the "finest English gentleman of his or perhaps all time." His connection with Coke is a remarkable instance of the facility with which a long-standing friendship can be broken.

My grandfather had known Coke practically all his life, and was his ally in many of the most

¹ William Windham (1750-1810). He was M.P. for Norwich, 1784-1802, and was among the members charged with the impeachment of Warren Hastings. He was included in Pitt's first Cabinet, 1794-1801, in the ministry of "All the Talents," 1806-7.

important happenings of his career. When Coke fell in love with Jane Dutton, his father, Wenman Coke, was very much against the match ; for although he had allowed his daughter to marry Miss Dutton's brother, he considered that his son, as the heir to Holkham, should make a much more ambitious marriage. Young Coke persuaded Sir Harbord to plead his cause, and this my grandfather did with so much tact and sympathy that he succeeded in persuading Coke the elder to consent. In the following year the bridegroom came into possession of his father's fortune and estates ; he was in London when Wenman Coke died, and on hearing the news Sir Harbord, with Sir Edward Astley, immediately called upon him, and persuaded him to stand for the county. Very reluctantly he consented. He was unconsciously quite funny when, years afterwards, he rather pompously and dramatically explained in a speech at an agricultural dinner his motives in entering political life.

“ When I first offered myself for the county,” he said, “ I did so with great reluctance, for I had no wish to go into Parliament. . . . But I was much solicited by Sir Harbord Harbord, Sir Edward Astley, and Mr. Fellowes of Shottesham, who said, and said truly, that I owed it to my father's memory ; and that if I did not stand a Tory would go in. At the mention of a Tory going in, gentlemen, my blood chilled all over me from head to foot, and I came forward. Educated as I had been in the belief that a Tory was not a friend to liberty and the revolution, but a friend to passive

obedience and non-resistance—a supporter of bribery and corruption and of all the evils of oligarchy—I could not resist.”

For some unexplained reason, although Coke did so much for the county and was one of the best landlords Norfolk ever had, he was defeated when in 1784 he again stood as the Whig candidate. Unfortunately he imagined that my grandfather was the chief cause. It is difficult to say how the idea ever entered his head ; still more difficult to say why he should have presumed that it was for his services to the Tories in this matter that Sir Harbord was made a peer two years later. Strangest of all in such a man is the fact that he did not speak out to his friend at once, but harboured resentment in silence for fifty years, until, indeed, my father, years after Sir Harbord's death, chanced to hear of it, and hunted up old papers that convinced even Coke himself that his accusations had been utterly unjust and mistaken.

This is not the only time Sir Harbord was unjustly suspected of treacherous behaviour in connection with his friend. In 1777 Coke had discovered that a man named Richard Gardiner, whom he employed as a sort of treasurer and secretary, was not honest. Coke immediately dismissed him, though with a gratuity of £200. Gardiner, unable to account for his patron's discovery of his dishonesty, looked round for an enemy, and, believing that my grandfather had more influence than any one else with Coke, jumped to the conclusion that it was he who had advised his master. He wrote

accusing Sir Harbord, who replied that while he had never influenced Coke against Gardiner, he agreed with him that it was unwise to give another man too much power over his purse and property.

Coke himself assured Gardiner that Sir Harbord had had nothing whatever to do with the matter, and Gardiner accepted the assurance. Nevertheless, he went away and wrote a venomous epistle of close upon a hundred pages against Sir Harbord, which he sold for one and sixpence a copy, and which is still extant. Coke at once wrote remonstrating with his late "auditor-general," as he called Gardiner, and declined to receive him again. He also published a notice in the papers declaring that all his accusations against Sir Harbord were false.

My grandfather treated the whole matter with contempt. He had been drawn into it falsely, and, though much annoyed, he was afterwards quite good-humoured about it. Coke, oddly enough, considered that his own efforts to clear Sir Harbord of the scurrilous lies told about him by a vindictive servant put his friend under a real obligation, and he mentioned it as one of the reasons why he was so "deeply wounded" when he supposed that my grandfather had gone against him at the election in 1784.

By a happy chance Sir Harbord wrote to Sir Edward Astley to tell him about the election—how Mrs. Coke had written asking him to assure her that he would support her husband, and he replied that he would; how, later, Wodehouse

called to canvass him and had gone away "without making a civil bow" on being told that although Sir Harbord did not think with Coke in politics, he should nevertheless support him in the county election.

It is scarcely credible that Coke never knew of this until my father sent him the letters in proof of it. But even when he expressed himself "entirely satisfied" he had not the grace to say that he regretted his unjustifiable suspicions of the man to whom he always professed friendship. However, my father was satisfied to know that he had cleared away the errors, and he and Coke were always on excellent terms. When in 1832 Coke retired from political life, it was my father who took charge of the arrangements for the public dinner that the people of Norwich gave him as a tribute for his services. My half-brother was one of the candidates for Norwich in the spring of 1835, and in two amusing election squibs he and my father are both mentioned as friends and adherents of the "Dictator-General" of Norfolk. In the first a messenger is supposed to arrive at Holkham with ill news from Norwich which he announces thus :

"Alas ! dread Sir ! the Gunton youth,
And Betty Martin, his adopted friend,
Are beaten into fits——"

The verses go on to relate how the Radicals have been defeated at Yarmouth, Ipswich, Colchester, Harwich, Bury, and Lynn, and ends with the Dictator saying "in a phrenzy" :

“ Have all my slaves rebelled ?
 What spirit foul has whispered in their ear
 The long forgotten name of liberty !!
 I'll crush these villains to the earth again,
 I'll shew them how to raise their rebel voice
 Against the mighty name of H.lk..m's Lord.”

The second squib is entitled : “ C. K.'s Apotheosis, Or, the Last Scene of the Norfolk Tragedy.” It is supposed to be the lying-in-state of Coke, and my father and his son are among the mourners. But it was my poor father who died, in the autumn of 1835, not many months after these very verses were written, while Coke lived till 1842, when he died at the age of eighty-eight. I remember him perfectly, although I was such a small boy when I used to see him at Holkham.

William Windham's friendship with my grandfather was of a far more intimate type, for Gunton and Felbrigg being so near each other there was more opportunity for the two families to be together. In 1784 Windham was returned with Sir Harbord for the city of Norwich, the numbers on the poll being—Sir Harbord Harbord 2,305, William Windham 1,297, and the Hon. H. Hobart 1,233. Two years later he was one of the first to congratulate my father on being made a peer.

Sir Harbord's elder son, William Assheton, had married Lady Caroline Hobart, daughter of the second Earl of Buckinghamshire, in 1792. They lived at Blickling for eighteen years before my grandfather died in 1810, and then used Gunton only as a shooting-box, although they spent large

sums on it. It was not surprising that they preferred Blickling, for the house is, in my opinion, the most beautiful in Norfolk, and the gardens are worthy of it. According to a stone let in the west wall of the house, Lady Suffield "bequeathed her jewels towards the expenses of creating this front, MDCCCXIX." One of its great attractions was always its famous library, filled with rare books and old manuscripts. William Windham was very fond of going there, and in his diary, July 13th, 1787, he makes a curious allusion to one of his visits :

"Rode to Aylesham to meet Burney in order to go to Blickling library. While we were waiting in the hall here Lady Buckingham found us in the passage, and I could not resist the temptation to speak to her. . . . I had not above half an hour with Burney when a message from Lady B. obliged us to depart in a manner sufficiently whimsical in appearance, the reason given being that Lord B. was expected, and the message arrived unfortunately at the moment of a violent rain. It turned out that we departed just in good time, though it might have been the very worst, for on our way to Aylesham we met Lord B. By the greatest good luck it was in a part of the road which enabled us to escape unseen in the Holly Stables, where we remained until he was passed."

It would be interesting to know why they were so afraid of meeting Lord Buckingham ; unless the reason was political the mystery will remain one, but it was probably about this time that Windham first showed signs of changing his

opinions. Pitt had entered the House as an advocate of Parliamentary reform, and of liberal concessions to those who dissented from the established Church ; and his reputation with the King, the Parliament, and the country steadily increased as time went on. In 1791 the Duke of Portland, Burke, and Windham among many others, went over to him. The Hobarts were very decided Tories, and Lady Caroline always took great interest in politics. On another occasion William Windham says (July 17th, 1808) : " Dinner with Grand Jury. In the evening tried Lady Caroline with a little due reconciliation, but scarcely enough to make the trial a fair one." Lady Caroline's younger sister married Lord Castle-reagh, a union that materially increased her connection with the political world, and at one time and another all the great Tory leaders found their way to Blickling and Gunton.

My uncle, William Assheton, died on August 1st, 1821, at the age of fifty-four, and as he had no children the title and entailed property came to my father. His wife, Lady Caroline, lived till 1850.

Blickling passed out of the family with the death of my uncle. Of course it was only through marriage with Lady Caroline that he had possessed it, but it would probably have gone with the rest of the property to my father had he not offended his brother and sister-in-law by his independent political opinions. As it was, the lovely old place reverted to Lady Caroline, and she bequeathed it to the Lothians, her own relatives, who still own it.

CHAPTER II

MY FATHER

WHEN my father was only ten years old he was sent to Eton with a private tutor, and some of the letters he wrote home, prim and proper as they seem, are indicative of the unselfishness that always characterised him. Eton boys were much the same then as now, and the letters show, too, that even as a boy he had a keen sense of humour and of the fair play that he so loved. On March 1st, 1794, he wrote :

DEAR PAPA,

I am very much obliged to you for the present which you were so good as to send me, and for the turnip also, for I intend to prove by that that I am not a liar, for I told a boy the other day that I had seen a turnip which would hold two brace of partridges, and he would not believe it, and what is worse, he licked me, he said for telling him such a lie. I will give, if you have no objection, a brace of woodcocks to Dr. Langford, and the same to Dame Tyrrell.

I hope you will excuse my writing so ill, as I have very little time to spare to-day, but I had just a mind to thank you for what you sent me. Pray give my duty and love. . . .

I am, Dear Papa,

Your ever dutiful Son,

E. HARBORD.

P.S.—I took the woodcocks to Dr. Langford's this morning myself, and some of the boys met me, and would have it that I was going to bribe the Dr. not to flog me in case I should do anything amiss !

Tuesday, December 1st, 1795.

DEAR PAPA,

I thank you for your letter received this morning ; am very glad you have heard so good an account of me.

The master of my remove, who we always do our lessons to, this morning created me Preposter for this week of his division, and I hope to perform the office properly, though not a very agreeable one ; I am obliged, when any boy cannot say his lesson, to have him flogged, which you may suppose is not very pleasant, and this morning before ten o'clock there were five to be flagellated.

I hope you are all well, and till then

I remain, Dear Papa,

Your most dutiful Son,

E. HARBORD.

DEAR FATHER,

May 1st, 1796.

To-day being Sunday, I take this opportunity of writing to you, but I am sorry I cannot tell you the particulars about Montem, because it is as yet quite uncertain what I am to be. I am rather in expectation of being one of the Ensign's servants, which is a very great thing, and if so, my dress will be rather different from the rest, in the coat being turned up with black, I believe, etc., but I will tell you as much as I

know about Montem at present. About eleven o'clock, the King and Royal Family station themselves in the school yard, together with all the Gentlemen and Ladies who come to see Montem. Then the Marshall (a boy's name for the day, which means a commander) proceeds first with six servants beautifully drest, then the Prince of Wales' band of Music, then a company of boys drest in the Light Infantry uniform, then another company of boys, then the Ensign with your humble servant and five more, with swords, a hat turned up in front, with a gold button and white ostrich feather, a black stock, a scarlet coat turned up with black, white kerseymere waistcoat and breeches, which are worn by everyone, servant or not—so I have ordered them of Evans beforehand ; a pink sash round my waist ; and that is my dress if I am servant to the Ensign ; but in case it is settled that I am not to be his servant, I will thank you not to get any of the things which are mentioned till you hear from me again, which you shall do as soon as I hear my fate. I think to save you the expense of a sword for me, if you will bring with you that little hanger which is in the drawer in the passage room ; that will be fine enough if you will be so good as to get it cleaned up. I have no more to say, and will tell you all when I hear more in a day or two. Pray give my duty and love,

And I am, Dear Father,

Your most dutiful Son,

E. HARBORD.

I hope your gout is better ; I am quite well.

July 8th, 1796.

DEAR FATHER,

I am now sat down with a full intention of writing you a letter consisting of two pages, but what about I hardly know, for there is very little news stirring at Eton.

I hope you will make yourself the least uneasy about my going into the water, as I do really assure you that I never go in without proper people attending, and the place where I go in is not out of my depth in any part, except in winter about the flood time, and then one should not think of bathing. The Westminster boys are going to play us at cricket ; we meet at Hounslow, and then is to be determined the fate of Eton ! or *I* think rather of Westminster. The Masters know nothing about it, nor are they intended to do so, I believe, till it is over. So I suppose the Eton boys when they come back will be rewarded with a comfortable, reasonable and proper present of birch, together with a few thousand lines of some book to translate or say by heart or whatever pleases Dr. Heath, which most certainly the heroic eleven will submit to, supposing that they return conquerors. I think the Etonians can now overcome the Westminster boys in anything. To give you a specimen of the Etonians rowing, pray what do you think of six of them the other day, against wind and stream, rowing ten miles in an hour and a quarter ? But I hope you will not think that I am engaged the least in the water matches, for though I am very fond of the water, my great amusement now is cricket, and I wait

for the holidays and my new boat at home to *exercise my skill in that art, which I suppose you own is not to be equalled*. I think now I have more than fulfilled my promise about two pages ; so when I have told you that it only next Monday wants three weeks to the holidays for the collegers, I shall conclude with begging my duty and love,

And I am, dear Father,
Your most dutiful Son,
E. HARBORD.

From Eton he went to Oxford, where he was entered at Christ Church, but only remained for two terms before going on a tour to the North of Europe with a new tutor. After six months' travel he returned to Oxford, where he remained until he took his degree.

In 1808 he accompanied General Decken as his military secretary to Portugal, and soon after his return in 1809 he married Georgiana, the only child and heiress of Lord Vernon. He had a house in Albemarle Street where he lived during the season, but spent most of the year at Lord Vernon's seat in Derbyshire, where he undertook the management of the foxhounds and occupied himself with all sorts of sports.

He was an extremely active man, a first-class cricketer and very good at wrestling and boxing, a fine horseman and an A.I. shot. Lord Frederick Beauclerk was the only man who ever beat him at running, and that only once, in a hundred yards race which he lost by two yards. He could run a mile in five minutes with perfect ease.

One race of his with Lord Edward Somerset at Lord's created quite a sensation, for it drew, said a journal of the time, "more ladies of quality than were ever seen at Lord's before." The distance was a hundred yards. Lord Edward had the advantage, but about half-way over the ground my father gained upon him and came up; they jostled against each other in passing, and Lord Edward fell. The umpires decided that the match was drawn, and gave my father liberty to call upon his opponent to run again at any period within six months.

Another day he ran against Lord Edward Bentinck for the sum of a hundred guineas, between the second and third milestones on the Edgware Road, and won easily. Sometimes he raced professionals—a well-known runner named Wade was one of these, and he beat him by four yards in a hundred yards race at Gunton.

Another of his accomplishments was the power of bending and breaking a poker, of the ordinary size and make, round his neck. He was often asked to perform this extraordinary feat, and once did it to amuse the Princess Charlotte Augusta of Wales at a party at the Duchess of Devonshire's. On another occasion it very nearly cost him his life. He was on the river with Lady Castlereagh and a number of friends, and they obtained a poker from a house near by and asked him to break it. He tried, but the poker would only bend. Determined not to be beaten he put forth all his strength, but only succeeded in bending the thing so tightly round his neck that it

nearly choked him. So tight, indeed, it was, that he could not unbend it, and it was several minutes before the combined efforts of his friends could extricate him from his uncomfortable collar.

He was a clever musician, too, though entirely self-taught, but his own personality was the most attractive attribute he possessed ; his manner was always said to be one of his greatest charms, and his ready sympathy and kind, gentle nature always made him accessible to anyone who appealed to him either for assistance or advice. He had, however, a very decided character, and although he would not express an opinion until he had gone into the subject thoroughly, when once he had formed one it was not easy to make him alter it.

He always said that he derived his Liberal principles from the private tutor under whose care he was sent to Eton. There is no doubt that William Windham's friendship and example considerably influenced him too. Upon being returned for Yarmouth in March 1807, he wrote to his father :

“ The old story of Whig and Tory is now forgotten ; all parties are mixed together, and were I to follow my own discretion I would support that which I thought best calculated by talent to promote the interests of this country. Which party that is cannot for a moment be disputed ; Canning, Lord Castlereagh and Perceval are the only oppositionists who have the slightest pretension to ability, and neither of these have the confidence of the country. On the other side of

the House you see more men of talent, and all the rising genius of the age ; it is that side which I would support upon general and public principles. . . . I think that whatever our several opinions may be, my brother and I should act together. . . . I voted last night with my brother and with those who appear to me very little entitled to my support. I voted completely in opposition. First in opposition to my own sentiment ; secondly in opposition to plain sense and reasoning ; and thirdly, in opposition to the Government."

He signed himself, "Your ever dutiful and affectionate son, Edward (and a rank oppositionist unless you give me permission to be the contrary)." His father replied : "As to the line of voting in Parliament, I have little doubt of what it is prudent and necessary for you to do ; a general, though not a blindfold, support of His Majesty's ministers, or the interest at Yarmouth is not of long duration."

My father's political opinions were, however, on a broader plane than those of his family, and he only represented Yarmouth until 1810. His brother deeply resented his resignation of the borough, and wrote : "Ask yourself whether, considering all the money that has been expended to bring you in for Yarmouth . . . you can think yourself justified in thus abandoning the interests of your family."

My father replied : "As to my being justifiable . . . your Lord Lieutenancy and Petre's Receiver Generalship have been the consequence

. . . of bringing me into Parliament. . . . I choose to entail upon myself no further trouble respecting Yarmouth ; and if I should take my seat at any other place I shall do so upon terms which will not render me amenable to anyone for my political conduct."

His brother returned : " As it appears by your answer to my letter that you and I consider the Yarmouth business in a very different point of view, I think it better not to enter further into the subject."

In February 1814 he was invited to offer himself for Grimsby in Lincolnshire, but declined. In January 1818 he was invited by the Ministerial party to offer himself for the representation of the city of Norwich. His brother was very anxious that he should accept, but my father was most reluctant to do so. He finally yielded to the earnest solicitations of his family, but only under the express condition that no pledges as to his parliamentary conduct should be exacted from him.

He was not elected, however, and it having been suggested that he was a creature of Lord Castlereagh, he was assailed with a shower of stones when he appeared to be chaired round the market. He caught one of the largest, and jumping upon the seat of his chair, held it up to the view of the people, who, pleased with his courage, immediately applauded him. In his farewell address he said :

" I retire, Gentlemen, with a sensation more of pride and satisfaction, than of disappointment

and regret. . . . Happiness is the object of us all, and the little I have seen of what is called public life inclines me to believe that mine would most be promoted by distinct removal from it ; but I feel that we do not live entirely for ourselves. Every man, be his station in this world what it may, has public duties . . . from the execution of which no self-regard should induce him to shrink."

The growing resentment of his family reached a climax when he spoke at a county meeting including the Duke of Norfolk and T. W. Coke, to express disapproval of a volunteer regiment having been called out to suppress a riot. This was the first time the Whig party had considered him one of themselves. As a brother of the Lord Lieutenant, and a close connection of Lord Castle-reagh, a Tory Minister, they hailed him with joy, but he was furiously spurned by his brother, who wrote :

"I must confess that nothing in my life has occurred more truly and really to *vex, mortify, and hurt* me. . . . That you should identify yourself with a party, political enemies of your *brother and late father*, knowing that very many of them never were, and certainly are not, well-wishers of that family from whom you derive your consequence ! . . . I much doubt whether your near friends will be as faithful to the cause as those you seem to have deserted."

From this moment his old political friends definitely cast him off, and his brother expressed his determination of cutting him out of any

property he could will away from him. His father had done so long since. A few months later he accepted the borough of Shaftesbury, which he only vacated upon succeeding to the title. He worked tremendously hard over many measures, nearly always in the cause of the poor, and T. F. Buxton said that he considered it was in a great measure owing to him that the Bill was passed which laid the foundation of prison reform in England.

He was always fair, equable, and anxious to see a question from every side, and he invariably leaned towards the weaker and least able to fight for themselves.

In so far as politics were concerned he became even more energetic after taking his place in the House of Lords than before. In 1824 Lady Suffield died, and in 1826 he married again—my mother, Emily Shirley, daughter of Evelyn Shirley, Esquire, of Easington Park, Warwickshire, being his second wife.

At that time he was deeply engaged in the Abolition of Slavery Bill, and his friend, T. F. Buxton, who had first drawn his attention to the measure in 1821, in writing to my mother after his death, said in reference to it :

“ He was almost alone in the part he took, and certainly I could not adequately express my sense of the strength of principle and the moral courage he showed in standing as he did perfectly steady against all the opposition, the arguments, taunts and sneers, with which he was assailed. In Committee, if possible, still more so. Nor did

I only admire his determined boldness upon occasion, but perhaps even more the pains he took and the diligent labour he bestowed in preparing himself for that Committee. . . . His labours were of the highest importance to our cause. He elicited a body of truth which had a considerable influence in bringing about the Abolition of Slavery.”¹

The year of my birth, 1830, was a difficult one for all classes in England. The whole country was in an unsettled state, chiefly owing to the agricultural distress which had led to rioting and incendiarism. The Metropolitan Police Force, quite recently established, was so unpopular that meetings were held to protest against it, as an unnecessary expense, at the very time when the people were so much in revolt that the 7th Dragoon Guards were called out (on January 12th, 1830) on account of the riotous behaviour of the weavers in Norwich.

A frost commenced on Christmas Eve, 1829, which was so intense that in forty-eight hours the mill-streams and rivers were frozen over, and navigation between Norwich and Yarmouth was obstructed by ice. On the night of the 26th the thermometer fell to below zero, a degree of cold that the weather-wise declared had never before been experienced in England. Later on in January there was a great fall of snow in the Lynn district, and the London coach ran into a drift at Tottenham out of which it had to be hauled by farm horses, the snow being almost up to the lamp irons. In

¹ See Appendices.

February the roads were practically impassable, and on one occasion the Fakenham coach was three days on its journey from London. The streets of Cley-next-to-the-Sea were inundated in places to the depth of six to eight feet, and people had to be rescued through the upper windows of the houses.

The Guardians had erected two looms in the workhouse for the employment of persons who applied for relief when unable to obtain work, but the cloth on the looms was deliberately cut and destroyed. In February a meeting was held at the Guildhall, and a relief fund of £3,000 raised.

At the March Quarter Sessions in Norfolk my father suggested to the jury a plan for the alleviation of the distress ; he pointed out that the principal cause was the Poor Rate, and the evil of paramount importance the moral degradation of the poor owing to the system of providing for them, and said :

“ It is notorious that no labourer with a large family exists without parish relief. If the labourer strives hard and earns much the gratuity from the parish is small ; if he be idle and earns little his gratuity is large. Now I will ask if human ingenuity could devise a more effectual scheme for the *preventing of industry* ? ”

He went on to say that “ the only parish in which the poor rate has not increased enormously within the last thirty-six years is one in which almost all the poorer inhabitants had small portions of land attached to their cottages. The rate in that parish had in thirty-six years increased fourpence per acre, while in some of the parishes

adjoining it had been doubled and even trebled in amount."

"The quantity of land generally required," he continued, "was half an acre—labourers to ditch out the land for themselves, the parish to dig the land and seed it, the parish to find a pig costing from eight shillings to ten shillings, to be repaid when the crop is sold. The rent at first to be the same as to the last occupier (the farmer); the condition I exact is that the pauper should give up all claim on the parish for relief after the crop is sold. Gentlemen, these terms have been joyfully accepted by everyone to whom they have been proposed, the banks are raised with a zeal and alacrity which it is delightful to behold, and whence do these arise? Simply from the circumstance that the men for the first time work on their own account. Much has certainly been done to repress and even to extinguish those feelings of independence which used to characterise our countrymen; but I cannot believe that the truly British spirit is eradicated. It has lain dormant, but it now, I would hope, awakens; let it be encouraged, and it will revive to bless our native land with power and prosperity from a source too long neglected."

The jury, however, would have nothing to say to his scheme, and he met with no encouragement in the House. He wrote to a friend:

"Lords Grey, Caernarvon, Dacre, and many others, are so far with me as to agree that remedy is to be found in apportioning land to the poor . . . but what land, and under what conditions



MY FATHER EDWARD, THIRD LORD SUFFIELD,
AS LT.-COL. 1ST EAST NORFOLK LOCAL MILITIA RIFLE CORPS

. . . with the exception of a few individuals the subject is deemed by the world *a bore*, everyone who touches on it is *a bore*, and nothing but the strongest conviction of its importance to the country would induce me to subject myself to the indifference that I daily experience when I venture to intrude the matter upon the attention of legislators ! ! ! ”

That was eighty-four years ago, and apparently it is still looked upon as a bore, for we are still talking about it, in spite of our Labour members. Lord Lansdowne in his speech at Matlock in June 1913 said :

“ The keystone of our policy should be to bring about an increase, and if possible a large increase, in the number of persons interested in the land, and not merely as occupiers, but as absolute owners.”

The poor themselves are well aware of the evils of our present system, but their chosen members are not sufficiently educated to see a way out, and our own people seem unable to carry the reforms they advocate. In my father's time the condition of the lower classes was sufficiently appalling, but I am not sure that in one sense it is not worse to-day. For now a man has no such vital incentive to be thrifty ; the wastrel knows that his children will be fed, clothed, and educated, he himself tenderly cared for in free institutions, and finally that his idle life will be prolonged to the extreme, all at the expense of those who have worked and denied themselves. A carpenter was one day unburdening himself to a friend of mine about taxation.

“ I will tell you a case in point,” he remarked. “ A fellow came into our workshop the other day and said his wife was lying dead and he had no money to bury her. Well, all of us belonged to Societies, paid our few pence a week regular, and knew that the funeral of ourselves or our families would be paid for by the Society when the time came. But this fellow didn’t, so we all contributed a bit, and paid for it among ourselves. Now to pay our subscriptions, little as they were, to our Societies, meant self-denial—less ’baccy, or extra walking on a wet night, or something or other. He was too selfish for that, and he had no shame in asking us to deny ourselves where *he* wouldn’t, to save him the shame of a pauper’s funeral. And that’s just where the Old Age Pension pinches ; *we* pay the taxes to provide it, but it is only the wasters who benefit, for if by hard work and saving we put by enough to save us from starvation in our old age, why, we don’t get the pension—it’s only for those who have been too careless or too idle all the sixty years of their working lives to save even a penny a week towards keeping themselves out of the workhouse ! ”

“ Of course there’s misfortune,” he went on, “ but Lord, sir, there are very few genuine cases of real undeserved bad luck—it’s mostly drink, or devilry of some sort, as keeps a man penniless. What with free schooling and all the rest, every man has a chance nowadays, and yet there are hundreds as aren’t ashamed to take pensions they’ve never contributed to, after benefiting all

their lives by charitable institutions of one sort and another ! ”

The carpenter's opinion was endorsed a few days later by the Marquis of Normanby, who remarked, at a meeting of the Whitby Guardians, on July 23rd, 1913, that : “ A man who saves is disqualified, and the man who gets drunk receives an old age pension.”

To return to 1830. The death of George IV., and his brother's accession in June, put fresh hope into the hearts of the people, but the spirit of revolt had taken too strong a hold to be easily driven out. The rioting grew less in the summer, but in the autumn it again became very serious indeed, and machine breaking and stack firing were rife all over the country. Even in London the temper of the people was so dangerous that on Lord Mayor's Day it was considered unsafe for the King to pass through the streets to the Guildhall, and his visit to the city had to be postponed. London was, in fact, almost in a state of siege ; several regiments of horse and foot were marched into the vicinity, and the ditch of the Tower was filled with water, while the guards were kept under orders for the greater part of the night. The public funds fell, and the unrest and discontent all over the country rose to alarming heights.

My father was meanwhile steadily working away in the House of Lords, trying hard to induce the Government to institute a proper enquiry into the trouble. Suddenly he was called away to Gunton by his steward, Smith, who apprised

him of the intention of the mob to destroy his saw-mill, which had been erected at the entrance to the park. Smith expressed his fears that from the numbers and desperation of the rioters his efforts to save the mill would be fruitless; at the moment of his writing the mob were in the act of trying to terrify Archdeacon Glover of South Repps into a reduction of his tithes. My father immediately hurried down, and a few days later wrote to Richard Bacon that he had in garrison there a hundred men regularly organised to defend his machine, but he hated the idea that the first blood spilt in such a cause should be in his park, and that, having shown sufficient determination to defend the machine he would, if necessary, remove it on the following day, unless an attack was made in the interim.

At the time a hundred and twenty-seven labourers were employed in the park at Gunton, and had been all the year. The plan he carried out was first to summon all his men, explain his intention of defending his property, and ask if they would or would not stand by him. To a man they replied that they would. He then gave to every man a stout cudgel with a thong to fasten it to the wrist, fixed the point of assembly, and arranged that the signal for everyone to appear at his post should be the hoisting of a red flag on the top of the tower. This tower had only been completed a few months earlier. It stood on the top of a rise called Pheasant Hill, about half a mile away from the house, and consisted of three floors, two of which were glazed

rooms, decreasing in size as they ascended. From the upper windows the view took in all the county to Yarmouth, Norwich, and far into the Western division with, of course, the sea.

After making these arrangements, my father sent out scouts to ascertain the position and progress of the mob, who assembled at Alby Hill, about three miles off, ready to advance for the destruction of the mill. Directly this was reported to him the red flag flew, and his men assembled at the gate near Hanworth, quite close to the site of the saw-mill. He made them extend along and under the pales in front of the mill, placed in ambuscade near the spot a few dragoons sent from Horridge, and opened wide the iron gates which were usually kept locked. Then he awaited on horseback at the gates the arrival of the rioters. They did not come, nor was any attack subsequently made, and when my father wished to sally forth and follow them, the scouts could not find out which direction they had taken.

A few days later two of the leaders were taken into custody and brought before the magistrates. When they had been examined, evidence given, and their commitments made out, my father asked them to tell him why they had not come from Alby Hill to attack his saw-mill.

"Why, my lord," replied one, "we saw your *bloody* flag, which we knew was to be the sign that you would give no quarter; we knew your courage and dared not encounter you."

He did not remove his saw-mill, feeling that it would take away permanent employment from

about thirty men, and his estate did not sustain the slightest injury. He returned to London, and immediately resumed his efforts on the enquiry which he hoped would result in permanently relieving the widespread distress.

William Cobbett made his bid for popular favour while the country was in this state of unrest; and when his *Equitable Adjustment* was published, it was my father who, at the instigation of the editor of the *Norwich Mercury*, exposed his abominable tactics. He immediately became the subject of Cobbett's bitterest vituperation, and a whole issue of the *Weekly Register*, Cobbett's journal, was devoted to abuse of him. But my father had thoroughly discredited him; and Lord, then Mr., Brougham, meeting him the day after the exposure had been made, said:

"Well done, Suffield, you have hit him in the raw!"

Cobbett, said someone else, was "one whose name it was a pollution to mention, who had crawled up from the very dregs of the people to a slimy popularity." They knew how to describe such politicians in those days!¹

Not long after this, finding that his work in the House of Lords kept him very fully occupied and that he could do more good there than by local work, my father resigned the chairmanship of Quarter Sessions. He admitted that the difficulty of finding time was not so much his reason

¹ It is said that the word *Liberal* was first used in a political sense at the meeting where Cobbett announced his scheme.—*Norfolk Chronicle*, 1830.

for resigning as the fact that he could not reconcile himself to the severe penalties imposed by his brother magistrates. He never could bear the thought of excessive punishment, and once, when quite a young man, he saved six poachers from suffering the extreme penalty of the law.

An affray had occurred in Thorpe Wood, when several keepers were severely wounded. The poachers were indicted under the Black Act and sentenced to death. My father persuaded my grandfather to ask that their lives should be spared, and himself pleaded in their favour, with the result that the sentences were commuted to transportation. He was really the most sensitive and kindest-hearted of men, and he was dreadfully hurt when, one day, after vainly trying to persuade his fellow magistrates to leniency, he was hissed in the court for passing the sentence they had insisted upon.

When I was only five years old he died from the effects of an accident. His favourite horse, which he had ridden for years, slipped up on all fours one day, and sent him flying over its head. He was not hurt, but the horse was, and he bought a new one to take its place until it was fit to ride again. But the new one proved to be so skittish and ungovernable that he decided not to keep it, and one morning he gave instructions for it to be sold, saying that he would ride it that day for the last time.

In the afternoon he went out riding with his daughter, my half-sister Georgiana, while my mother was driving in the park with some of us.

The horse went badly, attempting to bolt every time another horse passed him, but my father, who was a fine horseman, and very strong in the wrist, pulled him up. The last time this happened the horse reared, went over, and fell on to his rider, then scrambled up and bolted off, the groom after him. My father was left on the ground, and my half-sister, who had dismounted, tried to move him, but was only able to keep the people from pressing too close until Lady Jersey came driving by and took him home in her carriage.

Meanwhile someone had told my mother, who was still driving in the park, of the accident, and she at once turned homewards. It was evidently an unlucky day, or the coachman was upset by the bad news, for one of her carriage horses began kicking, and got its leg over the pole, obliging her to get out. Lord Albemarle happened to pass while she was waiting in great anxiety and impatience, and he took her home in his own carriage. The doctors were with my father when she arrived, and were of opinion that he was not severely injured, being unable to find anything but one rib broken. Three days later, however, unfavourable symptoms manifested themselves, and just a week after the accident he died after extreme suffering at the end. The *post-mortem* examination showed that he had been far more severely hurt than the doctors imagined. He was only fifty-four, oddly enough the same age at which his brother had died in 1821. He was taken down to Gunton, all the way by road, and laid one night at the Rampant Horse Inn, Norwich,

on the way to his last resting-place, the chapel in the park. I remember perfectly my mother calling us all into the room and telling us that he was dead.

We were then living at Vernon House, St. James's Place, which had come to him through his first wife, and now belongs to my daughter, Lady Hillingdon. A few months after his death we went down to Dorsetshire, where we stayed until we returned to Norfolk to live at Horstead Hall, about ten miles from Gunton, a house he had built for his eldest son, whose marriage to Miss Gardner was to have taken place the very day my father died. This of course was postponed, and, as my half-brother had succeeded to Gunton, Horstead was arranged for my mother's use instead.¹

¹ A rather remarkable coincidence was related by my father when his mother died in 1823. He said: On Monday, the 26th May, Lady Vernon (my wife's mother, aged seventy-five) had a paralytic seizure, the violence of which left no hope of even partial recovery. On Tuesday the 27th my own mother (from whom Lady Vernon's calamity had been cautiously concealed), in the eighty-second year of her age, had a similar attack—similar in its immediate effects, in its subsequent symptoms; similar day by day, and finally terminating in a similar result. Lady Vernon expired at her house in Park Lane on Saturday last, and my poor mother breathed her last at Richmond on Sunday, the day following.

It is singular that my wife should have been born within one week of the day on which her mother had attained the age of forty, and that I should have been born upon the very day on which my mother attained the same age.

CHAPTER III

YOUTHFUL DAYS

AS I have said, the Fates chose a very distressful moment for my entry into this world. Nature endowed me with a very warm heart, which has always refused to shut its ears to any tale of woe ; also, alas ! with a still warmer temper. Between the two I have often found myself in somewhat tight places. I cannot say with Landor that I strove with none, nor believe with him that none were worth my strife, but I do not think I ever fought to a finish, because directly my antagonists appealed to my sympathy, all desire for battle or for vengeance fled.

I found interest and amusement everywhere and in everything ; I always loved being out of doors, but art, to me, has ever been a long way behind the living, changing, wonderful beauty of the country, the hills and vales, trees, flowers, and sky ; just as horses and ships have had a greater attraction than books, and every other indoor pursuit but music.

After my father's death the remaining ten years of my boyhood were spent chiefly at Horstead Hall, for I never went to school. A great discussion had taken place between my father and his friend, Richard Bacon, when it was time to consider the education of his two eldest sons, my half-brothers. His own words are worth quoting :



GEORGIANA, LADY VERNON, AND HER SON, MY
HALF-BROTHER, EDWARD
From a painting at Gunton

“ Of the probable evils which belong to a public and to a private system of education, give me the most *liberal* and the most gentlemanlike ; and if I may have either a prodigy of learning from books with little learning from men, or a little learning from books and a large stock of experience, knowledge of the world, and good taste in the station of life which my boy is born to fill, give me the latter. I would have my son as highly finished a scholar, as fond of letters, and generally as well informed upon all subjects, as he can be consistently with the possession of an extensive acquaintance, the manners and mind of a gentleman, and good taste, which is neither more nor less than a natural good sense, polished by observation and experience. I am perfectly persuaded that all these, my *desiderata*, are consistent with an extraordinary degree of learning and literary acquirement in a course of public education. I am sure that a private education utterly prohibits the acquirement of my *desiderata*. I dread the waste of time and vices at Eton ; I dread the selfishness, the illiberality and, in a tenfold ratio, the vices of a private system of tuition.”

Bacon was strongly of opinion that private tuition was best, particularly for a nobleman's son. He wrote :

“ From the present period of Master Edward's life, history, science, poetry, elocution, the theory of morals, legislation and government, and the modern languages especially, should be inculcated hour by hour ; much by positive instruction, more

by casual and conversational communication. He should be *led* by a man of fixed character and habits to the *continual* contemplation and *enjoyment* of the effects of intellectual power and intellectual exertion ; to understand how it contributes to the happiness of mankind, and through that happiness to his own real greatness."

He believed that much time was wasted in "adherence to form" at public schools ; he cited Pitt as the best educated statesman that ever lived, adding that his attainments were acquired in very early life ; and declared that none of the things my father desired as part of a boy's education were taught at school, excepting only history. But my father did not agree with him, and Eton with a private tutor was chosen for my two half-brothers.

Such good fortune was not for me. I was considered too delicate to go to school with my brothers, and I was educated at home by a tutor. My experience decided me to send my own boys to Eton, and I have never yet discovered which plan was really best, because Bacon's did not have a fair trial in my case.

There were seven of us, six boys and a girl, very close to each other in age ; in fact, my next brother, who was only a year younger, was so much like me, and so nearly the same size, that to my mother's great amusement we were sometimes mistaken for twins. As children we were always sorry when it was time to go up to my mother's house in Eaton Square for the

London season. We were all devoted to horses, and used to hunt and ride all over the country. Even in Dorset when I was quite a small boy I remember riding and driving any quadruped, however distantly related to a horse, and I have a very distinct and most grateful recollection of the friends who used to lend my brother and me really good animals to go hunting on whenever there was a meet.

In those days all travelling was done by road. We used to come up to London in quite a procession ; a carriage with four horses for my father and mother and perhaps two of the elder children ; another following with the younger children and nurses ; then a sort of omnibus for the servants and baggage. It seems scarcely credible, even to me, that railways were only invented the year before I was born, and were then looked upon with so much horror that an attack was actually made on Mr. Gurney's steam-carriage on its way to Bath. But a month or two later much progress had been made, " The Rocket," which obtained the prize of £500 offered by the Liverpool Railway Company for the best locomotive, travelling at the exciting rate of fifteen miles an hour.

I remember Hudson, the man who was known as the " Railway King " because he was the prime mover in the establishment of railways all over England. He was a financier who had sprung from nothing, and generally forgot to pronounce the initial letter of his own name, yet became member for Sunderland. He became rich through his railway speculations, and died, in 1871, a

poor man through the same cause. But he was a plucky fellow, and for ten years after he was ruined financially he retained his seat in Parliament. He lived in what is now the French Embassy, and everyone in London, including princes, politicians, poets, and mere people, used to meet at his wife's receptions. When they were no longer able to entertain so lavishly, poor Mrs. Hudson, from being "that good soul" became "that vulgar woman." I remember reading a paragraph once wherein she was described as "dazzling Hyde Park in a chariot, whose gaudy hues could be *heard* from Knightsbridge to Notting Hill." But that was after I grew up; when I was a small boy, Hudson, like his railways, was only beginning.

In June 1830 the Manchester and Liverpool Railway was opened, and two years later it was possible to travel from Liverpool to Manchester by train, a distance of thirty-five miles, in an hour and a half. On this journey, a comment, strange enough to us, was made by a writer of the day, who said :

"In this wonder-working age few greater improvements have been made in any of the useful arts than in those applied to the system of travelling by land. Projectors and projects have multiplied with our years, and the fairy-petted princes of the Arabian Nights Entertainments were scarcely transported from place to place with more facility and despatch than Englishmen are in A.D. 1832. From Liverpool to Manchester, thirty-six miles in an hour and a half. Surely Dædalus is come amongst us again !"

A still more curious comment was made by a man named Delmé Radcliffe, who said that railways would become "the most oppressive monopoly ever inflicted on a free country." He continued: "When we consider the magnitude of the convulsion which this mighty railroad delusion will effect, the fearful extent of its operations, the thousands of human beings thrown out of employ, the incalculable diminution in the number of horses, and the consequent deficiency in demand, we cannot but wonder at the blindness which has countenanced the growth of a monster which will rend the vitals of those by whom it has been fostered."

It is amusing to imagine the feelings of these wiseacres could they look on to-day at our aerial feats, the five hundred and fifty miles in less than eight hours of Garros, for instance, or Pégoud's topsy-turvy flying; our motoring records, our high-speed railway journeys that we consider a matter of course. The mysterious Dædalus, whoever he was, would certainly break his heart at such competition, and Mr. Delmé Radcliffe expire in sheer horror.

I distinctly recollect the excitement over the first train that left Thorpe Station for Yarmouth in 1844, when I was fourteen. A brass band occupied the carriage next to the engine, and the rest of the train was filled with guests invited by the directors. The journey there took fifty and a half minutes; the return forty-four. A big dinner was held in the afternoon in honour of the occasion, and on the following day, when

the line was opened for public traffic, one thousand and fifteen passengers were booked. The Norfolk Railway from Trowse to Cambridge and London was opened a year later, and in 1846 the first excursion train from London arrived in Norwich with eight hundred passengers, who paid seven shillings and sixpence each for their return fares.

I quote this ancient history to show that in the days of my youth a journey really was a journey, and not merely, as now, the transference by luxurious and magically speedy means from one place to another. Many of the old-fashioned people would not condescend to the new methods; my old aunt, Caroline Lady Suffield, who was autocratic to the tips of her fingers, was one of those who considered railways very much beneath her dignity, and travelled in her own carriage to the end of her life rather than rub shoulders with other people in trains. But to us the new railways were part of the enchanting peril and fascinating excitement which made the journeys to and from town an ample compensation for the restrictions and the sedate and kid-gloved behaviour imposed upon us during the few weeks of each season.

In addition to the journeys there and back, town had another attraction; for me, at least, for I had a great friend in London, my big brother-in-law, George Anson, who was in my eyes the finest man in the world. My half-sister Georgiana had married him two years after my father's death, when he was private secretary to Lord Melbourne. At the time of their marriage Queen

Victoria had just ascended the throne, and my sister became Lady of the Bedchamber to Her Majesty. Later on her husband became private secretary to the Prince Consort. When we were in London he used to take me walking in the park, and as the Prince frequently joined him in these constitutionals, I soon became well known to him. I used to stand in great awe of His Royal Highness at first, for he had a severe manner and a stern expression. But I soon discovered that he was cold only in manner, and grew immensely attached to him, as did everyone who came in close contact with him. I saw a great deal of the Queen, too, who was just as kind as the Prince Consort, so that my devotion to the Royal Family began at a very early age.

The Queen was greatly attached to George Anson, and it was by her express wish that he joined the Prince Consort's suite. When it was first suggested the Prince was rather resentful at having even his private secretary chosen for him, but the Queen persuaded him, and many of her letters show how much she valued my brother-in-law, and how really anxious she was that he should become confidential secretary to her husband. She sent him to Germany to escort the Prince to England, and Prince Albert soon shared Her Majesty's opinion of him. They became fast friends, the Prince showing him the utmost confidence, and later on making him the Keeper of his Privy Purse.

Queen Victoria's letters on the subject are very interesting, both as showing her affectionate

manner of writing to the Prince, and her kindly appreciation of her servants. On the 22nd of December 1839 Her Majesty wrote to Prince Albert :

“It is, as you rightly suppose, my greatest, my most anxious wish to do everything most agreeable to you, but I must differ with you respecting Mr. Anson. . . . What I said about Anson giving you advice means, that if you like to ask him, he can and will be of the greatest use to you, as he is a very well-informed person. He will leave Lord Melbourne as soon as he is appointed to you. . . . Anson is not in Parliament, and never was, and therefore he is not a violent politician. Do you think, because I urge this, Lord Melbourne prefers it? On the contrary he never urged it, and I only do it as I know it is for your own good. . . . I am distressed to tell you what I fear you do not like, but it is necessary, my dearest, most excellent Albert. Once more I tell you that you can perfectly rely on me in these matters.”¹

Again, in a letter dated the 26th December 1839 occurs the following :

“I am much grieved that you feel disappointed about my wish respecting your gentlemen, but very glad that you feel confidence in my choice. Respecting the Treasurer, my dearest Albert, I have already written at great length in my last letter, so I will not say much more about it to-day, but will just observe that, though I fully understand (indeed none can feel more for you in the

¹ *Queen Victoria's Correspondence.*

very trying position you will be placed in than I do) your feelings, it is absolutely necessary that an Englishman should be at the head of your affairs ; therefore (though I will not force Mr. Anson on you), I ask you if it is not better to take a man in whom I have confidence, and whom I know well enough to trust perfectly, than a man who is quite a stranger, and whom I know nothing of."

On December 30th the Queen again wrote about this appointment to Prince Albert :

"I here enclose Lord Melbourne's letter ; I have read it, and I think nothing could be better ; it is just what I told you, and it is the honest and impartial advice of a very clever, very honest and very impartial man, whose greatest wish is to secure your and my happiness. Follow this advice and you may be sure of success."

There are many entries and minutes written by George Anson among the Queen's correspondence, constantly proving how absolutely he was in the confidence of both the Queen and the Prince Consort, and how much his opinion was valued by them both, as also by Lord Melbourne and Sir Robert, then Mr., Peel. He used to be sent to town to see both Lord Melbourne and Peel, to obtain from them opinions on current matters, and to convey Their Majesties' wishes and proposals, especially in regard to State appointments.

Her Majesty was his staunch friend to the end of his life, and even considered his advancement before her own convenience. For though she

wrote to her uncle King Leopold that they "could not do without Mr. Anson," the following correspondence proves that she endeavoured to place him to greater advantage than his position as private secretary to the Prince admitted.

On September 19th 1841 Her Majesty wrote to Lord Aberdeen :

"In the conversation that the Queen had with Lord Aberdeen last week she omitted mentioning two persons to him. The one is . . . The other person is Mr. Anson, who is at Madrid ; the Queen hopes it may be possible to leave him there, for she thinks that he has acted with great discretion, prudence, and moderation since he has been there, and the post is one of considerable importance. He was, the Queen believes, long secretary to the Legation at Paris."

In reply, Lord Aberdeen wrote on the 21st September 1841 :

"The opinion which your Majesty has been pleased to signify respecting the conduct of Mr. Anson at Madrid appears, in the humble judgment of Lord Aberdeen, to be fully confirmed by the correspondence in this Office. . . . The greatest care will be taken to select an individual for your Majesty's approbation who may be qualified to carry into effect the wise, just and moderate policy which your Majesty has been graciously pleased to recognise in the conduct of Mr. Anson."

In October 1843 the Queen made another effort to advance his interests. She wrote to Lord Aberdeen suggesting that he should be sent to Paris :

“The Queen hopes that Lord Aberdeen will take some early opportunity of employing Mr. Anson. Who will replace Mr. Bulwer at Paris? His successor ought to be an efficient man, as Lord Cowley is rather infirm.”

George Anson died in 1849 at Osborne, and the Queen wrote to Prince Leopold of his wife, my half-sister :

“She has borne almost the greatest shock and trial which any human being could ; she was *alone* with him when he fell down and never recovered consciousness, and nothing worse could ever happen to her. To lose thus suddenly, in the vigour of manhood, the loyal and devoted friend and servant of ten years was a heavy blow.”

The Prince wrote to Baron Stockmar : “To me the blow is very painful, and the loss immense in a hundred ways.”

Lady Lyttelton wrote an account of his death :

“Mr. Anson is dead ! Alas, that *I* should have to tell of his death whom I thought but three years ago the image of health and youth and power of mind and body. It was yesterday ; he had a slight cold, and sat down near one o’clock, complaining of a sudden pain over his eye, and fell down senseless. He never recovered consciousness. Mrs. Anson was with him when he died. . . . Every face shows how much has been felt ; the Queen and Prince in floods of tears, and quite shut up. It is to them a heavy loss, indeed irreparable. I mean that so warm a friend they can hardly expect to find again, in ever so trustworthy and efficient a minister.”

Four days later she writes : " The Prince's face is still so sad and pale and grave, that I can't forget it."

This happened while I was in Ireland, and a great blow it was, for George Anson had been almost a father, and far kinder to us than our own elder brother. His widow, my half-sister, married Sir Charles Boothby six years later, and lived to be eighty-seven.

My half-brother, too, had married very soon after my father's death. His wife was a daughter of the second Lord Gardner, and a grand-daughter of the first Lord Carrington. They had no children, and, probably for want of occupation, or in order to see more of her brother, who was a Lord-in-Waiting to Queen Victoria, Charlotte became Lady-in-Waiting to Princess Augusta, Duchess of Cambridge, long before her husband's death. We used to call her " Old Charlotte," and I suppose she seemed old to us, but she was only about forty-five when she died in 1859. A very pretty picture of her on horseback hangs in the gallery at Gunton ; she must have been a beautiful woman when young. After my half-brother's death I often went to see her at her house, but invariably found her with the Duchess at St. James's Palace, for they were almost inseparable.

The Duchess sent for me when Charlotte died, to tell me how greatly she missed her, and after that I used to try sometimes to take her place, sitting by Her Royal Highness's bedside for an hour at a time, telling her the stories of the day to amuse her, for the poor lady was bedridden for years before she died.

CHAPTER IV

ALL ABOUT NORFOLK

“ **I** MYSELF am a Norfolk man, and I glory in being so,” Nelson once exclaimed, as he stood at the window of a Yarmouth inn, looking down upon a vast throng of his fellow countymen shouting themselves hoarse in his honour. I echo him, for, like all men of Norfolk, I am naturally proud of my county, although the Merrie Monarch declared that it was only fit to be cut into roads for the rest of the kingdom.

Few counties are richer in history and monuments of past greatness. Once upon a time its population was a fifth of that of the whole of England. When Edward III. invaded France, Yarmouth contributed nearly twice as many ships as London. At the dissolution of the monasteries Norfolk could claim to have more religious houses, acre for acre, than any other county or province in Christendom. Walsingham Priory was once the objective of an endless stream of pilgrims from all parts of the Christian world; the very stars, it was thought, guided them on their way. Thus it was that the Milky Way was renamed Walsingham Way. Yet if the golden age of Norfolk be five centuries ago, we Norfolk men are still as proud of her as when she was “ the Lancashire of mediæval England.”

There is no county in England more individual

than the little corner in the East that has always held on so tenaciously to its independence. It was very strongly fortified in the old days—Robert de Torigny estimates that of the one thousand one hundred and fifty castles built in England during Stephen's reign, three hundred and seventy-five were in Norfolk—and its people were generally too much occupied in fighting to trouble about ridding the land of the woods and marshes that covered it. Abbeys, monasteries, and nunneries, with their attendant churches amounting to no less than seven hundred and thirty, took big toll of the countryside, but the abundance of Christian professors did not at all engender peace among the people ; indeed, there were not a few warriors among the prelates themselves.

Many years ago I had a letter from an enthusiast, who may, or may not, have been a Norfolk man by birth—I only know that he was a resident at Norwich at the time he wrote to me. It was a curious epistle that I preserved on account of its amusing assertions. It informed me that "No Norfolk man will say a word he can help, or do anything not swift and straight, even if bad, or fail to appreciate a pretty woman, though not his. They are good agriculturists and bad husbandmen," he continued, and went on to state that he was prepared to prove that "Norfolk has made more history and been truer to the principle of loyalty, combined with resolute adherence to freedom under the Crown, than any county in England. It is pure stuff," he concluded, "to say any county could compare with Norfolk."

I would not dare to endorse his opinion as to pretty women. We know that at least one King did not share his views as to loyalty. The only record we have of Charles Rex being in Norfolk is a memorandum of the visit he made in 1671, when he journeyed from Yarmouth to Norwich, not at any time the most picturesque or most interesting part of the county. He was probably prejudiced, too, by the remembrance of the part Norfolk had played in the Civil War. That war was indeed indirectly due to us, for it was chiefly on account of the Yarmouth fishing-fleet that the idea of levying ship money had arisen, as the boats could not put out to sea without the protection of an armed convoy. "The Dunkirkers and Ostenders," said one complainant, "know the Norfolk coast so well that they chase and plunder and take us in our own bay."

But although this ship money was levied primarily and chiefly for their benefit, the Norfolk people fiercely resented the tax. They declined to pay, and the constables of Hundreds refused to distrain on them, making excuse after excuse to the sheriffs. One of these wrote pathetically to the Privy Council that he had "become the most odious, despicable man in the county." Then, when the war broke out, Norfolk, almost to a man, was for the Commonwealth, and it was a Norfolk man who in the House of Commons defied the King's messenger who had been sent for the mace, by slamming and locking the door in his face.¹

This, however, is the only instance of Norfolk

¹ Walter Rye's *History of Norfolk*.

ranging itself against the Crown, unless the Duke of Norfolk's action in the reign of James II., when he declared for a free Parliament and became a supporter of the Prince of Orange, can be so described. At that time the Duke of Norfolk was a Protestant, and he felt that the danger of a Popish government was a national menace. The county was perhaps the more determined to avoid all danger to the national faith, since it had been the first to proclaim "Bloody Mary" Queen. It was only when the whole country was in danger that Norfolk wavered in its allegiance to the throne.

But Norfolk, though staunch in its loyalty to the Crown, was always very independent in politics, and took a leading part in reforms of all kinds. Nor were we backward in adopting alterations in our own communities. For many years weaving was the principal industry of the county, an art in which we excelled, chiefly owing to our hospitality to the Flemish artisans who followed in the train of Philippa of Hainault, and later, in Elizabeth's reign, to the three hundred persecuted Protestant Dutch families who settled in Norwich. It was not until the advent of the famous "Coke of Norfolk" that we discovered our agricultural possibilities and rapidly suspended weaving for husbandry.

To-day Norfolk is almost purely agricultural, although scarcely a hundred years ago Coke declared that two hares fought for a single blade of grass on his estate; but it was he and a few of his fellow landowners whose example and enter-

prise turned a barren land into the flourishing pastoral district it is now. Norfolk pedigree cattle and sheep, horses and ponies, are prized the world over, and little is heard of the weaving and similar industries that originally made the wealth of the county. Yet only in 1830 some of the principal houses in Norwich were able to say they had brought *Gros de Naples* and other makes of silk to such a state of perfection that Norfolk silks were preferred everywhere, and orders were so numerous that scarcely a loom in this branch of the trade was idle.

Norfolk always took itself very seriously, and was always to the fore in making solemn protests about anything it disapproved. When the first two-shilling piece was seen in Norwich in 1849 the leader writer of the daily paper remarked :

“ It is a handsome piece, but we dislike the un-English name. We also protest against the omission of the words of the old legend intimating that our beloved Queen reigns by the Grace of God, and that she is the Defender of the Faith.”

The county never, in fact, permitted the Government to forget it, and often used very strong language in its reminders. A good instance of this is the petition they sent up against the Parliamentary Reform Bill of 1832, which Mr. Utten Browne of Norwich described as “ a tissue of fraud, folly, and injustice, hideous in its anomalies, and displaying more profound ignorance of constitutional law than any other production he had ever witnessed.”¹

¹ *Norfolk Chronicle*, May 3rd, 1832.

Sometimes the Norfolk men could be quaintly humorous, albeit unconsciously so, in their Parliamentary petitions, as when the men of Great Yarmouth, who for a thousand years have supplied the world with its herrings, besought for the better observance of "fish days," and to "have Lent for the time to come strictly kept and observed."

I think we can fairly claim the credit of being primarily, if not mainly, responsible for the abolition of slavery, for the improvement of prisons, for the better conditions of agricultural labourers, for the abolition of capital punishment for any offence other than murder, for the cessation of public executions, and for many other humane reforms; and I am proud to be able to say that my father was, if not the instigator, certainly the county's mouthpiece in all these measures.

Norfolk is the birthplace of many famous men, and four at least among them belong to the 18th century. These were Nelson, William Windham of Felbrigg, Robert Walpole, Earl of Orford, and "Billy" Coke, who became Earl of Leicester. It was Coke who reclaimed waste lands and turned Norfolk into a pastoral country, the sheep-shearings at Holkham in his day being somewhat in the nature of agricultural congresses. We like to claim Sir Thomas Browne as a Norfolk man, too, but as a matter of fact he was a Londoner by birth, and only settled in Norwich after he had arrived at a sober age. But Norfolk was the birthplace of the books that made his name, and it was owing to his literary fame that Charles II. knighted him in 1671. George

Borrow certainly belonged to us, in spirit if not by birth, and Mousehold Heath, once celebrated as the scene of Kett's revolt, and then best known for its race meetings, is recognised now only as the background of some of his vivid sketches.

We can claim some wonderful women, too, beginning with Elizabeth Fry, who did so much for prisoners. Then there was Mrs. Beaton, the only woman ever initiated into the mysteries of Freemasonry, who, though she was a native of Wales, lived and died in Norwich. She was indeed a very remarkable woman, for although she lived to be eighty-five she never divulged the secrets she had learned through hiding in the wainscot of the room at the Maid's Head Inn, where the Lodge then held its meetings. Elizabeth Clayton, of Wells-next-the-Sea, was another unusual woman. She died, aged sixty, in February 1805, and her obituary notice said that she had so much preferred masculine employments that she had worked as a ship's carpenter at the dockyard at Wells for upwards of forty years, and always in man's apparel. She chewed tobacco and drank just like a man, and was always in the company of men, a strong, robust woman who never permitted anyone to insult her with impunity ; but she never would marry, evidently being masculine even in her love of freedom.

Norfolk was always devoted to sport, and in olden days the county was a paradise for every description of sportsman. Racing, too, we loved, and at Winterton, Swaffham, Blickling Park, and Thetford, as well as at Mousehold Heath, regular

race-meetings were held. The far-famed race-horse Florizel was trained by Lord Vernon on Ringstead Downs, and all over the county instances are related of eccentric sportsmen and curious wagers. There was George, Earl of Orford, grandson of Sir Robert Walpole, who drove a team of deer, and once had the thrilling experience of being run to earth by a pack of hounds which had scented his strange steeds. Captain Gibbs was another original sportsman, who lived in the time of Charles II., and now lies in Attleborough church. He once laid a wager of £500 that he would "drive his light chaise and four horses up and down the deepest pit of Devil's Ditch on Newmarket Heath," which he performed by making a very light chaise with a jointed perch, and without any pole, to the surprise of the spectators. Then there was a man, who, for a bet, "trotted his bull a mile in four and a half minutes."

In the columns of the *Norwich Mercury* for 1858 is the report of a wager won by Mr. Rising of Costessey, who rode his horse "over nine consecutive single hurdles set up in the centre of the horse-field. This was performed in excellent style, coming back also over the same ground and not refusing one hurdle. The spectators were rather astonished to see Mr. Rising repeat the feat, cap in hand. The judge of the bet, one of the first riders in the Norfolk hunt, asked permission to ride the horse himself, saying he had ridden many good horses, but never one that would take a single hurdle. Mr. Rising consented, and he rode the same ground, thus making the animal in all leap

fifty-four single hurdles." Sometimes these wagers were very rough on the horses. For instance, a butcher named Kett, of Norwich, once undertook to ride his horse fifty miles in four hours. "He started," says the *Norwich Mercury*, "from St. Stephen's Gate at twelve o'clock, reached the twenty-fifth milestone on the Thetford road in about two and a half hours, and returned to the place whence he had set out one and a half minutes before the time allowed." Six to four had been laid that the horse did not perform the journey. Another day a Mr. Welby, of Blickling, undertook, for a bet of fifty guineas, to ride his mare ninety miles on the Aylsham road in ten hours, all paces. "She performed the first eighty miles in eight hours twenty-five minutes, and had an hour and thirty-five minutes to run the last ten miles, but was unable to accomplish it, to the great disappointment of those who bet three and four to one that the mare performed the journey."

Foot-racing was another of our amusements. It sometimes led to very odd contests. A hundred yards' race is recorded to have taken place at Lynn in 1879 between a man and a horse. The man led off, but he was soon overtaken and was beaten by about ten yards; he had evidently forgotten the usual proviso, for had he insisted in there being a turn in the course he would probably have won. I remember, earlier than that, witnessing an interesting six-mile race between an Indian called "Deerfoot" and two Englishmen, one a Norfolk man and the other a Yorkshireman. The Duke of Wellington was

also one of the onlookers at this match. The Indian, who was dressed in his native attire, all decorated with shells and feathers, won the day. A year later, in a ten-mile race for a silver cup, the same Norfolk man, who was locally nicknamed the "Milk Boy," again raced Deerfoot, but he was beaten by thirty yards in fifty-four minutes, thirty seconds.

There were other pastimes of Norfolk men which gave those responsible for its government a considerable amount of trouble. Smuggling was one, body-snatching another. The smugglers were very numerous and very determined and desperate. Battles were frequently fought between these men and the coastguards. Occasionally they got off scot free, except for the loss of their stores—as once in 1824, when thirty-two half-crates of Geneva, sixteen casks of tobacco, and six cases of tea were discovered by the coastguard stationed at Mundesley, in a vault on a plantation belonging to my father.

On one occasion the tithe surveyor at Yarmouth, after a chase of five miles, captured at Breydon a thirty-nine-foot smuggling galley manned by a crew of nine hands. The men got away, but left behind them two hundred and eighty-three half-ankers of brandy, and about six thousand pounds of tobacco. Another time the officers of the Preventive station at Branchester seized a large tub boat containing five hundred and sixty-five thousand pounds of tobacco and about six hundred and fifty gallons of brandy and Geneva. Again, a desperate affray took place between the coast-

guardsmen and a large party of armed smugglers at Cley-next-the-Sea. The coastguards were obliged to fire several times in self-defence. The contraband goods seized consisted of one hundred and twenty-seven half-ankers of brandy, and between three and four thousand pounds of manufactured tobacco.

Another day, so late as 1850, Lieutenant John Allen, the commander of the Prince of Wales' revenue cutter, boarded off Happisburg a vessel named the *Sea Flower* of Hull, and found her laden with one hundred and twenty-two bales of tobacco of fifty pounds each, the duty on which amounted to £900. The vessel and cargo were confiscated, but the men escaped. Another man was less fortunate; he was one of the proprietors of the Lynn coach, a fellow named Gotobed, and he drove away the coach after it had been seized by H.M. officers of excise for conveying contraband stores. For this he was fined fifty pounds.

The newspapers of the early 'eighties record hundreds of instances of body-snatching. I was told of a curious one that was discovered in 1823, when, owing to the frequency with which a number of trunks, all identical in size, had been sent from the Rampant Horse Inn, Norwich, to London, by the Telegraph coach, suspicion was aroused at the coach-office, and directions were given that the porter bringing the next should be detained and examined. It was found that the trunk contained a dead and naked body, and the Vicar of Fakenham identified it as that of an old man he had buried a few days earlier. Two men were arrested,

found guilty, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment, and to pay a fine of fifty pounds.

The "Resurrection men," as they were called, always stole the bodies of malefactors, when they could get them. On one occasion not less than twenty recently interred bodies were removed at the same time from a Yarmouth churchyard. But though three men were arrested, only one was tried, and he was sentenced to six months' imprisonment. In Lynn there was quite a panic about these Resurrectionists, and one man left instructions in his will which resulted in thirty iron hoops being put round his coffin, and fifty screws in the lid. Often it was only by the merest chance that these desecrations were discovered. For instance, a young girl died, and later on, in the same month, her brother, who had been greatly attached to her, died too. As he had expressed a wish to be buried in the same grave as his sister it was opened for the purpose. But the body of the sister had been taken away, though the shroud was left.

Even in these days Norfolk people are rather given to amazing beliefs and strange superstitions, but I scarcely think any could be found now quite so credulous as a bride and groom who were married about the time I was born. The man was a Chelsea pensioner, the woman a widow, whose first husband had left several debts behind him. Early in the morning they repaired to a crossway a short distance from the village, accompanied by three witnesses. The groom took up his position on one side of the road, the bride hers on

the other. Then, assisted by the witnesses, the good woman proceeded to disrobe, afterwards crossing the road *in puris naturalibus* to the waiting bridegroom. How their belief arose I know not, but both were imbued with Heaven-born faith that by their due performance of this quaint ceremony they were freeing the new husband of all the liabilities contracted by the old one. History does not relate whether or not they were disillusioned !

There were cases of supposed witchcraft even so late as 1843. In July of that year a man and his wife, named Curtis, complained to the magistrates that a Mrs. Bell had bewitched them at Tombland Fair. Mrs. Curtis had seen Mrs. Bell light a candle and stick pins in it, and then put some red dragon's blood with water into an oyster-shell and say an incantation over it. Mrs. Curtis added that to the dragon's blood Mrs. Bell put the parings of her own nails, then placed the mixture over the fire and muttered words over it as it cooked. The result of all this being that "Curtis' legs were set fast, and when he lay down he could not get up without assistance."

The Lord's Prayer, written small and carried about the person, was supposed to be infallible equally against witchcraft and human law, and was treasured alike by criminals and the timorous as a certain protection.

In spite of our reputed admiration of the fair, instances are not unknown of Norfolk men proving themselves to be very unchivalrous. When I was twelve years old a man applied to the Norwich

magistrates for permission to sell his wife. He was referred to the Ecclesiastical Court, but, suspicious of delay, he decided to effect the sale and take the risk. He thereupon disposed of the lady for a guinea, receiving a sovereign on account. A few days after he was bound over to keep the peace for having assaulted her. The deed of sale was quite formal, and ran as follows :

“ This is to satfy that I, Samyoul Wilkinson, sold my wife to George Springle for the Sum of one pound one, before witness. Samyoul Wilkinson X his mark, Maryan Wilkinson X her mark, George Springle X his mark. Frederick Cornish, witness.”

Another deal of the same kind concerned a woman who had eloped from her home with a horse-dealer. She was found by her husband in a house in St. Peter Mancroft, Norwich, but she refused to return to him. The dealer offered to buy the woman for five pounds, and the husband thereupon placed a halter round her neck, and surrendered all right and title to her for the sum named.

We East Anglians are long-lived, thanks to the glorious air and sea-breezes that surround us. Coke of Norfolk and his son bridged a period of one hundred and fifty-five years between them, for Thomas William the first was born on May 6th 1754, and his son died on January 24th 1909 ; he was born when his father was sixty-nine.

There was one woman who lived to be one hundred and fifteen years of age, and died, says her chronicler, “ free from wrinkles and decrepitude.” A Mrs. Baldry achieved one hundred and four years, and never knew that a Mrs. Bacon had

beaten her by a year. Mrs. Twiddy and Mr. Kingaby, both of Norwich, ran up the score of one hundred and two ; Mr. Kingaby left a widow of ninety-two and a daughter of seventy.

Nor did these aged folk live in vain. There was an old lady of Scole who died at ninety-two. At forty-seven she had married a youth of seventeen, and had by him eighteen children, thirteen sons and five daughters, all of whom grew up. It was said of her that " this remarkable woman seldom took more than two or three hours' sleep of the twenty-four "—which is quite conceivable, with so large a family ! There was a Mrs. Sarah Jessop who reached one hundred and one years. She had sixteen children, " who multiplied to the fourth generation in her lifetime, so that her children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren at the time of her death amounted to four hundred and forty-four. Upwards of two hundred of her great-grandchildren, of every degree and age, followed her to the grave, to which she was carried by her four sons. She was, until eighteen months before her death, employed as walking post between Diss and Winfarthing, a distance of four miles, which she constantly performed in all weathers."

Even more remarkable was the case of John Holmes, who died at the age of a hundred and four, having lived to see the sixth generation, or his own great-grandson become a grandfather. When he died his son was eighty-seven and his grandson seventy.

But though it was nothing out of the way for people to attain great ages in Norfolk, the old

journals relate a curious demonstration of ill-feeling against an old man's marriage to a young woman. The bridegroom was seventy-nine, the bride twenty-one. They were followed to church by a great crowd of people, including a cripple who drove himself in a curricule drawn by dogs. Immediately after the ceremony, "The bridegroom was torn from his fainting partner, thrown into an open cart, decorated with ram's horns, and drawn through the principal streets of the town amidst the firing of guns and the shouts and ridicule of the people."

This happened at Fakenham in 1829. In 1832, at Thetford, a still more extraordinary marriage took place, for Mr. Bussey, a schoolmaster aged twenty-nine, wedded Mrs. Judith Millen, aged seventy-eight. In their case public approval vented itself in satirical rejoicing. "A party of heroines," says the *Norwich Mercury*, "attended the happy couple, and performed their melodious chorus upon saucepans and kettles ; and to complete the band a watchman's rattle was added."

Another curious couple were William Brown and Elizabeth Gunton. The bridegroom, aged eighty, had had three wives, the bride, aged sixty-three, three husbands ; and the bridegroom's daughter, who attended their wedding, had also blessed three husbands.

Norfolk was always agitating for something or other ; a very excellent sign that the county felt its responsibility. In 1830 it sent up a plea that Parliament would remit the death penalty in all cases save those of murder, arson, burglary,

or offences attended by violence. My father had a great deal to do with the stirring up of the agitation that led to this petition, but while his was a motive of humanity, the Corporation of Norwich seems to have been chiefly moved by repugnance to the horrid sight of crowds collecting almost daily to see the executions. The penalties for even minor faults were extremely severe at that time, and capital punishment was the rule for so many offences besides murder, that executions were of sickeningly common occurrence. In February, 1830, an unfortunate private in the 7th Dragoon Guards was sentenced to three hundred lashes for sleeping at his post, and a man was publicly whipped for stealing a pewter pot. In the same month five men were hanged by Calcraft, two for burglary, two for sheep-stealing, and the other for horse-stealing, the executions taking place on the Castle bridge, and the bodies being laid out in the yard for the other prisoners to see when they were marched past after all was over. Great crowds of people, generally, I regret to say more women than men, used to collect to see these awful sights, and at last another petition was sent up begging that executions should no longer take place in public. But it was not until many years later that this reform was effected. Even so late as 1849 an excursion train was actually run from London to Norwich for the purpose of bringing people down to see a man hanged for a double murder, and thousands came, men, women and little children, all to feast their eyes on the gruesome sight of a poor wretch in his last agonies.

CHAPTER V

FROM BACHELOR TO BENEDICT

WHEN I was seventeen I joined the 7th Hussars, my mother's cousin, Arthur Shirley, being in command, and went to Ireland. There was much destitution and distress in the "little green island" that year, and for several years afterwards, and meetings were held all over the United Kingdom and in America with the object of relieving it. Large quantities of food were sent from America and England for the peasantry; clothing too, and money; but it was very difficult to help the people, for they had no idea of how to help themselves. There was a pretty general exodus of all the men who could contrive somehow to get out of the country, and that made it worse for the women and old people who were left behind. The tenants'-rights agitation was in full swing, and assassination of landlords the order of the day, for the ejectment system was being rigorously and vigorously carried out. Insurrection was rife, and there was a regular army of thirty-one thousand in the country.

I was quartered in various parts for the following six years, and got plenty of excitement and adventure, though I cannot remember that I was ever in any particular danger. Of course to some extent we were always in danger; we were looked upon as enemies, and had to go riding about the country

after the rebels, poor devils. They used to do very aggravating things, such as cutting our bridles and frightening our horses, but I cannot remember that any of them ever did us any deliberate and real harm. I was often very much tried, but I never hit anyone that I know of, though they certainly deserved it frequently.

The regiment was a very exclusive one ; I suppose it would now be called " smart," and we had some splendid fellows in it. Alfred Paget, who went with me in the Prince's suite to India in 1875, was one of them. Then there was Charlie Fraser, one of the best, who became a famous general. Lord St. Lawrence, a son of Lord Howth, was another ; he was always a great friend of mine. We all greatly resented the intrusion of men not altogether of our own caste. Not only did we resent it ; we took strong measures to oblige them to leave, and I am afraid we were not at all particular as to the results or cost of our ejections. I remember one Irishman we did not like at all ; he was a snobbish sort of fellow, with more money than manners, and we were determined to make things too hot for him. So one day we took all his furniture and traps out into the yard, and made a bonfire of them. After that of course he had to resign.

We really had great fun in one way and another, and being a pretty reckless lot of young devils I have no doubt we kept the countryside alive. One night, when everybody was very merry, a bet was made as to who had the best horse.

" We'll settle it at once ! " said Paget. " It's

as light as day, and a good gallop would be just the thing to cool my head."

"We'll do it thoroughly!" agreed someone else. "No saddles, and two miles for the course."

In less time than it takes to describe, we were off, riding barebacked, in our nightshirts, and as it was a bright moonlight night I am sure that many a fine ghost story must have grown out of that escapade.

The country people were always very kind to us, always entertaining, and getting up dances for our benefit. They are the most charming people in the world, and never at a loss whatever happens. Being Irish of course they were always hard up, and as often as not there was a bailiff among the footmen at a dinner; but nobody minded, least of all the debtor-host! They always made the best of a bad job, and roped the fellows in instead of worrying about such unpleasant manifestations of their troubles. The bailiffs were decent fellows, too, and had quite a lot of sympathy for their prey. One acted as whip for several seasons to a master of foxhounds he was dunning, and another made a most excellent valet, having a double reason for not stealing his master's socks and ties!

This reminds me of a very good story about a friend of mine who got himself into rather a hole at Oxford, and was always in a state of trepidation lest a bailiff should find his way into his rooms. One of his principal creditors was a man named Joy, and one morning my friend awoke to find this worthy tradesman seated in his room. He was rather taken aback, but not in the least

nonplussed, and he greeted the intruder with a smile, saying cheerily :

“ This is indeed a pleasant surprise. Weeping may endure for a night, but Joy cometh in the morning ! ”

The creditor looked at him blankly for a moment ; then his face was illuminated with a beaming smile, and slapping his thigh he cried delightedly :

“ Why, that’s very good, *very* good indeed, sir ! And now I’ll say good-day to you, sir, and leave it to your consideration to settle my little bill as soon as you can.”

We spent most of our time on horseback, for, besides all the riding we had to do in going after the rebels and patrolling the country generally, hunting was our chief amusement. My charger was a bay thoroughbred, so wild and fierce that no one but my groom and myself dared approach him. He would bite and kick all the other horses, or anyone he got near, and they had, at last, to make me *aide-de-camp*, so that I rode at the head of the regiment by myself ! But with me he was as gentle as a lamb ; when he saw me he would rush at me just as if he were going to attack me, and then he would rub his head against me caressingly, and eat out of my hand. I took him back to England with me, and after I had ridden him for twenty years or more he died at Gunton, but up to the last he was fierce and unmanageable with everyone but me.

I was very fond of steeplechasing too, and did a great deal, for people were always asking me to

ride their horses at races. One day I rode every race in the programme at Punchestown—seven steeplechases in one day ; and only those who have ridden that course know what that means. I never rode much in flat races, though I did occasionally, just for a change, but I have ridden in hundreds of steeplechases, especially during those six years in Ireland.

One of my amusements in those days was running. I could go any distance, and not a soul could ever catch me, nor was I ever beaten in a race but once ; that was at Lord's, where my father, too, funnily enough, lost his only race. My antagonist was my friend St. Lawrence, and he managed somehow inadvertently to trip me up—probably the same sort of accident that happened between my father and Lord Edward Somerset. I do not remember that I ever ran for a prize, but my friends often backed me—I am glad to say, to their profit.

In 1849, when things were very bad everywhere in the country districts, the Queen came over to Ireland, I suppose with some idea of pleasing the people. I was in Dublin and witnessed the reception ; so loyal it was, and the welcome so warm, that no onlooker would have dreamed that the whole country was seething with rebellion and discontent. In honour of the occasion the Prince of Wales was created Earl of Dublin ; he was just eight years old ! In 1853 the Queen came over again, with the Prince Consort, the “ Earl of Dublin,” and Prince Alfred, and I rode by the carriage, on duty. They came to Kingstown in

the *Victoria and Albert*, escorted by a squadron of yachts and men-of-war, and resided at the vice-regal lodge in Phoenix Park for the three or four days of their stay. They were received with every appearance of delight, but the majority of the people were not really pleased. Probably the entertaining and the lavish expenditure of money in Dublin only made them feel more bitter about their own troubles and towards us, for the country was still in a terribly unsettled state. Rioting was going on in Belfast, in Cork, and in Limerick, with frequent murders, and many violent encounters with the soldiers ; but in Dublin everyone was full of the great exhibition the Queen and Prince Albert had come to open, and nobody thought of the fighting and the misery a few miles away.

Soon after that my half-brother died, and I had to leave the regiment and take possession of my inheritance. I was very sorry indeed to leave Ireland ; I loved the country and the people, and have always liked Ireland better than any other place in the world.

I had scarcely realised that Gunton belonged to me, when the doctors persuaded my mother that I needed a sea-voyage, and off I went with a friend in my yacht to Gibraltar. There we stayed for some months, cruising, riding, hunting, and enjoying ourselves generally. Gibraltar is an extraordinary "country" to ride in, very rough, with walls in place of fences ; and the riding was decidedly difficult, though very good fun. Sometimes we would be climbing gigantic rocks and

cliffs, with deep gullies below us; sometimes jumping thorny scrub, or slithering down heights that were nothing less than precipices, into ravines with no one knew what at the bottom.

The cultivated land was tabooed to everyone but the master and the hunt servants, but there were big woods where we sometimes "found." There were lots of foxes, but somehow we very seldom killed. Nor did we see much of the hounds, as the coverts, which extended for miles, were very dense. But we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves, nevertheless. One day I nearly lost my life, for my horse jumped down a cliff. We were in a big field, and when I disappeared so suddenly everyone thought I was killed. But, to their astonishment, when they came to look over in anticipation of a horrid sight, there we were, sixty feet at least down below, for my horse had miraculously landed on his feet on a sort of ledge in a big hole. They sent for ropes, and it seemed a very long time before they came, for of course I could do nothing but sit still and be thankful I was not in little bits at the bottom of the cliff. When the ropes came at last they dropped them down to me, and with some difficulty my horse and I were hauled up.

I had no idea then that those days were the last of my bachelor existence. I was only a little over twenty-three, and had not even thought of marriage, but my mother believed in youthful alliances, and during my absence she had made plans for my future life. Mrs. Baring, who, as Miss Windham, had been a great friend of my father's and of his first wife, was also a great friend

of my mother's. She had a daughter whom I did not know, and no sooner was I back in England than I was presented to Miss Cecilia Annetta Baring. My wooing was not long a-doing, for both the mothers greatly desired the match. So our engagement was very brief, all the arrangements being made by the parents, as was the custom in those days, nothing being left for us but to follow them dutifully and be happy. We were married in London, and I went back to Gunton a benedict.

When my lady and I settled down at Gunton directly after our marriage, I found that the whole property was in a very bad state. In some ways I was in much the same case as my father had been when he succeeded. His brother had regarded the place as a rather elaborate shooting-box, and spent most of his time at Blickling; while mine was not attracted by the duties of a landlord, and lived anywhere and everywhere but at home.

My father had been a model landlord. His very first order on succeeding, though it must have been very much against the grain for so ardent a sportsman, was to the keepers to kill off the hares. His father and brother had both preserved the game to an almost inordinate extent, and spared no expense in rearing it. So that, the ground being very varied in character, comprising marsh, woodland, and heath, every species of bird from snipe to pheasant was to be found in the fifteen thousand acres that comprised the estate. But hares and rabbits abounded too, and did an immense amount of damage to the crops. Consequently,

my father's first concern being for his tenants, an order of extermination went forth, and no less than four thousand were shot and trapped in one month.

Then he set to work to improve the property generally, beginning with the house. My grandfather had spent £40,000 under the direction of Wyatt, but the famous architect used up the entire amount on the offices. My uncle built the state rooms with the bedrooms over them, and this *suite* too was extremely handsome, the doors of the three reception-rooms alone costing £1,000. He did not require much living accommodation, however, as Blickling was so near, and it fell to my father to add the really practical parts of the mansion, the numerous bedrooms and other apartments for everyday use. Besides this he turned eighteen hundred acres round the house into a deer park, built the tower and observatory on Pheasant Hill, and made an ornamental garden which he called "Emily's Bower," in compliment to my mother.

He also built and endowed a handsome school for boys and girls at Thorpe, and a schoolhouse, both of flint. He put all the farms and cottages into thorough repair, made roads, built a wharf on the canal at Antingham, and erected a bone-crushing mill that proved most profitable to the farmers. Then he built a new house at Horstead, and besides all this spent a lot of money in an attempt to make a port at Overstrand. Seven hundred pounds' worth of timber was cut down and taken to the place decided upon for the port, and

a great deal more was spent in labour, but the project failed owing to the contractor's dishonesty and inability, and Overstrand is still without a refuge for ships in stormy weather. Just about that time he and his friend, T. F. Buxton, spent a night on the beach near Cromer, helping to save the crew of a vessel wrecked off Bacton. It led to his making inquiries as to what was done for sailors, and eventually he proposed, and was instrumental in instituting, an association for preserving the lives of the shipwrecked mariners on the whole line of the coast of Norfolk.

In 1826 he and his architect designed the improvement of Cromer by houses and gardens into a fashionable summer resort, but this, too, fell through, I know not why. Probably he was too much engaged in politics at that time to give any more attention to it.

He inaugurated a new system of keeping the accounts at Gunton, and soon after his succession had all the farms re-valued with a view to equalisation of rents. The present agitation against landlords gives interest to a letter written to him by Lord Vernon.

Hertford Street, Nov., 1829.

MY DEAR SUFFIELD,

I shall take it as a great favour if you will write me a few lines as soon as you conveniently can, directed to Sudbury Hall, Derby, to give me any information in your power as to the mode of proceeding which Broughton informs me you have

lately been acting upon with your tenants, and, as he says, with great success, and with satisfaction to all parties. By what I could learn from him, you have been re-valuing your farms, and the stock and crops, &c., upon an entirely new system. What seems the most important point to ascertain, as far as the present unsettled state of the currency will admit of, is a more general equalisation of land, or rather of the rent to be paid upon it, according to the relative value of such land, taking into consideration the different circumstances attaching thereto, and to prevent, or at any rate to diminish, as far as may be, the very great uncertainty at present existing, and the terrible fluctuations as to which both landlord and tenant are at present subject. The affair of arrears puzzles me extremely, especially as I have to do with tenants at will, many of whom have gone on from father to son for a great many years, and when as many as seven or eight principal tenants are all, more or less, in this kind of position, any *decisive measures* would be productive of consequences which I should be very sorry to encounter. As no distress can, I believe, be taken for rent which has been due above a twelvemonth, I have thought of accepting a note, or better, security if I can, for such arrears. A large and constantly accumulating arrear is a millstone round the neck of a farmer which always discourages and sometimes paralyses him.

Believe me,

Ever yours,

VERNON.

The system my father adopted was that of equalising as nearly as possible, according to the relative value of their farms, the rents of the tenants, without reference to the terms of their leases. It gave general satisfaction, and we have adhered to it ever since. My father never allowed arrears : if any rent was owing at the time of the audit in February for the preceding Michaelmas, it was considered equivalent to notice to quit. But he was always generous if he found that misfortune was the cause, and, if the tenant were worthy, would remit part or all rather than enforce his rule.

Besides his kindness and liberality, he won the devotion of his people by his absolute fairness about their political views. He wrote a pamphlet expressing his own opinions, had it printed, and distributed it among the tenants. He told them that he wished every individual on the estate to exercise his own judgment, and appealed to them not to be guided by interest in voting for one side or the other. Hitherto all the tenants had voted on the Tory side, so that the question was a delicate one. But he was determined that none of his people should be unfairly influenced, and promised that an honest assertion of principle and judgment would always be to him the surest and best recommendation, and the pamphlet, written in the simplest language, merely discussed the topics of the day and expressed his own political creed without urging the merits of one side or the other.

Another of his innovations, after destroying

all the spring guns on the estate, was to enrol a small army of from sixty to seventy men who were ready at any time to assist the game-keepers. He argued that knowledge of the large force employed would deter poachers. Eight of these men were on duty each night, under two keepers, and occasionally full musters were held to keep them all in practice.

In addition to the deer in the park there was a herd of very beautiful thoroughbred cattle, all perfectly white excepting their ears and noses. Being anxious to infuse fresh blood into the herd, and hearing that Lord Ribblesdale, whom he did not know personally, had a similar breed of cattle, he asked his friend Spencer Stanhope to negotiate an exchange. Lord Ribblesdale replied very cordially, saying that it had been his own intention to see my father on the subject, and satisfactory reports were evidently exchanged, for in a second letter, in which he acknowledged "The truly generous conduct of Lord Suffield," Lord Ribblesdale went on to say :

"As it seems hard to subject two beautiful young creatures to so long and dangerous a journey on the most remote chance of their charms being rejected, I propose to adopt the royal proceedings in such cases and send their portraits."

The question had turned upon the all-important point as to whether black or red noses were the fashion at Gunton ! Unfortunately, my half-brother sold the herd soon after he came into possession, and it has never been replaced.

When my father died, the estate was almost



Suffield

MY HALF-BROTHER EDWARD VERNON, FOURTH LORD SUFFIELD

unique as regards the housing of the tenants, and the perfect order it was in generally. But Edward did not spend much of his time there, and we saw so little of him that we really scarcely knew him. At first he had a pack of staghounds of his own, but he only kept them for a year or two, and I think he must have preferred hunting in Leicestershire, for he was very seldom at home. He became Master of the Quorn in 1838, and was evidently popular, as I once came across his name as the "good-natured" master. He bought Mrs. Lambton's Durham pack for £3,150, and started building new kennels at Billesdon, but he gave up the Mastership after a year. In 1845 my brother and I hunted with him when the Norfolk staghounds were under the mastership of Henry Kett Tompson, with John Turner as huntsman; and my mother and her cousin's wife, Mrs. Shirley, whose husband was in the 7th Hussars, at that time quartered in Norwich, were among the few ladies who followed. We had many a splendid day, the field often totalling a hundred and fifty gentlemen of the town and county.

One of those runs was, in some ways, really unique. The hounds met at Cawston Woodrow, and the deer was turned off about a mile from there, immediately making for Cawston town. He ran through nearly every village from there to Norwich, keeping to the north side of the river, but when he reached the Wensum at Mr. Gowing's farm at Hellesdon he passed through Heigham and across the Unthank Road. He turned down towards St. Giles's Gates, and we expected he would go

into the Market Place, but just as he was nearing the gates he turned back and was pulled down by the hounds. Luckily the huntsmen were close at hand, and they whipped off the hounds and secured the stag, who was sent to the Rising Sun Inn. The run was at least twenty to twenty-five miles, without a single check, and took two hours and a quarter. To see a hunt in the Market Place in Norwich now would certainly be an amazing spectacle, but that was sixty-eight years ago, when trams and motors were unknown in the old town.

Besides hunting, my half-brother raced a good deal, and ran his own horses. In 1837 he gave a silver tankard for the heavy-weight steeplechase over a fourteen-mile course on Mr. Bidfield's estate at Swafeld. It was won by his own horse, Metternich, ridden by Captain Laurenson of the 7th Lancers, to whom he presented it after the race dinner that evening. Unfortunately he lost a great deal of his money over racing, so in 1839 he sold his horses. Forty-nine of them, with colts, realised only £4,400 at Tattersall's, and his pack of hounds, forty-seven couples with thirteen bitches and their whelps, fetched only £250.

At the same time he sold a great many other things as if he had no intention of ever living at Gunton again. The white cattle went, and everything else that was not strictly entailed. I was only a youngster of ten then, and little realised what my brother's doings would mean to me later on. As an absentee landlord he may not have

noticed how badly the property was falling out of repair, but he further diminished the income by selling Middleton, our Lancashire place, Vernon House in London, and several other properties. So at the end of his twenty years' innings I found the property in a terribly dilapidated state, and the first thing I had to do after my marriage was to try to repair the ravages of his reign. For nineteen years my lady and I lived on our private means, and spent not a penny of the income derived from the estate on anything but its improvement. All the houses, cottages, farms, even the school and church, were in a bad condition, and many had to be entirely rebuilt. Roads had to be re-made, all the fencing renewed. It is amazing how large a sum can be absorbed in repairs while showing very little for it, and poor Gunton had to be practically rehabilitated from end to end, while we lived very quietly, my time fully occupied on the estate; and besides bringing it as nearly as I could to its original condition in my father's time, I bought several adjoining farms that added considerably to its value.

Then I turned my attention to Cromer and Overstrand, where there was, as yet, nothing to attract visitors. Anyone going to Cromer now, after being away for thirty-five years, would scarcely recognise the place. It was then simply a village, with a few houses on the hill belonging to the county people, who only used them in the summer, and Overstrand was merely a hamlet. The land now occupied by the golf links was nothing but a sandhill used for pasture, and not very good

for that, bringing in only about eighty pounds a year. I turned it into a links, and immediately an effort was made to show that it did not belong to me at all. But we went to law about it, and proved it to be included in the Overstrand property bought for a large sum by my grandfather. Now it brings in £400 a year. I helped, too, to build the Links Hotel, an expensive affair, for there was nothing but a sandhill to build on, and very deep excavations had to be made for the foundations. Besides this, new houses in both Cromer and Overstrand, while adding ultimately to the value of the property, swallowed a great deal of capital.

Apropos of Cromer, a curious bone, twenty-eight and a half inches in circumference, was found on the cliff in 1896. I find among my correspondence the following interesting letter from Commander W. Grimston, of Sopwell, St. Albans :

Oct. 25, '96.

DEAR LORD SUFFIELD,

I said I would send you an account of the bone I found on the cliff at Cromer. It is, according to Dr. H. Woodward, F.R.S. (of the Natural Hist. Museum), the head of the femur of a very large elephant *E. Primigenius*. The animal was not fully grown, or the head would not have been detached. It stood about 13 feet high at the shoulder when alive. I take it, it lived about 300,000 years ago, and was killed by a great flood when England was joined to the Continent in the

“ Pliocene ” age. The bone has been tested by microscopic test and proved.

Yours sincerely,

(Signed) W. GRIMSTON.

Very many thanks for allowing me to keep it.

There were other things for me to do besides looking after the estate. I was Deputy-Lieutenant of the county and a Justice of the Peace, which meant my attendance at Quarter Sessions, and a host of other minor engagements that occupied time. Then there were a lot of social duties to perform, public functions of all kinds, buildings to open, foundation stones to lay, concerts to attend, dinners to preside at, and so on. It was my lady who cut the first sod of the East Norfolk Railway, for instance. We had a certain amount of entertaining to do, too, although we lived very quietly ; and there were nearly always visitors at Gunton, even out of the shooting season.

Life became a great deal more interesting after the Prince bought Sandringham. That year, 1861, was one full of import to the Royal Family. A bitterly cold Christmas, when the minimum registered in Norwich was seven degrees below zero, and at Costessey seven degrees below freezing point, ushered in a season of mourning and disaster very similar to that of 1910. The very elements seemed to be aware on both occasions that England was in sore trouble, and a succession of disasters at sea coincided with privations and disasters of all sorts on land, owing to the bitter

weather. The river was frozen from Norwich to Yarmouth, and there were extraordinary storms both on the coast and inland. One of these blew down a tower and a large portion of the north wing of the Crystal Palace, which was never completely restored. The spire of Chichester cathedral was also destroyed.

In January King Frederick William of Prussia died, and his son, father-in-law of our Princess Royal, succeeded, thus making her Crown Princess of Germany. In March Queen Victoria's mother, the Duchess of Kent, died, and the year ended with the death of the Prince Consort, a calamity which plunged the country into heartfelt mourning.

The cloud that hung over the earlier months had lifted during the summer, when the Princess Royal came on a visit, and Princess Alice became engaged to Prince Frederick William of Hesse. After the signing of the marriage treaty the Court went to Osborne, and thence to Ireland, to hold a review at the Curragh, which the Prince attended as Colonel of the Grenadier Guards. I went to Ireland with him, my first visit since leaving the Hussars.

From the Curragh the Court went to Killarney, thence to Balmoral, from there to Osborne, and back again to Windsor. The Prince Consort had been unwell all the summer, but no one thought anything serious was the matter until after he reached home. There he became really ill, and he died on the 15th December.

This sad event put a stop to all the wedding arrangements; all gaieties were forgotten, and

the heavy cloud of depression again loomed over the country. The blow fell very heavily on the Prince of Wales ; he was barely twenty, and he felt deeply the loss of his father's companionship and guidance.

The Prince had gone from Ireland to Canada, and on his return in November he told us that one of the most amazing sights he had ever seen was Blondin crossing Niagara on the tight-rope, first by himself and then with a barrow which he wheeled before him. Blondin had offered to take the Prince as a passenger in the wheelbarrow, and he, with the spirit of adventure only too fully awake, was quite ready to cross to American territory in that precarious fashion. But fortunately for us the Canadian authorities would not allow it, and told him that the heir to the throne of England must make his first visit in a more dignified fashion. Blondin, with truly commendable instinct for choosing the auspicious moment, came to England while we were still familiar with his name and marvelling at his reputed skill.

Soon after his father's death the Prince came to Norfolk to look at Sandringham, then owned by Spencer Cowper, who married Lady Blessington's daughter, the Countess D'Orsay. A few days later it was announced that he had bought the estate, which consisted of some seven thousand acres, for £220,000. Norfolk was naturally delighted. It has been suggested that he would have been better advised to choose Gunton or Blickling, but Gunton was not for sale, and I am not sure that Blickling was at that time. Blickling would

certainly have been an ideal residence for the heir-apparent ; it is a very beautiful old place, with glorious gardens and a fine library. The manor is supposed to have been at one time the domicile of Harold, Earl of East Anglia, and the site of his palace, well known as the old manor meadow, lies about a mile from the present hall. It once belonged to Sir John Falstaff, who sold it to Sir Geoffrey Boleyn, Lord Mayor of London, the grandfather of the Earl of Wiltshire, who was the father of Anne Boleyn. He was at Blickling when the news came of the beheading of his two children. I found a quaint description of the old hall in Lady Suffolk's letters, written by the Earl of Buckingham to his aunt. He says, in 1757 :

“ Torre del Pazzo (for such we now find by authentic records to be the ancient name of the building lately discovered at Blickling), was erected by William I. of the Norman line, and as a residence for an Italian of remarkable wit and humour, who used by his sallies to enliven the dull, gloomy disposition of his barbarous court. He gave him also divers manors in the pleasant vale that leads from Aylsham to Yarmouth. The king then married him to a maid-of-honour, a young lady of great spirit and facetiousness—(maids-of-honour are still the same)—who brought him a numerous issue, sold all his manors, and broke his heart.

“ His indigent children were squandered in various parts of Europe, and from them are descended all the Harlequins, Pierrots, Columbines, &c., who so much contribute to the diversion and improvement of the present age. Torre del Pazzo,

which was the name he gave his habitation, signifies, in Italian, the Fool's or Madman's Tower.

"I need not tell your ladyship, that after passing through various families, some of the manors, and the whole tower, are in my possession. It gives me great concern that it is not in my power to follow exactly the footsteps of the illustrious first proprietor. I may, indeed, by singular good fortune, find a maid-of-honour who will condescend to sell my manors and break my heart ; but I have too just an opinion of the measure of my understanding not to be sensible, that if she produces harlequins and pierrots, it must be by another father."

About eight years later he was evidently making some alterations at Blickling, for he writes again to his aunt in a letter dated November, 1765 :

"The alterations in the eating-room go on ; Gothic it was, and more Gothic it will be, in spite of all the remonstrances of modern improvers and lovers of Grecian architecture. The ceiling is to be painted with the loves of Cupid and Psyche. Cupid is to hover exactly over the centre of the table, to indicate to the *maître d'hôtel* the exact position of the venison pasty.

"I have determined what is to be done in the hall, which you ought to approve, and indeed must approve. Some tributary sorrow should, however, be paid to the nine worthies ; but Hector has lost his spear and his nose, David his harp, Godfrey of Boulogne his ears, Alexander the Great his highest shoulder, and part of Joshua's belly is fallen in. As the ceiling is to be raised, eight

of them must have gone, and Hector is at all events determined to leave his niche.

“ You will forgive my replacing them with eight worthies of my own times, whose figures are not as yet essentially mutilated, viz., Dr. Shebbeare, Mr. Wilkes, Dr. Hill, Mr. Glover, Mr. Deputy Hodges, Mr. Whitfield, Justice Fielding, and Mr. Foote, and as Anne Boleyn was born at Blickling it will not be improper to purchase her husband Henry the Eighth’s figure (which by order is no longer to be exhibited at the Tower), who will fill with credit the space occupied by the falling Hector.”¹

It is sad to think that the historic old mansion should now be almost entirely shut up and given over to caretakers. Not the house alone, but the garden, too, is a delight, but it is never occupied now for more than a few weeks at a time, and rumour says that even so much appreciation is to be withheld in future unless some rich person buys it !

Soon after his visit to Norfolk the Prince went on a tour in the East, travelling as Baron Renfrew, and did not return until June, about a month before the Princess Alice’s marriage took place at Osborne. That was a pretty wedding, but his own in the following year was prettier still, and their Royal Highnesses came straight to Sandringham from Osborne. There was nothing at all interesting about the place then, and all that is now pleasant or attractive about it is the work of the Prince. He had to spend a great deal of money on it, in

¹ *Letters to and from Henrietta, Countess of Suffolk.* Published 1824.



THE HON. CHARLOTTE GARDNER, WIFE OF MY HALF-BROTHER, EDWARD
VERNON, FOURTH LORD SUFFIELD

From an engraving by J. Cockran after a miniature by Miss E. Kendrick

spite of the price he paid for the property, and he entirely transformed it, besides turning the seven thousand acres into eleven thousand by the purchase of adjoining land.

He began by rebuilding the house on a much larger scale, and up to the last year of his life he was continually improving, building new cottages, repairing churches, spending money on the place in one way and another, until it is now an ideal estate, vastly different from the wind-swept, barren, sandy moorland it was in 1862.

After he came to Sandringham to live I saw a great deal of His Royal Highness. He frequently came over to Gunton for the shooting, and I met him, too, at other houses where we were guests together—at Holkham, for instance, and at Melton Constable and Costessey. In one way and another I saw both the Prince and Princess constantly, and the friendship that had begun in his earliest childhood, and which continued until his death, grew very close and strong during those days in Norfolk.

CHAPTER VI

THE NORFOLK ARTILLERY

WHILE I was still with the 7th Hussars in Ireland, the warlike preparations of the French were causing considerable anxiety over here. We were not so cocksure of ourselves in those days as we are now, though I think we had better reason to be, and the public took more notice of the Duke of Wellington's letter to Sir John Burgoyne than it does now of all Lord Roberts' warnings. The Duke's letter, written in 1852, pointed out that, since the disbanding of the militia, we were utterly defenceless in the event of invasion. This pronouncement made no small stir.

The immediate result was that Dr. John Bucknill of Exeter obtained leave to form a corps, which, under the name of the "South Devon Volunteer Rifles," was the first to obtain official sanction as a unit of defence. Then in 1853 a Captain Busk published a book called *The Rifleman's Annual* in which he devoted a chapter to volunteering. He appealed to "the flower of the nation," and called upon them to form an organisation for the defence of their native soil, and he pointed out, as the Duke had done, that France was gathering an immense armament, and that England should form a volunteer army, failing which she would be at the mercy of an invader.

The Government had already been inundated with applications for permission to enrol corps of volunteers, but had hitherto refused, and the nearest approach to it, excepting Dr. Bucknill's corps, was the formation of rifle clubs. But at the personal request of the Duke of Wellington permission was now granted to Captain Busk to form a battalion of four companies of seventy-five men each, to be called "The Victoria Rifles."

Nothing more was done after this until 1857, when, during the Indian Mutiny, *The Times* spoke of various proposals that had been made for raising volunteer corps, as "both reasonable and opportune."

This recommendation, and the agitation that had raised it, the Duke of Cambridge regarded with positive alarm. He wrote to Lord Palmerston, then Secretary of State, of the proposed corps, that "these will never answer, they will be unmanageable bodies, and would ruin our armies." He also wrote to Lord Panmure (October 2nd, 1857), that: "the spirit of the Regular Army would be destroyed . . . and the volunteers become, in fact, an armed and very dangerous rabble." His real objection, however, was to half-trained volunteers going out to the Indian Mutiny rather than to the movement itself.

About this time a number of letters appeared in the French press from French officers, urging Louis Napoleon, in more or less disguised terms, to invade England; and in January, 1858, Lord Cowley, the British Ambassador in Paris, was openly insulted and menaced by French officers,

upon which he wrote urging on the Government the necessity of adopting all possible precautions on account of the critical situation. Lord Grosvenor, afterwards the Duke of Westminster, Lord Elcho, now Lord Wemyss, and Lord Ranelagh, nicknamed the "Brompton Garibaldi," replied to the Frenchmen's letters by writing to *The Times* to awaken Englishmen to their peril. These letters brought the already simmering popular enthusiasm to boiling-point, and a great public demonstration was held, afterwards known as the "Long Acre Indignation Meeting," to protest against Ministerial apathy and call attention to the deficiency of national defence. *The Times* gave its powerful support to the patriotic desire of the people to form a citizen army, and on May 9th published some verses which proved the match to the kindling.

Signed simply "T.," it was not until long afterwards that Tennyson admitted his authorship, but they turned out to be the veritable "Call to Arms," for, three days after the stanzas appeared, the War Office issued circulars to Lord-Lieutenants of counties, authorising the raising of volunteer corps under the Act of 1804.

The verses were as follows :

RIFLEMEN FORM !

There is a sound of thunder afar
Storm in the South that darkens the day !
Storm of battle and thunder of war !
Well if it do not roll our way.
Storm, storm, Riflemen form !
Ready, be ready against the storm !
Riflemen, Riflemen, Riflemen form !

Do not be deaf to the sound that warns,

Be not gulled by a despot's plea !

Are figs of thistle or grapes of thorns ?

How can a despot feel with the free ?

Form, form, Riflemen form !

Ready, be ready, to meet the storm !

Riflemen, Riflemen, Riflemen form !

Let your reforms for the moment go !

Look to your butts and take good aims !

Better a rotten borough or so

Than a rotten fleet and a city in flames !

Storm, storm, Riflemen storm !

Ready, be ready, to meet the storm !

Riflemen, Riflemen, Riflemen form !

Form, be ready to do or die !

Form in freedom's name, or the Queen's !

True, we have got—such a faithful ally,

That only the Devil can tell what he means !

Form, form, Riflemen form !

Ready, be ready, to meet the storm !

Riflemen, Riflemen, Riflemen form !¹

A supplementary circular, generally believed to be the inspiration of the Prince Consort, was issued on the 25th of May, stating that the object of the preliminary ones had been to induce those to come forward who would not enter either the regular army or the militia.

There was not much encouragement in those days to decent men to enlist. We seemed unable to realise that privates were actuated by the same noble motives as their officers, and our only idea of rewarding brave deeds was by money payment,

¹ *The Times*, May 9th, 1859.

and not too generously even then. Besides this, the announcements of such rewards were only published in the case of the Sappers, when they were mentioned in the general orders, so that very little effect was made upon either the recipients or their comrades.

The French were far more politic. Soldiers of all ranks were equally cited for reward or commendation before forty-eight hours had elapsed after the performance of any gallant or heroic act, and medals for valour, or various grades of the Legion of Honour, or commissions, were awarded promptly and with ceremony.

Yet when the institution of the Victoria Cross was first suggested both officers and men were averse to it. General Sir Evelyn Wood wrote of an officer who "never tired of telling" how, when the men of his battalion were ordered to nominate a private soldier for the Victoria Cross, they unanimously chose a man who was trusted for his steady conduct and honesty to carry down the grog-can at dinner-time to the trenches, and who, except for half an hour each day, was never under fire!

It speaks well for Englishmen that they were so keen to volunteer at a time when reports of the Crimea were full of the most ghastly sufferings and cruel privations, that could have been avoided by proper organisation.

These stories, however, were not generally believed; indeed, so incensed were English people by their publication that the circulation of *The Times* went down almost to zero in proof of the disapproval of its readers. But in England we

were all wild with enthusiasm over our heroes, and burning to share in the fighting; it would have taken more than the most eloquent war correspondents' tales of woe to damp our ardour then.

In 1854, next to the provision of arms, the question of a suitable dress for the volunteers was the chief point. Lord Elcho demanded uniformity and recommended knickerbockers in place of trousers, and tunics of light grey. But this did not meet with general approval, and the dress finally recommended by the Committee was a blouse of Austrian pattern (introduced by Lord Elcho), with trousers, overcoat, and cap, all in light grey tweed.

The movement spread with wonderful rapidity, and in June 1860 the Queen and the Prince Consort reviewed 18,450 volunteers in Hyde Park. The march-past lasted for an hour and a half. In the following month Her Majesty reviewed twenty thousand Scotch volunteers in Holyrood Park, Edinburgh, and thus a citizen army of nearly forty thousand men became a fact in just a year from its actual inception.

I think I was one of the first to raise a company under the new orders: certainly my Cromer volunteers were the first in Norfolk, and the first volunteer camp formed in the county was held in the park at Gunton. They were the nucleus of the 3rd Norfolk Volunteer Regiment, for from a purely local force, confined to Cromer and the immediate neighbourhood, we gradually enlisted men from all over the county. I used to go from place to place training and looking after them,

until at last we were about five hundred strong, the men all averaging six feet in height, and of Norfolk every one. Eventually they totalled twelve hundred, but this was of course much later.

As we assembled for training every year, and there was, besides, a great deal of organisation and office work connected with it, my regimental duties took up a great deal of time. I commanded my corps until in 1866 I resigned in order to take command of the Norfolk Artillery, but I continued to be their Honorary Colonel until they were disbanded under Mr. (now Lord) Haldane's scheme a few years ago.

It was fitting that Norfolk should take the lead in the new scheme of volunteering, for it was not the first time that our county had had the honour of originating the martial movements of the nation. In 1715 a company of one hundred artillerymen was raised in Norwich in consequence of the rebellion in the North in favour of the Old Pretender. Two Norfolk peers were the originators of the Bill for raising the militia, and in 1758 the county raised nine hundred and sixty men for it, one hundred and fifty-one being enrolled in Norwich itself. In 1759 the county raised the first militia battalion, which marched to Hilsea Barracks, Portsmouth, from Norwich; in 1796 it raised seventeen hundred and eighty-one men, and two hundred and eleven for the supplementary reserve; in 1797 the Norwich Light Horse Volunteer Corps was formed. In April, 1803, the militia was disbanded, but when war against France was

declared the country took alarm, and in July Major-General Money published an address urging the necessity of immediately associating, subscribing, and arming for the defence of the country in case of invasion. This resulted in the formation of volunteer corps all over the country. In Norfolk my grandfather raised a regiment of riflemen, and both his sons were commissioned, the eldest, William Assheton, to be Colonel, and Edward, my father, to be Major. The whole county was ready to be, if not in arms, at least in commission. The *Norfolk Chronicle* of the day (August, 1803), says :

“Active preparations commenced for the defence of the county in view of possible invasion. On the 8th, several officers and non-commissioned officers of the 17th Regiment of Foot arrived at Norwich to receive the balloted men and substitutes of the Army of Reserve, the training of whom commenced next day in Chapel Field. A county meeting was held at the Shirehall, Norwich, on the 10th, when resolutions were passed, assuring His Majesty of the readiness of the county to take definite measures. A meeting of the inhabitants of Norwich was held at the Guildhall on the 16th, at which a subscription was opened for raising a regiment of Volunteer Infantry. Clerks attended in the porch of the Guildhall to enrol the names of the Volunteers, and the city flag was displayed from the window of the Town Clerk's office.

“On the following day 702 men had offered themselves, and by Saturday, the 20th, the

number had increased to 1,085, and the public subscription exceeded £3,000, of which £500 was given by the Corporation. On the 26th the regiment was formed, 800 strong, under Lieut.-Col. Harvey (commanding), Lieut.-Col. Plumptre, and Major Sigismund Trafford. The public subscription then amounted to £6,400. A Rifle Corps was also formed, with Mr. R. M. Bacon as captain. At Yarmouth, 500 persons enrolled themselves, under the command of Lieut.-Col. Wm. Gould. On the 27th, it was announced that the number of volunteers in the county enabled the Lord-Lieutenant to suspend the compulsory clauses of the Defence Act. The total number was about 7,300. The Government purchased some properties in Norwich to be converted into temporary barracks for the reception of 800 infantry.

“The brass ordnance belonging to the city were tested by some of the regular artillery stationed in Norwich. Four of the guns burst, and appended to the account delivered to the Corporation was the intimation: ‘It is customary for the corporal to have the old metal when any of the pieces burst.’ The official reply was to the effect that the Corporation were of opinion that the corporal ‘did not want brass’! The iron nine-pounders stood the test. The brass gun used by Kett in 1549 was preserved as a relic.

“Telegraphs, signal flags, or tar barrels are being stationed on all the churches and lofty edifices on the coast, in order to give in a chain of communication the earliest intelligence, either by night or day, of the event of the enemy’s landing.

"A trial was made on the Castle ditches, Norwich, of carriages constructed for the conveyance of troops. A wooden frame, serving as a seat, was affixed to the skeleton of a four-wheel cart. A board for the feet was attached to it by ropes. The vehicle was capable of conveying 17 men.

"Messrs. Marsh and Sons, Norwich and Cambridge carriers, offered, for the service of the Government, 100 horses, 12 broad-wheel waggons, 24 men as drivers and assistants, 24 boats amounting altogether to 200 tons' burden, 6 watermen, and 9 boys, with blacksmiths, their apparatus, tools, &c., and 2 wheelwrights, and 2 harness makers, with all necessary tools."

In December, 1803, the *Chronicle* recounts :

"The twenty-two troops of Yeomanry Cavalry in the county were this month formed into three regiments. The Marquis Townshend was appointed colonel of the Western Regiment ; Major-General Money colonel of the Eastern Regiment ; and Col. (afterwards Brigadier-General) Bulwer colonel of the Midland (or Mid-Norfolk) Regiment."

When it is remembered that, at that time, soldiering was a very stern profession indeed contrasted with the pleasant conditions of to-day, it is very remarkable that men should have been so ready to volunteer. So late as July, 1817, three soldiers, mere boys, for fighting at a public-house, were court-martialled, and sentenced to receive eight hundred lashes each. One, aged twenty, had to be carried away because his life

was in danger after receiving six hundred and twenty-five lashes ; one, of sixteen, his brother, received three hundred and thirty-five lashes, and the other, seventeen, received two hundred, both the last having their sentences commuted on condition that they entered a condemned regiment. This was in Lord Liverpool's time.

My father subsequently became the commanding officer of his regiment under its new denomination of local militia, but after holding that position for close upon twenty years he gave it up, owing to an incident very similar to that which caused so much dissatisfaction during the railway strikes a year or so ago.

A riot had taken place in Manchester, and the local militia were called upon to disperse the rioters. Several men were killed and many injured by the firing, and this horrified a great many people, among them my father. He felt that it was one thing to fight against his country's foes, quite another to take up arms against his own countrymen. So, rather than incur the risk of a similar duty falling to his lot, he resigned.

Soon afterwards, during the peace that followed Waterloo, all volunteer soldiering became practically non-existent, until in 1853 the militia was to some extent reincarnated. Then the Norfolk Artillery was formed, with a total of one hundred and eighty-three, composed of two captains, four subalterns, one adjutant, one surgeon, five non-commissioned officers, two trumpeters, and one hundred and sixty-eight gunners, made up chiefly

of transfers from the East and West Norfolk Militia and a few volunteers.

Lord Hastings was their first commandant ; their second was Lieut-Col. Astley. The regiment did good work, both at home and abroad, and were frequently mentioned in despatches.

The uniform of the Artillery Militia was at first dark grey, then blue, a frock-coat with red cuffs, and the trousers with red piping down the seams, and later it was altered to that of the Royal Artillery, with silver instead of gold facings.

Some of the items in the earlier records of the regiment are both amusing and enlightening as to the regard in which it was held by a parsimonious Government. For instance :

September 27th, 1858.—“ The men on being dismissed expressed great dissatisfaction that the promised outfit turned out to be one shirt, two pairs socks, and one pair shoes only.”

May 24th, 1860.—“ Captain the Honourable R. Harbord fired a *feu de joie* in honour of the Queen's birthday, *and had to pay for the powder !* ”

When General Peel was Secretary of State for War in 1867, the year after I resigned command of the 3rd Volunteer Norfolk Regiment in order to take that of the Norfolk Artillery, the militia reserve was created. The Norfolk Artillery furnished upwards of one hundred men from its establishment ; to be eligible they were required to have served two trainings, be of good character, and able to pass a medical examination. They received an annual extra bounty of twenty shillings, and rendered themselves liable to be called out to

reinforce the regulars when required. This money payment was sufficient inducement to make it soon become a matter of keen competition to get into the reserve. It was nearly eleven years before any appreciable number were called upon for active service ; not, in fact, until the Russo-Turkish war in 1878, when troops were sent from India to Malta, and the army and militia reserves were called up. Of our men in the Norfolk Artillery sixteen were time-expired or medically unfit ; but the remaining ninety-eight were despatched in detachments to various garrisons and kept there for three months. Thus every man in the Norfolk Reserve was accounted for, and I do not think the record could be beaten, even if equalled, by any militia regiment in the service.

Fifty-four men joined the Norfolk Artillery, five the Army Service Corps, and thirty-nine the Army Hospital Corps ; the Reserve being then one-quarter of the total establishment of the regiment. The officers commanding the regiments they joined gave very satisfactory reports of them, and would have liked to retain them permanently ; but the men were not so enamoured of their experiences with the regulars, complaining that they were constantly kept at fatigue duties and rarely taken on parade.

In 1871 our Honorary Colonel, Lord Hastings, died, and at my request the Prince of Wales very kindly consented to command the regiment. He reviewed us for the first time in May 1872. The son of Coke of Norfolk, Lord Leicester, then

Lord-Lieutenant of the county, was present too. This was the Prince's first visit to Great Yarmouth, where we held our annual trainings. It was during this year that the batteries on the North and South Denes were re-armed, the old 32- and 68-pounders being replaced by 64- and 80-pounder R.M.L. guns.

The annual trainings were very popular with both officers and men. It was generally an enjoyable time in every way, and we often indulged in a breaking-up dance or dinner. Sometimes we had thrilling experiences of another sort: twice the camp was flooded at night, and we had some very exciting moments in getting into new quarters. In 1874 a terrific thunderstorm broke late in the evening, and the rain soon became a deluge, the occupants of several of the tents having to move into the gun-sheds. The following year the regiment assembled and camped within the walls of the dépôt on the South Dene, and then in 1876 the County of Norfolk sold to the Government the Militia Dépôt buildings for £12,500. The Government subsequently added barrack accommodation, enclosing a large slice of the Denes, which was levelled for a parade ground. But we were again put under canvas in 1892, owing to an outbreak of smallpox at Yarmouth, and once more the camp was flooded, everyone having to move, two companies into barracks, the remaining four into fish-lofts lent to us by the owners. We now had good barracks, but the officers were still without a Mess-house, so in 1879 we hired the Assembly Rooms for this

purpose. We did this for several years, until we bought the building outright, added more rooms, and put the place into thorough repair.

Major Trafford and I furnished it, the Prince of Wales contributing the furniture he had used in his own cabins on board the *Serapis*. We soon had quite a respectable show of plate, chiefly gifts from the officers, past and present. There was a very handsome candelabra, worth a good deal of money, for it had cost one hundred pounds in 1862 when Surgeon-Major Aldred presented it to the regiment. Another fine piece was a cigarette-holder in the form of a model siege mortar and limber, given by Captain Moore Lane, R.A., and we had a cigarette-lighter in the form of a hand-grenade, presented by Captain W. H. A. Keppel. Prince Albert Victor, who was with us for a short time, gave us another cigarette-lighter when he left, and Colonel Bagge a silver salver. Lieutenant-Colonel Trafford contributed a silver punch-bowl, and there were lots of smaller things, all highly valued in the Mess on account of the givers.

Queen Victoria presented a fine engraving, a signed portrait of herself, in commemoration of our furnishing a guard of honour when Her Majesty visited Sandringham in 1889. I gave a portrait of the Prince of Wales when in 1875 the title of the regiment was changed to the Prince of Wales' Own, and we had several other fine pictures, while the emblazoned coat-of-arms furnished by each officer in joining added not a little to the adornment of the Mess-room. My

Lt. R. Sheriffe Hon. A. E. Harbord Major Newcombe H. R. H. Prince of Wales Major Sir W. Dilkes Hon. H. Fyfe Capt. Scarlett Holmes
 Lord Hastings Major Pratt Lt. J. Preston Captain A. C. Dawson Lt. Thornhill Lt. P. Bennett



Capt. and Adj. Hon. Henry Dennison Major F. Bigge Lt. Lord Suffield H. R. H. the Prince of Wales Colonel Trafford Colonel Keppel
 1st Bn. Cumb. 1890 OR THEREABOUTS

lady sent the china, and so by degrees we were in possession of very comfortable quarters.

The Prince, our Colonel, was very regular in his inspections, and most kind, always taking a great deal of interest in the regiment. He first visited Yarmouth in June, 1872, when he opened the new Grammar School. That night he dined with us at the Mess, and afterwards attended a performance at the Regent Hall, in which J. L. Toole appeared. Next day he reviewed us, Lord Leicester being present.

In May, 1880, I hoped to have secured for my regiment the honour of being reviewed by the Duke of Cambridge, who was then Commander-in-Chief. Unfortunately, at the last moment His Royal Highness was prevented by his official and parliamentary engagements from giving effect to that hope. But his letter excusing himself was couched, as were all the Duke's letters, in such charming language as in a great measure to make up for the disappointment.

Fortunately the review was not deprived of the presence of royalty, for the Duke of Edinburgh in the kindest way filled the position which would have been occupied by the Duke of Cambridge, so that the regiment representing the most sporting of counties had the satisfaction of welcoming one of the finest sportsmen of the world.

The Duke of Edinburgh, in writing to say that he would review us, expressed a wish that his visit should be private, a wish no doubt born of the recollection of his first visit to Yarmouth, when in 1862 he went there with the Fleet, and

was nearly mobbed by the too-eager crowd. He was then a midshipman on the *St. George*. It had been intimated that the Prince was to be considered "on business" when with the Fleet, and therefore exempt from popular demonstrations. Nevertheless, the town was determined to make the most of his visit. The Mayor, directly the first ships arrived, sent offering a dinner to all the officers, but it was declined, and he then offered a ball to be given on the following Monday, as the *St. George* was not expected until the Saturday. This was accepted conditionally on the Fleet being still in the Roads.

But when Saturday night arrived, and no *St. George*, the town began to feel afraid that she would not come at all, and the Admiral invited the Mayor and some of the other bigwigs to dine afloat that evening to console them. Happily, on Sunday morning the *St. George* came in through the Cockle Gat, and anchored abreast of the town at the northern end of the line of ships. Immediately the place blazed with excitement and sparkled with spy-glasses. Steam-tugs took passengers round the fleet, all of whom went out in the hope of catching a glimpse of the Prince, apparently expecting to see him perched up on the maintop. But very few knew him by sight, and in the afternoon when he went ashore with other midshipmen he was not recognised.

On Monday the Mayor and town clerk went on board to be presented, and the Prince went ashore in their boat to lunch with the Hon. Manners Sutton at his house in Kimberley Terrace.

Everyone who saw him land of course knew that he must be the Prince, and like fire the news spread that he was going in the afternoon to a cricket match between officers of the fleet and the Yarmouth Club. In consequence, about three thousand people assembled on the grounds, and as soon as the Prince was recognised they closed round him so determinedly that he and Mr. Sutton had to beat a retreat. He took the jostling and pushing very good-humouredly, and somehow got away from the cricket ground, though still followed by the mob, to Kimberley Terrace. The people pursued him all the way up the drive, and collected in front of the house, where they stood until five o'clock, hoping to see him come out again. But the Prince had quietly escaped by the back door, and gone to call on Mrs. Onslow, whose son was then his tutor and the chaplain of the *St. George*.

It was about a week after this too-enthusiastic reception that the Duke of Cambridge came to Yarmouth to review the artillery and volunteers. He was received by my brothers Ralph and Bobby, both Captains in the N.A., with a guard of honour of one hundred strong, in which not a man was under six feet. Over three thousand men took part in the review, mostly volunteers.

The Duke did not come down again till 1881, when the Prince of Wales marched at the head of the regiment, and we again gave a ball at the Assembly Rooms.

It was not until 1882 that they assimilated our uniform to that of the R.A. Until then we

had silver instead of gold lace, and this led to a funny mistake in the report of some function I had attended in uniform, when I was described as being "in a uniform of blue, resplendent with silver." The Government never took much interest in the militia, not even to the extent of looking after their habiliments. When busbies were withdrawn and spiked helmets became the proper wear for the artillery, none were supplied for the militia; but Lord Hastings presented the men of our regiment with theirs. I suppose if he had not some other officer would, but it was a bad precedent, immoral as indiscriminate charity!

When I had held command for twenty-seven years, with great regret I resigned, and Lord Leicester (Viscount Coke) succeeded me. My Regimental Order for May 25th, 1892, was as follows :

"Officers, Non-Commissioned Officers, and men, Norfolk Artillery.

"To-morrow—the occasion of the inspection of the regiment—will be the last time I shall have the honour of being your Commanding Officer.

"I have to thank you, one and all, for the loyalty and cheerful obedience to orders which I have experienced invariably during my command for twenty-seven years. I am thankful, and very proud to say, that I shall hand over the regiment to my successor in as good, if not even smarter, condition than you have ever been, and my thanks are due to Captain Harvey for the excellent manner in which he has performed his duties.

" Brother Gunners, I bid you, from my heart, farewell. Long may you remain, as you are, an honour to the country to which you belong, to your Hon. Colonel, His Royal Highness, the Prince of Wales, to the militia service, and second to none.

" I retire in accordance with the regulations of the service, which preclude my holding command after the age of sixty-two years."

Everyone was very kind to me. The Mayor and Corporation of Yarmouth presented me with an address expressing regret at my retiring, and at the complimentary dinner given me at the Hotel Métropole by past and present officers, the Prince, who presided, presented me with a silver-gilt cup which bore the following inscription :

" Presented to Colonel Lord Suffield, K.C.B., A.D.C., on his retirement after twenty-six years from the command of the P.W.O. Norfolk Artillery, by Colonel H.R.H. the Prince of Wales and his brother officers past and present."

As a parting gift to the officers I had a bronze statuette made of myself mounted on my white Arab charger. The horse was modelled by Boehm, and my figure, in the uniform of the regiment, by Wade. I lent the Arab to Lord Napier of Magdala for the equestrian statue of himself in Waterloo Place, and the beauty is there now for all the world to see.

Lord Hastings, who was Colonel before me, knew nothing at all about soldiering, and when I succeeded him in the command I had to alter

and reconstruct everything. The men were a splendid lot of fellows, and I think they would have done anything for me—I do not know why, unless it was that I always listened to all they had to say. I used to sit in the orderly-room every day, in great state, very dignified, and listen to everything they wanted to tell me. I always sent them away smiling, and I do not think I ever had a row all the time I was with the regiment. Though they were a fine, sturdy set, they used to look ragged and unkempt about the head, allowing their beards to grow anyhow, so one day on parade I said to them :

“Look here, men, to the devil with all this hair on your faces ; it’s got to come off. I want you to look smart and soldierly, and you can’t while you are wearing all that hair. Now you must all go and get shaved, and not a man of you shall leave the barracks until it has been done.”

Some of them objected that their women would not like it, but I was hard-hearted, and told them that I could not help what their women liked ; it must all come off. Then I saw that they still had something to say, and I told them to out with it, and they said :

“But, my lord, you are carrying a beard yourself ! ”

I told them that that was a different matter altogether ; I rode on horseback high above them, and they could not compare me with themselves. I gave the sentries orders to shut the gates and not to allow any man out until he was shaved.

It was a pretty high-handed thing to do, but they were good fellows, and did it without another murmur. I really think they must have been fond of me, and I was certainly very proud of them. I never heard what took place when their women saw them without beards.

Count —, a foreigner of some sort, who had spent a long time in England, and afterwards made an important marriage into an English family, was the only man in the regiment who did not belong to Norfolk. None of the fellows could bear him. He was a very violent-tempered man, and if anyone annoyed him he would take him by the throat and throw him on his back. He was the only officer in the regiment with whom I ever had any trouble all the time I was commanding it. Often I used to come in and find a row going on over —, and at last the officers determined to try to get rid of him. One day on coming in I was surprised to see heaps of things hanging out on strings in the barrack square—trousers, and coats, and shirts, all clothes, and all hanging in the rain, getting soaking wet. I asked :

“What are those things doing here? What the devil is all this?”

I found that they belonged to —, “the Count” as we always called him, and I sent for the officers and said to them :

“Look here, you know, you mustn’t do that ; it won’t do at all. Get those things taken down at once, and if anything is spoiled you’ll have to pay for it.”

Of course it had been done simply to annoy —, and he came in a little later and wanted to take me by the throat in the orderly-room. But I said to him :

“ Now, Count, this won’t do at all, you know. It’s no good being angry with me.”

Of course there were sergeants about who would have stopped him if he had tried to hurt me, but I did not at all want the thing to grow into a serious affair, and tried to laugh the matter off as a joke. He left the regiment not long after—not then, but pretty soon—and we were all very glad when he did go.

For the rest, we were all good friends, officers and men alike. Two of my brothers, Ralph and Harbord, or “ Bobby ” as we called him, were among the officers for many years ; and as the regiment was with one exception composed of Norfolk men who had practically grown up together and had many interests in common, we were just like a very united family party.

Lieut.-Colonel E. A. H. Alderson, of the Queen’s Own (Royal West Kent Regiment), who had his first training with us, as his father E. M. Alderson had before him, sent me his very interesting book on the Mashonaland campaign. In it he describes his comrades in the Mounted Infantry corps with whom he went to Africa as “ sportsmen and good men to hounds, every one.”

I could not better describe the Norfolk Artillerymen.

When the militia was dissolved under Mr. Haldane’s scheme in 1909 the various proper-

ties belonging to the Mess had to be scattered. Gifts were, as far as possible, returned to the donors; the furniture, including that presented by the Prince, was sold by public auction, also the cigarette-lighter presented by Prince Albert Victor. The linen, plate, and china were sold privately, and the house itself was sold to Mr. Nightingale, the caterer. We left in his charge the shields bearing the coats-of-arms. The regiment had been fifty-six years in existence, and among its officers were representatives of most of the historic Norfolk houses. Haldane's determination to dissolve such regiments will be incomprehensible while the nation exists. It was a great pity, for there was much *esprit de corps* among them. In his *History of the Norfolk Artillery*, to which I am indebted for my dates, Lieutenant-Colonel Holmes takes as his motto an axiom of Bacon that the nation may well take to heart: "Let any Prince or State think soberly of his forces, except his Militia of natives be good and valiant soldiers."

CHAPTER VII

ABOUT A NUMBER OF THINGS

IN the first thirty years of Queen Victoria's reign society was very different from what it is now. Boundaries were definitely drawn and rigidly adhered to ; American and Colonial millionaires were unknown except in their own spheres of usefulness, and from the Court downwards conduct was governed by rules and regulations, both spoken and unspoken, which would be scouted with ridicule to-day.

I do not think the world was really any better than it is now ; virtue, after all, is not so much a question of morals as of environment and circumstances. When there were no telephones, no cheap newspapers, no motor cars, no easy travelling of any sort, it was more difficult to escape the vigilance of our neighbours' eyes ; but the same instinct of goodness governs us now as then, and if people are less conventional they are also far less addicted to such vices as drinking and gambling.

We were certainly far more easily pleased in the old days ; our entertainments and amusements were vastly different from those of to-day, and most schoolgirls would now turn from them in disdain. Musical parties at each other's houses, when the guests themselves were the performers, little dinners and dances, picnics and garden parties—these were our exciting festivities. A

visit to Norwich from any other part of the county was of more account than than a run up to town is now, and going to London meant weeks of preparation and as much fuss as a journey to South Africa would involve to-day.

People used to intrude their religious beliefs upon all and sundry in a way that would never be tolerated at present, and it was no uncommon thing for a man of pronounced views to harangue any company in which he found himself. I remember an occasion of this sort which had a rather comical sequel. The then Earl of Cork was a very pious person and extremely solicitous as to the future salvation of his fellow-men. One day, finding himself in a crowded railway carriage, he seized the opportunity of improving the moment, and delivered a homily as earnest as it was undesired, exhorting everyone immediately to set about ensuring his happiness in a future life. Presently one of the passengers, a man who had been listening very attentively to all that Cork said, arrived at his station. When he had got out on the platform he turned round, and, leaning through the carriage door, said :

“ Thank you, sir. One good turn deserves another. You’ve put me up to a wrinkle in your profession, now let me give you one in return. I’m a hatter ; put a piece of blotting-paper inside the lining of your hat, and it will last twice as long. Good-day.”

As he walked off the occupants of the carriage broke into a shout of laughter, and Cork harangued us no more on that journey.

I used to attend the House of Lords very regularly, for though I never took an active part I was tremendously interested in politics. Between 1850 and 1860 the most engrossing debates were on the subject of the war in the Crimea, and the Indian Mutiny. How well I remember Queen Victoria making the first distribution of the Order she had instituted, when Her Majesty with her own hands pinned on sixty-two Victoria Crosses. I am sure no cheering since has ever moved me quite as much as that did, when the crowd seemed to roar with one voice, in which was mingled all its sorrow for the brave fellows who would never return, and all its exultation in the glory of the poor maimed heroes who were receiving their rewards from the hands of their young Sovereign.

When General Windham ¹ returned in 1856, all Norfolk turned out to welcome the hero of the Redan. He left the train at a station before Norwich, where the gentlemen of the county, hundreds of them, all on horseback, had gathered to meet him. I rode at their head, and we escorted his carriage to the Guildhall for the presentation of the inevitable address. In the evening a banquet in his honour was given at St. Andrew's Hall, the Earl of Albemarle presiding, attended by the Norfolk officers of the Army and Navy who had served in the war.

Decorated with the many clasps and medals he had won in the Crimea, where he had been

¹ Sir Charles Ash Windham (1810-1876) was present at Alma, Balaclava, Inkermann, and the storming of the Redan. M.P. (Liberal) for E. Norfolk, 1857. Later was in the Indian Mutiny.

promoted from Colonel to Major-General after commanding the storming party of the second division at the Redan, he was presented with a service sword and a dress sword, purchased by public subscription. Probably nothing in his life touched him more than that tribute from his own countymen, and certainly we never felt prouder of anyone than of him.

My brother Ralph went all through the Crimea too ; he was a very gallant fellow, but just before the finish he was invalided home. Both his sons were in the Army, and both served in the South African war of 1900, the younger being killed in action at Elandslaagte.

Had I been a younger son I should have remained with my regiment ; as it was I always felt rather envious of my three brothers who went into the army. William, the brother who was often supposed as a child to be my twin, was in the Scots Guards, until at Queen Victoria's personal request he left to become Her Majesty's foreign service messenger. He had a delightful life, for in that capacity he travelled all over the world.

Walter joined my regiment, became a Major, and distinguished himself very highly in the Indian Mutiny. On one occasion a lot of them were after a Chief who made for a *nullah* ; he jumped it, and Walter, being the only one who could follow him, found himself alone with the quarry on the other side. They raced on for some distance, until the Chief, finding that his pursuer was close behind, turned, and tried to spear him.

But Walter was too quick for him, and ran him through the body, killing him with one thrust.

Poor Walter ! He was a good comrade and a gallant fellow, but he made rather a hash of things and was not very happy. When he died a few months ago he left me the last of my father's family. I was going to the House that day to vote against Home Rule ; had he known it I think he would have waited a little longer just to let me add one more to the majority.

My second brother, John, went into the Church, and after the manner of clergymen he married and became the father of a large family. He was Rector of Gunton with Hanworth for a few years, and then in 1865 he became Chaplain of Morden College, Blackheath, founded by an ancestor of ours some two hundred years ago, and only resigned in 1892 when he was presented to the Rectory of Southrepps. There he spent the last two years of his life, and the living is now held by my son-in-law, Sir Frederick Sullivan. John's favourite hobby was genealogy ; he loved working out family histories, and I am sure that he must have discovered lots of interesting things about ours, but no one appears to have any of his notes, and I suppose that they have all been lost. In his youth he was very proud of having a hard head that nothing could affect, and at Cambridge one night, after a big college dinner, to prove it he drank off a whole bottle of port without stopping. Two of his sons were for years in my Norfolk Artillery, three of them were in the Army, and did good work in the South African

war, and a sailor son won several distinctions in the Egyptian war.

Harbord, my youngest brother, familiarly known as "Bobby," acted as my land agent, and amused himself generally without doing anything in particular. He was not a very good business man, but a fine horseman, and devoted to sport. He died in London in 1894.

It is curious to look back and recall the commotion made over many reforms pooh-poohed in the days of my youth, but accomplished facts now.

We are always hearing, for instance, of the palatial prisons that await our criminals; when I was a small boy my father was working hard to bring about better treatment for the unfortunate prisoners. He naturally began at home, for at that time the Norfolk Assizes were held at Thetford, where the prison was really disgraceful. One of the cells was a dungeon thirteen feet below the surface of the ground, eighteen feet six inches in length, nine feet odd in breadth, and eight and a half feet in height. Into this cell upon one occasion no less than seventeen people were put to sleep, and the only air admitted was through a hole in the wall just twelve inches square. Even the turnkey, whose business it was to open the door in the morning, ran back the moment he had done so, owing to the excessive stench that was emitted. When the unfortunate people were removed to and from Norwich and Thetford, they were carried in carts through towns and villages and exhibited as sights—one shilling being charged to see

convicts of the second and third degree, and two shillings or more for a condemned felon. Another evil he pointed out was that ten or more hours were lost in conveying the condemned prisoners to the place of execution. It was, however, only owing to his increasing efforts, in the face of opposition from everybody concerned, that it was finally determined to commence the new County Gaol in Norwich, at the cost of £26,000.

Sunday trading was another measure in which he took much interest, and in 1834, in presenting a petition to the House of Lords for the better observance of the Sabbath, he said :

“ . . . We may, under Providence, remove certain obstacles and offer facilities in the path of duty to those who are desirous to pursue it. Whatever restraint, my Lords, we may think it right to impose upon ourselves and upon our families, I would by no means recommend undue restriction by law upon the lower orders of society in the enjoyment of their innocent recreation.

“ . . . What class is most benefited by the Sabbath ? Surely those who are deprived of the opportunity that day affords of devotion and rest, and have no other ; while the higher orders, or too many of them, in the language of an eminent Christian now deceased, ‘ Do everything on Sunday which they are in the habit of doing on all other days of the week, and on no other day of the week do they do that which they ought to do on Sunday.’ It was last year remarked that an address to His Majesty was contemplated. . . . to pray that the Park gates might be closed on

Sunday. Now . . . I should not in the least regret to see your Lordships' carriages excluded from the Park on Sundays—you can drive there six days out of seven—but I should deeply lament to see the tradesman and the artificer, immured as they may be in close dwellings during six successive days, deprived of the fresh air of the Park on the Sabbath."

As to Sunday trading, he advocated example rather than legislation, and quoted an incident of a small market town where excessive Sunday trading had been almost entirely suppressed, "not by the infliction of penalties, but by the persuasion of residents in this neighbourhood. With a view to removing everything like an excuse for opening shops on Sunday, gentlemen prevailed upon their tenants to commence a practice which cannot be too generally adopted, namely, that of paying all their labourers on a Friday instead of Saturday night, or, as in too many cases, on the Sunday morning."

But it took many years to alter the existing state of affairs, and I remember very well indeed the outcry that was made over Lord Robert Grosvenor's Bill somewhere about the early 'seventies. It led to riotous meetings in the Park, and at last he was compelled to withdraw it after its second reading in the House of Commons.

I suppose that some day (perhaps it will be when women, less sluggish than we, get into Parliament!) sensible measures will be passed directly they are propounded, and not allowed to drag on for twenty years at a time, as they do even now, with all our boasted modern rapidity.

Perhaps one of the most striking comparisons between then and now is the different treatment of and attitude towards women. Life of course is and always will be more amusing for men than for women, but only we old people, who can remember days of long ago, can realise the amazing strides that have been made towards equality of the sexes during the last century.

Women used to disguise their figures in huge crinolines and hide their heads in huge bonnets, but I do not know that they were really better behaved or more genuinely modest than now. They loved to look on at executions, though they would faint at the thought of a mouse, and there was just the same disproportion in other matters. But we were all very prim and proper, at least in appearance, and the smallest unconventionality was promptly paid for by the more or less severe ostracism of the culprit.

A man once told me that in his youth he had regarded women as akin to angels, and requiring the most delicate handling. We certainly treated them as precious things that had to be kept carefully locked up at home, while we had calls that took us afield and varied the monotony; but I am quite sure that although a greater amount of surface politeness may have been shown fifty or sixty years ago, it was less than nothing compared to the real and solid advantages woman's recent emancipation has gained for her. If marriage is a tie now, imagine what it was when it meant that all power was vested in the husband, and that the wife had no say at all in the manage-



Photo. Langfier, 23a Old Bond Street, W.

CECILY, LADY SUFFIELD

ment of her own property. Every effort women made to throw off the shackles that foolish prejudice had fastened on was regarded with horror even by women themselves ; the question of their entering hospitals as nurses was regarded as the immodest wish of a few dangerously advanced females, while the idea of their actually practising medicine was a shocking notion only to be mentioned with bated breath. The Crimean war and the splendid part women took in looking after the wounded did a great deal to change public opinion as to their fitness for nursing, but it was a long while before people became reconciled to their entering the medical profession.

Quite recently I came across, in a book, a remark that exactly describes the popular attitude of that time. It was written by Archer Shee, who said, in 1854, in regard to women taking up medicine as a calling :

“ If women are found anxious to indulge such questionable tastes, let them by all means do so ; I would, if it rested with me, keep the sex pure and undefiled, and confine them to their recognised sphere of usefulness. . . .”¹

When it is remembered that this was written at a time when all but the upper classes of women were treated and considered as little more than beasts of burden, it is really amusing to reflect upon the writer’s conception of “ pure and undefiled.” As to womanhood suffrage—who can imagine the disgust and horror with which such a measure was regarded ? Queen Victoria held

¹ *My Contemporaries*, by William Archer Shee.

it in such abhorrence that she would not even permit discussion of it in her presence—yet Her Majesty was a firm believer in her own equality with man, so the attitude of the rest of the world can be easily conjectured. The subject was tabooed, and touched upon only behind closed doors, yet though the campaign was carried on very decorously, almost by stealth, indeed, its supporters made sure if slow progress, until in 1867 their Bill was thrown out by a majority of a hundred and ninety-six to seventy-three. But they have gone gallantly on for forty-six years. Their perseverance puts Bruce completely into the shade!

On the other hand, quite remarkable licence was permitted to men in many ways, and this was probably the reason why the Queen was so anxious that the Prince of Wales should not have much freedom or opportunity of mingling with the youngsters of his own age. Even after the death of his father the Prince found but little chance of amusing himself after the fashion of his own age; he was always fully engaged in one way and another, either performing social duties or away travelling on educational or diplomatic missions, even after his marriage. Nevertheless, Her Majesty allowed him very little of her confidence or that of her Ministers, and he had to glean what he could of the nation's foreign policy from the Ambassadors of other countries, though he was expected, with only the barest information, to perform prodigies of policy requiring really considerable knowledge. Happily the Prince was possessed of a fund of natural

tact and *savoir faire* that never deserted him, and he won even the cantankerous Bismarck by his charm of manner.

The Prince's interest in Freemasonry was one of the links between us ; another was forged when he became Honorary Colonel of my Norfolk Artillery. Like myself, he was a Freemason quite early in life, and perhaps the best proof he gave of the impression the craft made upon him was in permitting both his sons to follow his example. In 1876 His Royal Highness appointed me to the vacant chair of the Province of Norfolk, a position previously held for nine years by my half-brother ; and when in 1895 the brethren were kind enough to celebrate the nineteenth anniversary of my becoming P.G.M. by having a marble bust in my likeness made for the Grand Lodge, he came down to Norwich on purpose to present it. His Royal Highness was always particularly kind, too, in assisting at the ceremonies that took place during my presidency ; it was he who, with full masonic honours, laid the first stone of the Yarmouth Hospital in 1887, for instance, and indeed he never missed an opportunity of showing his interest in the craft. In 1890, finding that I was no longer able to give sufficient time and attention to my duties as Grand Master, I appointed Mr. Hamon le Strange my Deputy, but in 1896 I felt compelled to resign altogether, and the Prince agreed with me that no one was better fitted to succeed me than Mr. le Strange. I wrote to him to this effect, and in reply had the following kind letter :

Hunstanton Hall, Norfolk,
26th Dec., 1896.

MY DEAR SUFFIELD,

Your letter of Christmas Eve, which only reached me to-day, is very gratifying, and at the same time saddening to me ; I do not at all like to think of your giving up the office which you have held so long and are still able, I believe, with a little assistance from your Deputy, to go on filling to the satisfaction of everybody for a long time to come. I really think that it is greatly to the advantage of the Province to have a man in your position at the head, and as long as you will remain there I am only too willing to continue to do all I can to relieve you of the actual work. Do pray consider whether it is not possible for you to carry on as at present—all of us being contented with the position.

Should it, however, on reconsideration be a real kindness to you to be relieved of your functions, I wish to say that I am deeply sensible of the honour which H.R.H. the Grand Master proposes to confer on me by appointing me in your place, and I should be proud to accept the office, if there is no one better adapted for it ; but even here I venture to suggest that in my opinion Frank Boileau would be a better appointment ; he is a keen Mason and lives near Norwich, so he is readily available ; he is already D.P.G.M. for East Anglia in the Mark Degree and Sub-Prior for the province in the Temple Degree ; I should be quite willing to go as his Deputy if it were thought well to offer the higher post to him, and

perhaps you would mention this to him if you sounded him on the subject. For many reasons I am sure it is to the advantage of the craft to have a man over them with a handle to his name, and F. Boileau has this advantage ; there is no one else I can think of. I wish there were some peer. Amherst I fear would not do on account of his health. Hastings I am afraid for the same reason, and moreover neither he nor Amherst are at present qualified as Past Masters for the post. I mention these that you may know that I am quite willing to serve under them or under anyone else, and that I have no sort of claims of my own to press. In fact I leave myself entirely in your hands, and, whoever may be selected, I shall always remember with gratitude that H.R.H. thought me good enough for the post. I only wish to repeat again, let us go on as we are with you in the Chair ; all those under you are content, and we do not know how it may be with a new man. I am very much pleased that you will be able to come down to the Installation Meeting of Union Lodge, and hope that nothing may interfere with it, as the Brethren will be much gratified by your coming.

I quite agree with you that even if there must be a change it would be better not to allude to it then ; it would be better to leave it to the summer. Provincial Grand Lodge has already this year had the expense of the Special Meeting during the Festival Week, and an Installation Meeting must entail considerable expense, which it would be as well to put off to another year at least.

I am sorry to hear that your Christmas is spoiled by an attack of gout ; I may at all events wish you a Happy New Year, in which desire Roland and Agneta as well as Mrs. Le Strange most heartily join.

Believe me always, sincerely yours,

HAMON LE STRANGE.

This letter and a subsequent talk with the Prince and Le Strange induced me to retain the office for a year and a half longer. I resigned finally in 1898, when the Prince appointed my old friend in my stead.

Being at Court meant being constantly in London, and at first we used to stay with my mother-in-law, Mrs. Baring, who had a large house in Berkeley Square. But as our family grew up, the governesses and all the rest of it necessitated so much room that we soon felt we must have a place of our own, and we took a house in Upper Grosvenor Street.

Few of this generation realise what blessings the telephone and messenger boys are, and how much time and trouble they save. There was not the same wide choice of shops, either, and it was not possible to find the entire furnishing and furbishing of a house, from sanitary arrangements to works of art, under one roof, so that finding a suitable abode and having it put in order and readiness was quite a big and lengthy business, and I was glad when it was at last finished and we could settle down.

In spite of my great friendship with the Prince

I was not a little surprised when one day in 1872 Queen Victoria, to whom I had been Lord-in-Waiting for about four years, sent for me and told me that the Prince had asked her to let me go to him. I had been about with him a great deal, even while I was attached to Her Majesty, but I never had any idea that he thought of asking for me, and although I liked being with the Queen I was very naturally pleased at such a compliment and delighted to be officially attached to His Royal Highness, for whom even in those early days I cared more deeply and sincerely than for any man I have ever known. Her Majesty had always been exceedingly kind to me, and I believe the dear lady really liked me, for she looked quite sad, and even had tears in her eyes when she told me.

“My son has asked for you,” Her Majesty said to me, “and you know I cannot refuse him anything.”

Of course there was nothing I could say, even had I wanted to, so I simply kissed her hand and went away.

I have heard people call Queen Victoria narrow-minded, but this was far from being the truth. Her Majesty had too keen a sense of humour for that. She was well aware, too, of the sad fact that the naughtiest people are often the most amusing, and perhaps for this reason Her Majesty retained certain ladies about the Court who were very much in Mrs. Grundy's black books. Nevertheless, the Queen tenaciously upheld the dignity of her rank, and expected all who were in similar

positions to regard their state with equal respect. She would rather have seen royalties "a little stiff with over-courtesy" than in ever so small a degree lowering their majesty. Consequently she was sometimes accused of being strait-laced when in reality she was simply impatient of what seemed to her conduct unbecoming to persons of high rank. At Windsor the Queen always dined at a round table ; I dined with her there hundreds of times, and it always interested me to see how, with just a comment now and then, Her Majesty would make everybody else talk while she listened. She used to listen well, too ; little escaped her, and she always heard all that was said, no matter how many persons were talking at once.

Needless to say, I was always very happy with the Prince. I am sure he gave me more of his confidence than anyone else on earth. He always trusted me implicitly, and he often asked my opinion and consulted me about little difficulties that sometimes cropped up. For nearly forty years we were constantly together, and in all that time he never said one cross word to me, nor an unkind one, although I often spoke very plainly if anything happened of which I did not approve. But he never minded anything I said, and he never forgot a friend, nor refused any courtesy it was in his power to grant. One peculiarity of his was that he never told funny stories and never spoke of people, at all events in company, but I do not remember his ever saying anything about anybody. A very good rule this, especially for a man in his position.

For all his *bonhomie*, however, the Prince would not tolerate the slightest impertinence. I remember his leaving White's Club over something of the sort. His Royal Highness happened to light a cigar or a cigarette in a room people did not usually smoke in. Some officious official came up and said so, and the Prince replied quite pleasantly that he was just going; the official retorted rather rudely that the club rules must be adhered to, no matter who the member was, and the Prince without another word left the club and withdrew his name next day. The Marlborough Club owes its existence to that little lapse, or lack of tact, on the part of one of White's people!

The most extraordinary requests used to be made to me to use my influence both with Queen Victoria and with the Prince before and after he became King. Apropos of this, George Anson used to tell of a ridiculous letter he once received asking for his assistance in placing a dwarf. In it the writer said:

"A good start is everything in the race to the goal of fortune, and the *desideratum* is to have Her Majesty's stamp on his letters of introduction to the world. I am well aware that you can provide the necessary preliminaries to such an introduction, and if the lad can be admitted to the Queen's presence I should feel deeply obliged. He is nearly as small as Tom Thumb, and is *au fait* to matters of great moment."

The idea of Her Majesty being attended by a little sprite who could whisper into her ear, unseen and unheard by everyone else, on "matters

of great moment " always struck me as truly funny.

Everyone connected with a Court is always subjected to a constant stream of similar applications ; there is no evading it, though it adds immeasurably to the difficulties of life. One hates to refuse a kindness or ignore an appeal, yet the opportunities of acceding to such requests are almost negligible. No one can speak with better knowledge of such things than I, for during my long service I was constantly badgered by all sorts of people to use my influence on their account. Some of the most amazing propositions were from the last people one might have expected to make them. One man, who wanted a peerage, tried to bribe me by offering to build a sea-wall round Overstrand and Cromer if I would persuade the Queen to honour him. Perhaps it would have been the right thing to go to the Queen with the offer, since Her Majesty, after all, was more deeply concerned in the fact that the sea was making inroads on her kingdom even than the owners of the land affected. She might have thought so great a boon as a sea-wall very cheap at the price, although in her days wealth was not quite so powerful as now, and merit was a degree in advance of money in obtaining honours. In fact, the suggestion might have resulted, by a judicious creation of " sea-wall peers," in surrounding the kingdom with a girdle of protection from the waves ! I did not, however, consider it in that light at the time.

Another man offered me £250,000 to induce the

Queen to grant him a peerage, and in fact I was constantly approached with requests of the same nature. But I should not have been so happy as I was with their Majesties for all the years I was with them had I worried them for favours.

CHAPTER VIII

SPORT AND SPORTSMEN

IF my last two chapters convey the idea that life for me was all earnest and devoted to good works, I must hasten to dispel any such impression. Work I did indeed, but it was all too full of interest, and most of it too thoroughly congenial, to make me at any time feel that I was really an important cog in the country's machinery. I hope that it is not impossible for valuable service to be synonymous with *joie de vivre*, but the world apparently thinks that if a man is not grinding away at daily drudgery he is only a useless butterfly. Well, I have brought about no big reforms, I have done no brilliant soldiering, I cannot lay claim to any works of art ; but if there is any merit in doing the duty that lies close at hand, and in making life a little brighter for others by spending time and money and finding enjoyment myself in the simple things of every day, then perhaps I have acquired as much as the dour pessimists who only recognise work when it wears a sombre dress.

Very soon after my marriage the Norfolk hunting people asked me to re-establish the old kennels at Gunton, and I did so with hounds I bought from various kennels and called the West Norfolk. First they were harriers, then stag-hounds, and eventually foxhounds. I kept part



GUNTON HALL. EAST FRONT



GUNTON HALL. SOUTH FRONT

of the pack at Gunton, and part at Dereham, where kennels were specially built for me by Lord Hastings. I also had kennels at Downham Market. By means of these two packs I hunted the whole of the county, from Cromer to Lynn, including the Sandringham coverts, which did not then belong to the Prince of Wales, and from Lynn to North Walsham, taking the hounds wherever I was asked. It has never been done before nor since, and I do not expect it will ever be done again.

In those days I did not easily tire, and I often rode thirty miles to covert ; many a day I have ridden sixty or seventy miles to and from covert only. I had horses stabled all over the county ; it generally took three hacks to do the distance between Gunton and Lynn. It was all right unless, as sometimes happened, there was a stiff frost, when I had to walk my horse the whole way home, sometimes getting there at two or three in the morning. Occasionally I stopped the night at Melton Constable with Lord Hastings, and took my hounds home next morning. The county East of Norwich I did not often hunt, as it was barren of foxes, and is very wet.

The Prince of Wales hunted with us very often ; in his earlier days hunting was quite his favourite pastime. The horse he always went best on was named Paddy, a chestnut, bought for him by Sir Nigel Kingscote from Lord Grosvenor. My own favourite was a white thoroughbred called St. Lawrence. I hunted him for many years, both in Norfolk and in Northamptonshire with

the Pytchley. I was riding him once with the Duhallow, the first time I had ever been out with them. St. Lawrence headed the field, far in advance of the regular hunt, and much to their annoyance, as they chose to believe that the country was only really negotiable to people born and bred near Cork. Afterwards I was told that one fellow called out in desperation to a friend :

“ For God’s sake, Mike, ride at that man with the beard.”

But if he did he did not catch me ! St. Lawrence was not a horse easy to beat.

I was lucky in not having many accidents, though I broke my collar-bone several times. Once in Ireland a branch of a tree broke it, but I was enjoying the hunt too much to let that stop me, and I went on riding all day, nevertheless.

I generally sent out two stags, leaving one to take care of itself, and later on drawing for it when I heard of its whereabouts. The ordinary red coat was worn by those who hunted with me, and by my two whips. I cannot remember if we had a distinguishing collar, but I think not. I was my own huntsman. It is a long time ago now, but I distinctly remember one extraordinary run.

The stag had been roaming about East Norfolk for a long time, and had great horns, which are, of course, always sawn off during the hunting season. I found him one day in the woods at Westwick, where old Mr. Petre never allowed him to be disturbed. He was off before we had begun to draw

for him, making for the sea at Cromer, and on reaching it he jumped down the cliff into the water, the hounds after him. I was the only man who followed, and I had to ride down the face of the cliff, there being no path, in the hope of saving the hounds. Luckily I found a boat on the shore, and brought the hounds back to land. The stag swam on with the tide, and was eventually taken by some fishermen, who towed him into Yarmouth by a line thrown over his horns. Later he was sent back to the park at Gunton, where he lived for many years.

Lieut.-Col. Harvey, to whom I wrote of this run, collected from the various Norfolk papers accounts of a number of others, which he reprinted in his little book on deer-hunting in Norfolk. For the benefit of those who have not seen it I have borrowed the following accounts of the Gunton staghounds. Among other places, we held meets at Westacre High House, Swafeld, Drayton, Aylsham, Bawdeswell, Sall, Frettenham, Stoke, Felmingham, etc.

Colonel Harvey took the following from the *Norfolk Chronicle* of January 12th, 1856 :

“ On Wednesday last all the roads in the neighbourhood of Westacre were dotted with groups of horsemen, booted and spurred, on their way to High House, where the meet was fixed ; and by eleven o'clock the lawn was crowded with sportsmen, several wearing the uniform of the Gunton Hunt, which added much to the effect. Mr. Hamond threw open the doors of his mansion to all who chose to enter and partake of the very

ample banquet which was provided. A little before twelve the hounds were brought out, and Mr. Harbord took them to the place where the stag had been uncarterd some time previously. A peal of music burst from the pack, and they were off, followed by two hundred and fifty horsemen. The first jump out of the lawn was got over without any accident, and away went the hounds, at a killing pace, to the further end of Walton Common. Here a momentary check took place, and the dozen sportsmen who were 'up' had just time to dismount and tighten the girths ere the hounds started off again on the scent. Pentney Common was next passed, and some uncomfortable boggy meadows; then across the Lynn road at Billney station down to the fields, where a large drain stopped the foremost riders, till the gathering crowd on the opposite side became quite dense. Some rails were pulled down, and the field followed in a long string into the Lynn road, when, after about two miles of roadwork and two or three fences, the deer was captured at East Winch after a run of forty-eight minutes."

Again: "On February 12th the meet was at Mr. Henry Birkbeck's, Stoke Holy Cross, where, notwithstanding the unpropitious state of the weather, nearly a hundred sportsmen assembled, and after justice had been done to his well-known and splendid hospitality, the deer (from Mulbarton) was uncarterd in a field at the back of the Hall. The usual law being given, the hounds were laid on, and away they went at a rattling pace through the lowlands of Stoke, the fencing of

which was found to be both wide and deep. Onward they went, through the ground of Messrs. G. B. L. Knight, and William Jex of Framlingham, and here a short check enabled the field in more respects than one to collect their scattered senses ; but forward was the cry, and away went the hounds properly denominated ' flyers,' through Poringland, touching on Kirby, to Bixley Park, and Mr. Culling's farm. The time up to this point was thirty-five minutes, and the pace most severe. Onward went the chase through Bixley, Trowse, to Crown Point (General Money's), straight down to the river, which the stag crossed to Thorpe, and pursued the even tenor of his way through Sir William Fisher's plantation towards Plumstead, over the old race-course *via* Sprowston. After hanging on the confines of the land of Osborne Springfield, Esq., at Catton, he turned his face to the ancient city of Norwich, where he was taken after a capital run of sixty-eight minutes."

The writer of this account added : " It is only just to say that all who have been fortunate enough to witness the doings of the Gunton staghounds during the season are highly gratified with the kind-hearted courtesy displayed by the Hon. Harbord Harbord, and the anxiety evinced by him to carry out the views and wishes of his brother, Lord Suffield, by showing all possible sport with this celebrated pack of hounds."

I had a whipper-in named John Atkinson, a very fine horseman and a most excellent fellow in every way. Later on, after I had turned the staghounds into foxhounds, I kept him on in the

same capacity. From the time I gave up stag-hounds there were none in Norfolk for about eighteen years, but there were several packs of harriers, and my own two packs of foxhounds were hunting in the northern and western parts of the county, while Sir Edward Kerrison was hunting on the southern side. A good run with the North Walsham Harriers under my brother Bobby (Harbord) is recorded by the *Norwich Mercury* of April 10th, 1858 :

“The North Walsham Harriers met, for the last time this season, on Tuesday last, at the Market Cross, North Walsham. Trotting off to Antingham Hall they found a bountiful lunch provided by Mr. Henry Wright. At twelve o’clock a fine stag, presented to the Hunt by Lord Suffield, was uncartered in a field adjoining. He went away in such style as to make it evident that he was not soon to be taken. The weather being cold and dry, the hounds were quickly laid on. He first made for North Walsham, skirting the town and crossing the Norwich turnpike to Worstead, running at a rattling pace through all those small enclosures where the steep and narrow banks caused many to scrape acquaintance with Mother Earth. In a plantation at Worstead occurred the first check, after a severe burst of six miles with scarcely a mile of roadwork. The field was no sooner up than the scent was again hit off.

“Hark to Barmaid! The Hounds are again rattling away, crossing the White Horse common, in the direction of Witton Woods. Here was rather ugly jumping—not a few stopping to enjoy the

bottoms of sundry ditches, in which one or two horses were reposing feet uppermost ; but the hounds running strongly there was no time to enjoy this bit of fun. On through Mr. Larner's farm, over the meadows up to North Walsham canal, where the stag crossed midway between the two bridges. Here was a pretty fix, a river with six feet of water and five feet of mud !

“ Lord Suffield (M.F.H.), whose riding throughout had been the admiration of all, coming up on Huntsman at once dashed in, immediately followed by the Master of the Harriers and a member of the hunt. A very easy getting in, but such a getting out ! The stag then ran through that extensive plantation known as Bacton Wood, crossed over to Witton Wood, and was here viewed for the first time ; then he doubled back again and sought shelter in the former wood, but being hard pressed by the gallant little pack, broke cover in the direction of Honing, and passed through the village of Witton to Crostwight, again seeking shelter in the Honing plantation. Here, owing to the number of hares, a check of some minutes occurred, when the stag, having had a little breathing time, again made his appearance. The hounds then ran him in view, through Honing Park, back to East Ruston, on to Honing Common, and crossed the river into Dilham. He was ultimately taken in the pleasure-grounds of Mr. Henry Taylor, after a run of two hours fifteen minutes. Thus ended the first season of the North Walsham Harriers. Very great credit is due to the Hon. H. Harbord, for the splendid

condition and management of the hounds throughout, and long may he be spared to afford the neighbourhood a continuation of such excellent sport.”¹

Of course I hunted a good deal in other parts as well, especially in Northamptonshire, where for some years I hired Harleston House from my old friend Lord Spencer, whose own place, Althorp, was only divided from it by a wall. His half-brother asked me the other day if I remembered driving, full gallop, four hunters from Whyte Melville's house at Houghton, and of course I do, very well for it was by no means an uncommon occurrence !

I was often asked to take over the Pytchley myself, but I never did, though I greatly enjoyed hunting with them. Poor Whyte Melville used always to come with us, and when I was at Harleston he generally came home with me to dine, leaving, I am afraid, his poor lady to fume by herself at Houghton.

He was a fine horseman and an excellent judge of a horse. He used to buy young ones, and when they turned out well he was so modest about it that anyone might have supposed luck rather than good management had guided his purchase. Nevertheless, he often rode very poor horses, and I believe it was on purpose to keep behind so that he could describe the hunt better in his books. He was such a good fellow that he was capable even of that self-sacrifice for his art. Later he lived at Titbury and hunted with the V.W.H.

¹ *Deer Hunting in Norfolk*, by Lt.-Col. Harvey.

(Vale of White Horse), and, as everybody knows, one day when cantering over a ploughed field his horse put his forelegs into a narrow drain and threw poor Melville on to his head, killing him on the spot.¹

Dighton Probyn and I once determined to try to negotiate the great brook at Whissendine; I managed to get over, but Probyn did not, though he is one of the finest horsemen I ever met. But the Whissendine is an obstacle few attempt.

People somehow had a very flattering opinion of my riding, and all sorts of nice things have been said about my hands and seat that I can only hope I deserved. They followed me, too, rather recklessly sometimes, for my riding was "born," not made, and few had had the same amount of experience over all sorts of country. There was one woman who invariably followed like my shadow, keeping close behind me, no matter where I went. I do not know who she was, for as she was not beautiful I fear I was not sufficiently interested to ask, but she must have been a pretty good horsewoman, for she never came to grief, although I did not consider her when "practising," as my old friend Lord Ribblesdale says I did, "the art of galloping like steam between fences, and jumping the place almost from a stand."

For a short time I had a few race-horses, and bred as well as ran them, but I soon had to give up even the luxury of a small stud, for every penny that could be spared had to be spent on the property.

December 5th, 1878.

Cricket was another of our favourite amusements. My father, chiefly with the idea of bringing the young men in the county into friendly relations that would prevent party differences, had started a cricket club in 1827, of which he was the president. Every year during his reign at Gunton the cricketers had a *fête* there, and after the first this quickly developed into a sort of public sports meeting, with all kinds of games for the entertainment of the humbler people, such as foot-racing, diving into bowls of flour for money, running in sacks, and so on. The two or three days' *fête* always closed with a big dinner and ball, at which most of the gentle-people of the county were present. I did not follow his example to quite the same extent, but I built a cricket pavilion close to the big lake near the house, and we played many an exciting match in the park. For a long while I was president of the County Cricket Club, and the following kindly little acknowledgment gave me great pleasure some years ago.

Cley-next-the-Sea, Norfolk,
Aug. 25th, 1888.

DEAR LORD SUFFIELD,

I hoped someone more prominent socially than myself would have seen and thanked you at the "Veterans' Match" luncheon for your generous treatment of the Gunton Cricket Club in your beautiful park.

For the last thirty years it has always refreshed me exceedingly to enjoy the noble game under such



A MORNING RIDE AT GUNTON

pleasant surroundings, and many like myself, fast becoming *laudatores temporis acti*, cannot fail to have pleasant reminiscences of "old times" when "Lubbock" never lost a match if he could in any way help it! I have long found fame and wealth to be "bubbles," but health remains, and I could not help placing on record *my* appreciation of your beautiful park and your kindly interest in our sport and general welfare. Allow me to remain,

Yours faithfully,

W. SUMPETER, M.D.

I loved coaching, too, and it was not an expensive hobby in my case, because I used to drive my hunters when the season was over. It kept them in good fettle and afforded us an immense amount of enjoyment. It was, in fact, for years the only means we had of visiting our distant neighbours, in those days when railways were scarce and motors unknown.

One cannot help wondering now what would be said by the people who lived two hundred years ago, if they could see how we get about. In 1772 a man named John Cresset, of the Charterhouse, wrote a pamphlet urging the total suppression of stage-coaches, although at the time there were only six in the kingdom. Among several other grave reasons for abolishing them was the following :

"These stage-coaches make gentlemen come up to London on very small occasion, which otherwise they would not do but upon urgent necessity ;

may, the convenience of the passage makes their wives often come up, who, rather than come such long distances on horseback, would stay at home. Then when they come they must presently be in the mode, get fine clothes, go to plays and treats, and by these means, get into such a habit of idleness and love of pleasure as makes them uneasy ever after."

It is difficult now to realise that rather less than a century ago mail-coaches were known and advertised as "flying-machines" because they tore along at the reckless pace of twelve miles an hour, a speed at that time considered very remarkable.

The only objection I had to driving in Norfolk was that there was not sufficient risk about it to make it exciting. Our roads were almost too good, and adventurous journeys with precipitous hills and dangerous curves are almost necessary to the thorough enjoyment of a jehu. But sometimes there were difficult horses to manage, which added a little spice to the occasion.

I could always make anything on four legs go, once I had it in harness, and I used to amuse myself by putting together a scratch team of any horses that were available. Lord William Lennox has described one of these drives so well that I cannot do better than give it in his own words, though I must beg pardon for including his complimentary allusions to myself:

"Lord Suffield was the quickest and smartest coachman I ever sat on a box with, and I shall never forget a journey I took with him to New-

market to attend the July meeting. We started from London with four as nice cattle as ever the lover of driving could wish to sit behind ; but upon reaching the first stage I found, to my dismay, that we were to proceed with posters for the rest of the journey.

“ The team came forth from the yard, and were with some difficulty put to, for the near-side wheeler, a mare, was somewhat cantankerous ; there was a lurking devil in her eye which foreboded mischief. She took exception, in the first place, to the pole-pieces, and would not be coupled up ; this, however, after a little dodging, leaning, and squealing, was achieved, and then came the start—or rather, I should say, the time for starting ; not an inch, however, would she budge.

“ She planted her fore-feet at a most resisting angle in the front of her, and there she stuck ; the united forces of the leader and her *collaborateur*, the off-side wheeler, were insufficient to move her. Coaxing, persuasion, and all sorts of soothing arts were lavished on her in vain ; and as the *suaviter in modo* failed, the *fortiter in re* was tried, and with a better result, for after shoving, thumping and double thonging, she suddenly bolted into her collar and started off at an awful pace. Suffield kept her head straight, though for miles nothing could stop her, but at last the nonsense was taken out of her, and we reached our destination in safety. The mare, as may be imagined, was in no enviable plight ; she shook from head to foot ; but we afterwards heard that the lesson she had received was not thrown away, and

that from henceforth she took kindly to her work." ¹

My most thrilling moments on the coach were when the Princess of Wales was driving. Her Royal Highness was an excellent whip, and would often insist on taking my place when I went over to drive the Prince and herself to Gunton. Then indeed I used to feel a little nervous. Things often happen when least desired, and though a broken trace or a loose pin, a bolting horse or anything else might have occurred just as easily when I was driving, somehow the very fact of holding the reins gives one confidence. The responsibility was tremendous, and I was always very glad when the Princess preferred enjoying the scenery and allowed me to do the work.

There is no county in England like Norfolk for game of all sorts, and we kept up the Gunton records very fairly—almost, if not quite, equalling those of my father's time.

He used to shoot on the *battue* system, and always commenced on the 14th of November. There were two *battues* a week, so arranged that the same cover was never beaten more than twice in one year, and he changed his company at each *battue*, generally limiting the number to nine guns. One of the mild after-dinner amusements of his day was to hold a sweepstake as to the day's sport, each gun stating the quantity and description of his bag. Then one shilling per head was collected, each one guessed a total, and the person whose number was nearest the correct one took the stakes.

¹ *Coaching*, by Lord William Lennox.

An idea of the game reared in those days may be gathered from the following table giving the numbers shot during the years 1822 to 1833 :

<i>Date.</i>	<i>Head.</i>	<i>Date.</i>	<i>Head.</i>
1822	4,113	1828	2,305
1823	2,715	1829	3,599
1824	1,917	1830	1,617
1825	3,158	1831	2,928
1826	4,641	1832	4,003
1827	3,991	1833	3,457

Of the relative species some idea may be formed from the enumeration of the year 1822, when seven hundred and sixty-two hares were killed, fourteen hundred and seventeen pheasants, twelve hundred and ninety-one partridges, five hundred and twenty-six rabbits, forty-eight woodcocks, and forty-two snipe. The apparent reduction in 1830 arises from no record being kept of what was killed by the keepers in that year. The number of pheasants killed in a single *battue* being from twenty to two hundred and eleven, of rabbits the highest account in one day is two hundred and twenty, falling to eight guns. T. W. Coke and Colonel Anson shot on the 22nd November, 1826, one hundred and six partridges, and on the 28th one hundred. On the 2nd November, 1834, my father, my two half-brothers, and two of their friends shot one hundred and seventy-four partridges.¹

My father was an excellent shot, and generally at the head of the day in the *battues*, both at home and abroad, a distinction he liked to preserve.

¹ *Memoir of Edward Lord Suffield.*

On the 7th December, 1822, Mr. (afterwards Sir William) Cooke, made a bet with him that he would kill more game to pointers than my father would to retrievers. Mr. Cooke had two pointers, my father three retrievers. They started at half-past eleven. Neither lost a bird. Mr. Cooke killed twenty-nine partridges, my father forty-six.

The estate was generally said to be "eaten up" with game, but the average number killed amounted to three thousand two hundred; if the number left be admitted as equal to the number killed, this makes a total of six thousand four hundred reared, which, upon an estate of fifteen thousand acres, gives not one head of all the species included in every two acres.

We followed my father's methods, as a rule, especially in regard to rearing and the preservation of the game, and we always had a plentiful supply, exceeded, I think, only by that of Holkham. The game there was simply phenomenal in quantity: during one shoot in 1866 the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh, who had been staying with us, were guests at the same house-party, when two tons were sent up to Leadenhall Market as the result of a few days' sport.

Their Royal Highnesses were often at Gunton for the shooting, and we were perhaps even more frequently at Sandringham House, both then and in later years, after I gave Gunton over to my son.

The Prince's first visit with the Princess was in December 1865, when we stayed for five or six

days. They travelled by special train from Wolverton to Lynn, and thence to East Dereham, where my brother and I, with Lord Hamilton, received them. The town of Dereham had been lavishly decorated, triumphal arches erected, and flowers festooned everywhere. Guns were fired and bells rung, and quite a *fête* made of the occasion. I drove their Royal Highnesses on my coach, *via* Swanton, Bylaugh, and Bawdeswell, to Reepham, where there was another ovation from the people, and the Aylsham volunteers provided a guard of honour under Captain Scott. From Reepham we went to Gunton by the Thorpe Market entrance, where a company of the North Walsham volunteers was stationed as a guard of honour under Major Duff.

On that visit, besides the Prince and myself, the guns were Lords Spencer, Royston, A. and B. Paget, Rendlesham, Leicester, and Dunmore, the Hon. W. Coke, Colonel Keppel, and the Hon. F. Turner. We shot over the estate on the 5th and 6th and on the 8th. On the 7th there was a meet of the East Norfolk foxhounds. In the evening of the 6th we had a big dinner and a ball. The bag for the three days' shooting was two thousand one hundred and ninety-four heads, including one thousand two hundred and twenty-seven pheasants and seven hundred and thirty-two hares.

The next time the Prince is mentioned in the Gunton Game Book is in October 1869, when he, the Duke of Cambridge, Lords Blandford, Clonmell, and R. Grosvenor, the Hon. H. de Grey, Sir Seymour Blane, Mr. G. Craven, General Hall,

and Colonel Keppel were the guns, and we got eight hundred and twelve brace of partridge.

In 1870, as some alterations were being made at Sandringham, I placed Gunton at the disposal of His Royal Highness, and while we were away yachting in the Mediterranean the Prince and Princess stayed there with their children and suite. Their relays of guests during the five weeks of their visit included the Duke of Cambridge, Prince and Princess Christian, the Duke and Duchess of Manchester, the Marquess of Beaumont, the Earl and Countess de Grey, Lord Blandford, Lord Carrington, Colonel Sykes, and a host of others. Admiral Keppel was also a member of the house-party, and some of the remarks he made in his diary on the occasion are amusing as well as illuminating.

Though like everyone else a fervent admirer of the Princess, he did not like the new fashion in which she had dressed her hair. He was a keen observer and very critical. He describes his visits and the company with frankness and exactitude thus :

“Gunton Park, *Jan. 1st*, 1869.—In compliance with the kind invitation from the Princess of Wales I found myself at Gunton Park. The Princess as charming as ever, but not improved by the new fashion of hairdressing. Took Her Royal Highness in to dinner. Whist afterwards.”

“*January 2nd*. Arrangements are very pleasant. A cup of tea and slices of bread and butter on being called. Breakfast when you like at small tables. Church within a hundred yards ; singing good and sermon short. The young

Princes, Edward and George, dined while we lunched. Informed the Princess that I was writing to the Duke of Edinburgh. Was sent for into the Princess of Wales' boudoir, the Royal children romping while the Princess carried the baby. The Prince was there. Altogether a charming picture.

“ January 3rd.—It was 7.30 p.m. before the fresh company arrived. On going into the drawing-room the most conspicuous and handsome (the Princess had not come down) was the Duchess of Manchester, with seven rows of pearls round her neck, scarcely whiter than the fair neck they were on. Old Lady Ailesbury, as young as ever, the same flaxen hair, frizzed out. Lady de Grey looking piquant. They all went into the shade when the Princess put in an appearance. Among the men His Royal Highness, the Duke of Cambridge, but little altered, Lord de Grey, Lord Harrington, the Duke of Manchester, Lord Huntingfield, Jim Macdonald with his silky white hair, young Lord Dupplin, Oliver Montagu, grown out of all remembrance, and young Knollys. We were twenty to dinner.

“ January 4th.—The Royal brake and another open carriage took us to the shooting ground, where we had driving partridges until luncheon, which was hot and good, in a farmhouse ; after that covert shooting. The Princess and ladies came out after luncheon.

“ January 5th.—Rainy and dull morning ; much chaffing and good-temper among the ladies. Lady Ailesbury in distress for a newspaper, which young Oliver Montagu provided on condition of a

kiss. The good-natured Prince seeing me in a new greatcoat, made me take his and save my own. Luncheon in a farmhouse. The following days were passed in the same happy manner.

“*January 10th.*—With the rest of company took my departure. A happy visit not to be forgotten, for many reasons.”¹

Whilst at Gunton the Prince and Princess gave a ball which was attended by most of the leading Norfolk families, there being altogether about a hundred guests present, and dancing went on until three in the morning. They were very fortunate in the weather until the last week, when it snowed heavily, and froze so hard that many of the party on taking their departure travelled to Norwich in sleighs.

In December of the year 1870 the Prince was again my guest, when we had some good sport, the bag on the best day numbering one thousand three hundred and seventy head, being eight hundred and seventeen pheasants and four hundred and eighty-eight hares. The guns included Lord Folkestone, Sir C. Wombwell, the Hon. H. Chaplin, Captain Johnstone, and Lord Gilmour.

He came in 1876 for one day only, when the bag was one hundred and forty-five hares and seven hundred and seventy-four pheasants, the guns being His Royal Highness, Lords Skelmersdale, Hardwicke, Gosford, Lewisham, Calthorpe, Carrington, Count Redern, Colonel O. Williams, Mr. Johnstone, and myself.

¹ *A Sailor's Life under Two Sovereigns*, by Admiral Sir H. Keppel.

After this he did not come again till 1879, when he, with a large party, including my lady and daughters, were all staying with Hastings at Melton Constable, and Lords Gosford, Dupplin, Hastings, and Charles Beresford, Count Jaraczewsky, Victor Montagu, E. Birkbeck, Colonel Clarke, and Captain Stephenson came down with me for a few days' shoot which brought a bag of four hundred and nineteen hares and three hundred and eighty-three pheasants. It was quite a memorable occasion, for Hastings had just asked my daughter Betty to be his wife, and the Prince wrote from Sandringham after his return saying that he was there, "radiant, and will be still more so when he meets Betty at dinner at the Probyns to-night."

The Prince was the most charming guest it was possible to have, always so pleased with everything and so ready to enter into the fun of the moment. He had wonderful nerve, and there was plenty of need for it sometimes, though I do not remember that he was ever peppered, as I was once or twice, by flustered sportsmen.

He was remarkably clever, too, in conveying his wishes without seeming to make a request. I remember feeling much amused at a rather neat reproof he once made to a man staying at Sandringham who shot a hen when the season was nearly over, and we were confining our attention to cock birds. Our good friend had forgotten, or had not noticed this, and the Prince shook his head at him with a smile, and called out, pointing to the bird: "Ah, Blank, what a man you are for the ladies!"

CHAPTER IX

TO INDIA WITH THE PRINCE

IT occurred to Disraeli in 1875 that the Prince ought to pay a visit to India. Queen Victoria, always very much afraid of harm coming to her son and heir, was not at all enthusiastic about the suggestion; and as India was not just then in a very settled state, perhaps Her Majesty's fears were not without foundation. Motives of policy prevailed, however, and it was arranged that we should go in the autumn.

I had never been away from home for any length of time, and, when the last day came, parting from my people for six months was a real wrench. On the eve of departure I had to spend a whole day laying the first stone of the Aquarium at Yarmouth. I really felt quite resentful at being dragged away at such a moment, and I am sure that my speeches at the ceremony, and at the luncheon afterwards in the Town Hall, were far from entertaining.

I had said good-bye to the children before leaving Gunton, but my dear lady came up to town to see the last of me, and Assheton came from Eton to spend the last day, a Sunday. With Charlie, my eldest son, we all went to church, and dined together at home, which had never seemed sweeter than then.

Williams Durrant Knollys Paget Duckworth Grey Lills Glyn
 J. H. George Aylesford Probyn Fayer Russell Bradbord Hall



Sartorius Southell Seely and Company The Prince Bertie Browne Henderson

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND HIS SUITE IN INDIA, 1875-6

Next day Assheton returned to Eton, and I saw him off, feeling that he was the last I should see of my children for many a long day. But to my great pleasure I found Charlie at the station, the Guard of Honour being drawn from his regiment. Most of the suite had gone on ahead with Lord Carrington, who was accompanying us as a personal friend of the Prince, to meet us with the *Serapis* and the *Osborne* at Brindisi. They included Lord Alfred Paget, who, as the Queen's clerk-marshal, was acting as Her Majesty's representative, General Sir Dighton Probyn, Sir Bartle Frere and his private secretary Albert Grey (afterwards Earl Grey), Sir Stanley Clarke, W. H. Russell, Dr. Fayrer, Canon Duckworth, Mr. Sydney Hall as special artist, Mr. Mudd, botanist, Mr. Bartlett, naturalist, and a great many servants—too many.

Those travelling with the Prince besides myself were : the Duke of Sutherland and Lord Aylesford, who, like Lord Carrington, were in no official capacity, Francis (now Lord) Knollys, Sir Arthur Ellis, and Lord Charles Beresford.

A great crowd came to see us off, most of them evidently with the greatest regret at the loss for so long a time of their near relations and good, kind friends ; and I, for one, was glad when we had to jump into the train and were off. The Princess of Wales and the Dukes of Edinburgh, Connaught, and Cambridge, all with their several suites, accompanied us. The two brothers got out at Ashford for Eastwell, the Duke of Cambridge came on to Dover. They all came on board the

Castilia, and with us to Calais, where we had supper on board. Then came the bidding farewell to the Princess, which was too much for the Prince and for her, and indeed for all of us.

The Princess took me into the cabin and told me that she gave the Prince into my care, trusting me to look after him and never leave him. Her Royal Highness was weeping, and I was unable to reply save by kissing her hand. But I never did leave him except once when I was ill, and on one or two occasions when he himself sent me off somewhere. I went with him everywhere, sat beside him ready to get before him should any attempt be made on his life, and I watched over him at night, often never going to bed at all, when there seemed the slightest danger of anything or anyone attacking him.

But all this was still in the future. That night, the affecting parting over at last, we got into the train for Paris, and I travelled in a saloon with the Prince, Sutherland, and Aylesford. We arrived early in the morning, and after breakfast at the Bristol, where we stayed, as usual, the Prince and I set off to visit the Orleans Princes. They were all in Paris, but we found only the Duc d'Aumale. The Prince was in extremely low spirits all day, and so, indeed, we all were ; nor did a visit to the theatre in the evening cheer us up, for none of us were in the mood to enjoy a play. Next day we visited the President, Marshal MacMahon, whom I had not seen before ; I thought him a soldier-like man, with nothing otherwise remarkable about him. Then we breakfasted with the Standishes,

who had Madame Gallifet and Madame Tolstoi, the Russian, to meet the Prince, and very lively and gay it was. Afterwards we did a little shopping, and the Prince gave me a ring for my neck-handkerchief. We all dined together again at the hotel, with Lord Lyons, Villebois, Dolgorouki, Teesdale, and others, and then went off to the station, where a number of friends had collected to bid us farewell.

Everywhere we stopped great demonstrations of welcome were made, and at most places the Prince had to receive a prefect and other officials. The King of Italy was at Turin; he very considerately sent to say he would not disturb the Prince, but he saw Paget, and gave him civil messages. On the 16th we arrived at Brindisi, where we found Maffei with other friends and our own advance party awaiting us.

Sutherland had not been at Brindisi since 1868, when the people gave him a great reception, calling him "*l'amico di Garibaldi*," and he was much interested to see how greatly the harbour was improved by the new works which had then been in process of building.

The *Serapis*, the splendid ship which was to be our home for six months, and the *Osborne* were in fine order, and it was not long before we got under way. We steamed grandly out in the teeth of an opposing gale which speedily affected the equanimity of most of us, and I was the only member of the household able to come to dinner. The multitudinous servants were all ill, of course; even my black man, Beem, who had travelled

from England in the ship, had not got used to it, and was quite incapable. Very few came to breakfast next day, but by noon, one by one, everybody had appeared. The sea grew calm, all came to dinner ; and in the mild breezes of a delightful night we enjoyed the band's very pretty and well-played music.

I received orders from H.R.H. to assume the same position as I held at Vienna with him, viz., Chief of his Household. It was a big responsibility, for the party was very large, but as we all knew one another I felt sure we would get on very well together with ordinary care ; and so we did, the tour being remarkably free from difficulties of any description, though it was sometimes necessary to exercise a good deal of tact to keep everybody in a good humour.

Early on October 18th we let go our anchor in the harbour of the Piræus, after what was, on the whole, a delightful passage. Unfortunately, both our cables parted and we lost, temporarily, both the anchors. The accident was very near being disastrous, for there was a strong wind blowing across the harbour and we drifted into proximity of the *Osborne* and one of our own ironclads. We brought up in a very masterly manner before we had done any damage, however, though we took the bowsprit off a steam yacht belonging to the King of Greece.

The King came on board as soon as we were moored, and shortly afterwards Sutherland and I accompanied His Majesty and the Prince ashore in the Royal barge. We drove first to the station

to receive a civic address, and thence to the palace, where Carrington, Billy Russell, and Aylesford joined us. Later on we lunched with the household, pretty Madame Annagleo and my old friend Kololotrone, Stuart, our Minister and his wife, and a host of others.

Next morning we all went in twelve carriages to breakfast at Tatoi, the King's country château. We dressed anyhow, but Russell was very angry with me for concealing his hat, and I fear for this and other things our hot-tempered Paddy never quite forgave me. Unhappily, it fell to my lot to edit his letters and telegrams for the home press, and very naturally he did not like that at all ; perhaps I liked it even less !

We spent a delightful day at the château. About ten of us rode on small Arab ponies a few miles farther out to see more of the country, and we all walked, even the Queen, to an observatory, where we climbed to the top to see the view. We drove home just in time for dinner, when a hundred and fifty people were present, and I sat between Delyannis and Boulgaris, both candidates for the office of the Turin Minister which Tricoupi now retires from. It was, however, announced after dinner that Comoundouzou would be the selected one ; he having succeeded in joining an alliance with three of the candidates, would probably last longer than most of them do. After dinner we witnessed a fine display of fireworks in front of the temple of Jupiter Olympus.

On the 20th we left Athens in state about one o'clock. The dear Queen, with the King, accom-

panied us on board, where we had about fifty guests for luncheon. Before leaving the palace the King gave Sutherland and me the Grand Cordon of the Saviour, and decorated the others with lower classes. He also gave the Grand Cordon to Sir Bartle Frere after he came on board. The King had his yacht under way with orders to steam in our company, and he and the Queen came with us as far as the island of St. George, where we stopped the engines. The *Osborne* lighted ship and let off fireworks abreast of us ; the night being very dark the effect was extraordinarily pretty, the deep blue of the sea being strangely lighted up with the varying colours, while the surface was as smooth as glass.

At last it came to good-night. The Prince took the King and Queen on board, the *Serapis* lighted ship, the men cheered to their hearts' content, and so we said farewell to Europe in very novel and moving circumstances.

Two days later we arrived at Port Said. Three sons of the Khedive came on board, also the English Consul, General Stanton. With all the saluting from our ships of war and Egyptian ships there was great noise, heat, and confusion, till we got on board the *Osborne* for Ismailia and started down the Canal, the Khedive's sons preceding us. The train from Ismailia took us to Cairo, where the Khedive and the Grand Duke Alexis of Russia met and took us to the Ghezireh palace, which was originally built for the reception of the French Empress, and all furnished from the French Exhibition of 1867.

I had a suite of three magnificent rooms, and we were all very well put up, but the mosquitoes bothered us a lot all night, notwithstanding the curtains.

On Sunday Duckworth performed service in the palace, and afterwards we paid visits, all in *grande tenue*, and feeling the heat a good deal. Next day, after early breakfast, the Prince received Count and Countess Daunarkjold before holding the investiture of the Star of India. Everything was very dignified and proper, and Prince Tewfik seemed much gratified by the honour conferred upon him. We then "did" the *bazar*, the Pyramids, and other sights, afterwards dining at the Pyramids, which were brilliantly illuminated, and witnessing a hideous *nautch*—fortunately not long, for the women were very ugly. Then we drove home to dress and go to the theatre.

When the Khedive came to say good-bye next day he decorated us all. To me he gave the Grand Cordon of the Medjideh and made a final speech which was so flowery and poetical that I wrote down afterwards as much as I could remember. He gave the Grand Cordon to Sutherland and Frere too, but omitted the speech, so that I felt doubly honoured! His sons and *attachés* then accompanied us to Suez, where we all very gladly embarked again.

Charlie Beresford was ill next day with a touch of sunstroke through going about without his hat, but he was all right by the time we reached Aden.

On the 31st the wind was so strong that we could not have general service as ordered. Poor

Duckworth was rather sick, and afraid he would be unable to hold any service at all; but he did, in the saloon, very pluckily. All the awnings were taken down in the expectation of a nasty night. The servants were all ill, as usual. We might have got into Aden by 11.30, but preferred arriving in daylight, so we signalled the *Osborne* to go ahead and report our approach.

We anchored at 6 a.m. on November 1st, and were immediately boarded, under a tremendous saluting, by the Governor, General Schneider, his staff, and Colonel Penn. The Sultan of Lahej and other Arab chiefs received the Prince most enthusiastically on landing. It was very hot, and we being all in uniform felt it, especially having nothing but our helmets to protect our heads from the blazing sun. We landed at the Residency, where the Prince held a *levée*, and presented a medal and ring to the Sultan of Lahej, at which he was highly delighted. We telegraphed to Sandringham and had a reply before we left at 10.30.

We were nearly a week getting to Bombay from Aden. The sea was calm as a mill-pond, the air beautifully clear, and, except a P. and O. mail that passed us seven miles distant, we saw not a ship, nor even a bird. The first day out from Aden everyone was affected by the heat and sun of that terrible place, and all excepting Sir Bartle Frere found they could not sit down to read or write without falling asleep. One day we were forced to stop twice, owing to trouble with the engines. The Prince, Sutherland, and I went down to see

what was wrong, more for something to do than from idle curiosity. The first stop was caused by the bilge pipes being choked; then the soft metal of a pipe melted. It varied the dulness of the ordinary routine of ship life, and the short delay did not matter, for the *Osborne*, not having enough coal on board, could not keep up our pace of twelve knots, so that we had to reduce to eleven, in spite of the time lost.

At 4 p.m. on November 8th we landed at Bombay in *levée* dress, and found many chiefs waiting to receive us. Sir R. Wodehouse, Lord Napier of Magdala, and Lord Northbrook, with the Admirals in State, had come early on board and drove part of the way with us, in carriages sent specially from England, to Parell. It was a six-mile drive, and we were escorted in procession by the 3rd Hussars and Bombay Lancers. The people, who were most enthusiastic, cheered us heartily the whole way.

The next day, November 9th, being the Prince's thirty-fourth birthday, was a tremendous one. It began for him with a gift from the Princess of her photograph, which was placed on his breakfast-table in greeting. The Household gave him a fine turquoise I had bought for the purpose at Port Said, and hundreds of telegrams came from home. Then the business of the day commenced, twenty-two chiefs coming one after the other in great state to see His Royal Highness, a reception that lasted from ten till two. In the afternoon came a deputation from the Gaekwar, which visit the Prince immediately returned. He visited the two

Admirals' ships, and went in a launch through the fleet to a chorus of cheering. Then the Viceroy came, and we all drove through the illuminated city, getting back to the *Serapis* at nine for dinner—very weary.

This was only the foreshadowing of many similar days throughout our stay in India. No one but those who were with him could imagine how hard the Prince worked, day after day taking part in countless ceremonial functions, receptions, and so on ; and living as we all did in uniform in that hot climate was enough in itself to merit high reward. One day some Parsee children, whose school we visited, put a wreath of flowers round his shoulders ; perhaps they recognised his claim to decorations !

It was difficult to fit in everything, even with the most careful planning. One day, for instance, His Royal Highness began by receiving an address from the University in the Senate House, and making a reply, then he lunched at the Secretariat, next visited ten Rajahs in different apartments (they were by no means pleased that he could not go to their several houses), drove to the Elphinstone docks to lay the first stone with Masonic honours, visited three more Rajahs, this time at their own houses, and after dinner on board held a reception of native chiefs and sirdars. All this we did in full uniform in a damp, debilitating atmosphere, with the thermometer at 86°. Yet there was a great deal of complaint that this one and the other had been neglected ; we used to feel sorry, often, that we could not double ourselves



The Dewe Villémé
Chief of Kandyan Nobles

The Cottage, Dec: 3: 1875
Kuwara Eliga.



A NATIVE CHIEF
From an unpublished sketch by Sir Arthur Ellis

and treble the time, for however great the pleasure of pleasing may be, a very little leaven of dissatisfaction is sufficient to spoil it all.

On the 13th we travelled by special train to Poona, still in uniform, as there were receptions *en route*. We had quite a restful interlude at Ganesh Kund, and a very pleasant three days. At a dance a lady accosted me, insisting that she had known me seventeen years before, in Calcutta. Of course it was my brother Walter, yet he must have been very unlike me then; but family likenesses are very curious.

The day we left began early, for we started at 5.30 a.m. to visit the strange old temple of Parbuttee, where, from a window, the last Peishwa watched the battle of Kirkee being fought on the plain below.

We got back to Ganeshkund at nine, and in the afternoon drove in procession through the dirty, but wonderfully decorated, old town, to a review of the Poona division—about forty thousand men. Poor Charlie Beresford, who seemed doomed to misadventure, had a very nasty fall on the way out. His horse was startled by something, plunged and threw him. His sword somehow got entangled and he came down heavily on the hilt, which caught him in the middle, knocking his wind out before his head struck the ground. He was temporarily stunned and really rather badly hurt, though, as usual, he made light of it; but for two days he suffered a good deal of pain.

Some of the reports of the accident were quite amusing. One said that he asked for a cigar

and a glass of champagne on coming to ; another asserted that when he was told that the Prince had sent to ask after him he “ lifted his head from the cushion and said : ‘ Tell His Royal Highness that I am as right as a trivet.’ ” Poor fellow, I do not think he said much, and he certainly did not smoke until next day at earliest.

The Poona division was under Lord Mark Kerr, a fine fellow, one of the bravest of men, and a very favourite commander in the army. He had rather remarkable, though probably quite correct, ideas as to diet, and traced maladies of all kinds to drinking—not alcoholic drinking only, but drinking of any sort, for he said : “ Liquids swish the liver terribly, and destroy its digestive faculties.”

In his later years he grew very forgetful, and a quaint thing once happened through this loss of memory. It was a year or so before he died, after the Prince had become King. They met in the street one day and stood chatting together for a few minutes. The King had said good-bye and was moving away, when Kerr stopped him, saying : “ Excuse me, sir, but would you mind telling me your name ? I know your face very well, but I cannot remember who you are ! ”

We were back at Bombay on the 16th, and had two busy days before proceeding to Baroda. After one day at Baroda, Sir Salar Jung being very anxious that some of us should visit Hyderabad, the Prince sent me, with Owen Williams and Knollys, and we went on in the most luxurious railway carriages—two saloons between us, with

luggage place, washing apartment, and servants' carriage all opening one into the other, the whole costing us only a very moderate first-class fare. On reaching Hyderabad at 4.30 a.m. on the 21st of November we drove to Captain Clerk's house in Sir Salar Jung's carriages, and after having had some tea, turned in for an hour or two. Then we drove to see the Residency, and Oliphant's Bridge. In the afternoon Sir Salar Jung called, and took us all in his carriage, a *char-à-banc* with four horses, to see Meer Alum Tank, a very beautiful piece of water, on the far side washing the site of the old city of Hyderabad, now Golconda. Mulumun ood Dowlah, the nephew of Sir Salar, went with us. We steamed about the tank on an English steam-launch of Sir Salar's, and before driving back by road had tea in a summer-house on the bank.

Next day, November 22nd, we got up early to go black buck shooting, cheetah coursing, and hawking, at or near Tunamugger, some miles from the city. We saw some courses, which were curious because so novel, but no sport. The cheetahs soon killed two deer. Having been slipped from their bullock-carts they bounded with great rapidity after their prey, selecting the weakest of the herd. I then went away by myself, and with great difficulty got within a reasonable distance and shot a buck, missing only one shot where I could fairly have expected to kill. It was pretty ground for stalking. The native with me showed no knowledge of sport, so taking my rifle and ammunition I left him behind and rode

away a long distance, leaving my horse while I stalked. Later I rode back and joined the others and saw some pretty hawking at Paddy-birds; then to breakfast at the villa of Sir S. Jung, who afterwards took us to Golconda in his long and queer-looking carriage to see the tombs of the old Nizams and the old city adjacent, of which nothing remains but the perfect walls.

On the 23rd we started at 7 a.m. in two carriages, with Mrs. Clerk and her husband, to see Joli Musnah palace, and the lovely garden on the roof. The old man, uncle to the Nizam, having given us tea, showed us everything, including his own garden house and labyrinth, and his collection of curious live birds. From thence we proceeded on elephants, two on each, I with Mrs. Clerk in front, to breakfast with the Vikar ood Dowlah at his palace in the city. We were led in from the doorstep to the first sitting-room, according to their custom. The Vikar's son, a nice little boy who was beginning to talk English, conducted me. We had a most elaborate breakfast. Afterwards, I having received many attar of rose bottles, as usual, we all remounted our elephants in the same order as starting, and had a most interesting ride or drive through the entire city. Glad enough was I to be so far up above the dirty people and the mangy dogs that infested many of the streets.

Sir Salar Jung met us at his museum, where he showed us much that was curious and much European rubbish. Afterwards, we drove to Secunderabad, and went to see the cavalry bar-

racks, and in the evening we dined with Sir Salar Jung at his handsome house, a really beautifully done dinner, with music first by a European band, then by natives, followed by a *nautch* of his own women.

On the 24th we left Hyderabad, Sir Salar Jung coming to the station with his nephews and followers to bid us farewell. After a comfortable journey we arrived at Bombay and went straight on board, where we found the Prince and the rest of the suite. When we had changed we went in state with the whole party to Parell to pay a farewell visit to the Governor. We lunched there, and His Royal Highness knighted Mr. Soutar, the head of the police. Then we drove through the troop-lined streets to the Apollo Bunder, where were assembled all the authorities and native chiefs still at Bombay; there embarked, and immediately sailed for Goa, the *Osborne* and *Raleigh* accompanying us.

To be on board again, quietly, by ourselves, out of uniform, away from pomp and ceremony, with no trains to catch, no people to see, no noise, no fuss, was like a taste of heaven. But it was over almost before we had realised our happiness, for it took the *Serapis* only twenty-six hours to get to Goa, though we travelled very slowly.

There was a tremendous lot to discuss with the Prince, and our day at sea passed all too quickly. Our original plans had been considerably altered, owing to an attack of cholera in some of the districts we had intended visiting, and another programme had to be carefully made out. I say

carefully, but it required a combination of talents really amounting to genius to arrange what the Prince was and was not to do. Diplomacy, forethought, knowledge of the Indian races and of the etiquette peculiar to each group, all of these and more were necessary to avoid offending and disappointing people ; yet, as I have said, despite our minute attention to the most trivial details, much vexation of spirit was caused.

Of course the change of plans was accountable for a great deal of this, for in many cases much expense and trouble had been lavished on decorations and arrangements that were all wasted. But besides this there were people with grievances ; people who chose to consider that we had insulted the Rajahs by not returning their visits *chez lui* ; others again who commented acidly upon the difference in the length of the visits paid to this one and that ; others who said that the Prince's gifts were paltry in comparison to what he received.

The Indian princes themselves expressed much annoyance that any comparisons should have been made between their gifts and the Prince's. Some were so deeply concerned that they wrote personally apologising, saying, in the somewhat exaggerated manner of the East, that the acceptance of gifts by the Shahzadah was in itself a favour, and that if by any token the Prince deigned to take notice of an offering it was an immense addition to the royal condescension.

As a matter of fact, we took with us £40,000 worth of presents, and besides being valuable they were beautiful and quite remarkably well chosen.

But so generous were the Rajahs that it was with no little difficulty they were persuaded to limit the value of their gifts ; one indeed, the Maharajah of Cashmere, proposed to make presents to the value of £50,000, and was not at all pleased at having to cut them down to £5,000. He made thirty miles of new roads, however, for the Prince's coming, and declared after seeing him that he had no further wish left in life !

The newspapers were often very amusing. The *naïveté* of the following delicious piece of self-acclamation seemed to us a splendid idea when we found it in the *advertisement* column of a Bombay daily :

(*True Copy.*)

To Maharaj Ramkisen Sing of Tekary, in Gya.

MY FRIEND,—I have perused with much pleasure your Memorial of the 19th April last, in which you have given an account of the special acts of charity performed by your Mother Maharany Inderjeet Conwer of Tekary, during the past year, when famine and want existed in the Gya district.

2. It is very gratifying to me to record the high sense which I entertain of the very liberal and charitable actions of the Maharany throughout the year in question, and of the active part which she took in the co-operation with the Government, for the alleviation of the general distress which prevailed among the poorer classes of the population.

3. It appears that no less than 57,872 persons, who were incapable of maintaining themselves,

were gratuitously fed and supplied with clothing by the Maharany during the season of distress ; that she expended large sums of money in the construction of earthworks and wells in her estate for the benefit of her ryots and of those who sought relief by labour ; that tanks were similarly excavated for the convenience of the travellers ; that the Maharany also gave a liberal donation of Rs. 3,000 to the Relief Fund, and promised a further subscription, if necessary, and made over lands for the construction of Relief Road, the value of which has been estimated at some 7 or 8 thousand rupees.

4. All these acts of liberality and charity have been also brought to the prominent notice of the Government by Mr. Baley, the Commissioner, and by Messrs. Palmer and Halliday, the late and present collector of the Gya District. They call for the special acknowledgments of Government, and I beg that you will convey my cordial thanks to the Maharany, as well as an expression of my high appreciation of her munificent and public-spirited conduct.

Your sincere Friend,
(Signed) RICHARD TEMPLE.

The Indian Press is remarkably free, and by no means particular as to the veracity of its statements. As a rule they were overwhelmingly flattering in all references to us, and the grandiloquent accounts they poured forth of the prowess and gallantry of all our—by no means wonderful—feats when we went shooting really made us

feel quite bashful. But sometimes they seemed a great deal more anxious to find cause for criticism than for praise. The following extract from a local paper will serve as an example of how our slightest actions were commented upon :

“ The statement made that Lord Suffield and other members of the Prince’s suites have gone to Hyderabad as a deputation from His Royal Highness is, says a Bombay paper, a pure invention. These gentlemen visited the Nizam’s capital for their own amusement, at the invitation of Sir Salar Jung. It seems almost a pity that they were allowed to go, since the meaning of their visit was liable to misinterpretation.”

The first speech made to the Prince in India was by Mr. Dosabhoy Framjee Karaka, who was censor of the native Press in 1857, when he wrote an article entitled “ The British Raj,” cautioning his countrymen against joining in the Sepoy revolt. During Sir Bartle Frere’s government he was appointed magistrate at Bombay, being the first native of India to hold such a post. It is a very fair sample of all the rest, and it contained some quite interesting information about Bombay. He said :

“ Bombay may lay claim to the distinction of being a royal city, for this island first became an appanage of the Crown of England through forming part of the dowry of Charles II.’s Portuguese bride ; and during the two centuries that have since elapsed Bombay has had every reason to be grateful for this fortunate change in her destiny. From a barren rock, whose only wealth consisted

in cocoanuts and dried fish, whose scanty population of ten thousand souls paid a total revenue to the State of not more than £6,000 a year, whose trade was of less value than that of Tanna and Bassein, and whose climate was so deadly to Europeans that two monsoons were said to be the life of a man, she has blossomed into a fair and wholesome city, with a population which makes her rank next to London among the cities of the British Empire, with a municipal revenue amounting to £300,000 a year, and with a foreign commerce worth £45,000,000, yielding in customs duties to the Imperial treasury £3,000,000 a year. All this material prosperity she owes to the strong and wise Government which has secured her in the enjoyment of peace and order of equality before the law, of liberty of religion and freedom of trade, and has given confidence to men of all races and creeds, Europeans, Indo-Portuguese, Hindoos, Mahomedans, Parsees, and Jews, to pursue their various callings under the shadow of the British flag."

The address concluded, as did nearly all the speeches made during our tour, with an expression of regret that the Princess of Wales had been unable to accompany the Prince, "to learn for herself in what honour her name is held in India."

A battalion of Portuguese soldiers and one of Sepoys, with colours and band, were at the landing-place at Goa, with all the townspeople, in evening dress and black hats, looking singularly odd in that blazing heat. The moment we stepped ashore a great crowd of natives pressed closely round us,

disregarding all the efforts of the police to keep them back. But happily two of Probyn's mighty Punjabees had come with us to carry the Prince's rifles in case there was a chance of a shot, and, magically as our London police disperse a crowd, without any fuss or noise they held the too-eager people back. Whether it was their superior build or their warlike and dignified appearance I know not, but they did what the local authorities seemed powerless to effect ; and glad indeed we were to be saved without a row from any closer contact with the strange rabble of many races who were so remarkably different from the polite Indians we had met hitherto.

We visited the Residency, where the Governor presented all the principal people of Goa to the Prince. Government House is also the town hall, and in its reception-rooms hang a great number of life-size portraits of all the Governors from Vasco da Gama to the present day, a marvellous collection of splendid-looking men with historic names, such as Albuquerque and Braganza, none of whom apparently remained long in the queer old settlement.

After this we went up the river in the launches to old Goa, or rather to where the city once stood, for there is nothing left of it now but ruins. We were carried in *mancheels*, a sort of palanquin, to see the cathedral, which is about half a mile from the river, and passed under the gateway of da Gama, which every Governor or Viceroy had to go through on entering the city. There was nothing in itself interesting about the

cathedral or the numerous other churches and ecclesiastical buildings, but it was curious to see Christian places of worship in that barbaric land of idolaters.

The most interesting thing we saw, and the most beautiful, was the shrine of St. Francis Xavier, wherein were many treasures of gold and silver and some strange sacred relics. It stands in the church of Bom Jesus, a very fine building, which has an altar of marble and some pictures by Murillo. It has windows of oyster-shell film in place of glass, and some beautiful tapestry hangs on the wall. St. Francis' coffin is of silver and rests on a handsome marble pedestal.

A remarkable band greeted us as we arrived at the entrance of this church. The leader was a thin, very tall, very ugly man, wearing nothing but a dirty rag round his loins. With one hand he belaboured an enormous drum slung from his neck, with the other he held in his mouth a brass tube through which he emitted awful sounds. His assistants were three youths. One had cymbals, which he clanged with the utmost ferocity ; the other two had drums, upon which they beat a violent accompaniment to the deeper tones of the leader's larger instrument. The rest of the orchestra was composed of yelping, barking, and howling curs, and above all boomed the church-bells in clamorous welcome. I had never before heard anything like it, and I earnestly hope I never shall again.

The Governor and his suite lunched with us on board the *Serapis*, and in the afternoon we

wished them good-bye, the *Raleigh*, as they left, hoisting the Portuguese standard and firing a salute of twenty-one guns.

But we did not sail until 5 a.m. next day (Advent Sunday, November 28th). We had mail letters to write that afternoon to send off in the *May Frère*, and in the evening the Prince and some of us went net-fishing in the dark. Landing in small boats was rather difficult, for the surf ran heavily, though the sea was smooth, and just when we were quite close a breaker struck the stern and drenched to the skin the Prince and Sutherland, who was sitting beside him. But they did not mind; it was quite certain we should all be wet through before the fishing was over, and with a temperature, even at that hour, of 87 degrees, wet clothing was rather an advantage than otherwise. We got very few fish, and at breakfast next morning someone said it tasted "like a flannel needlecase," but it was good fun wading and hauling at the nets by the light of a beach fire.

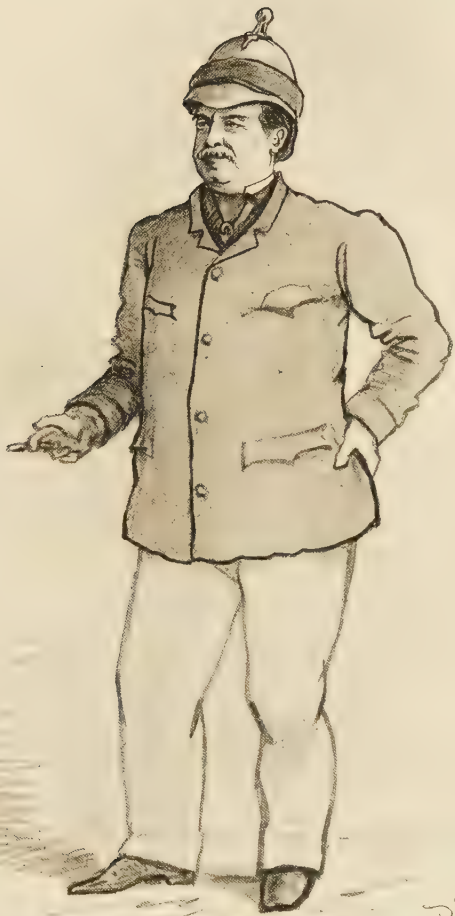
We had a quiet Sunday on board, watching the panorama along the coast, but the heat was terrific, 88 degrees in the cabins, and it made us all feel sleepy, while Beresford and Carrington were quite ill with a slight sunstroke.

At Bejpore, where we arrived at ten o'clock on Monday, it was finally decided that we must give up the hoped-for Annamullay sporting trip, for the cholera was too widespread to permit of the Prince running any risks. We were all very much disappointed, as we had hoped to the last that

the scare would prove not sufficiently serious to prevent our going. We were told that most extensive and elaborate preparations were being made for the Prince's reception, so we perhaps suffered less than anybody, since wherever we went it was all new and strange ; but it was sad to have to abandon a journey through most interesting country and go by sea instead.

As the Prince was going ashore after luncheon with some of the residents I seized the opportunity for a walk free of ceremony. I often longed to go amongst the people and see something of the places in an ordinary way, but our engagements followed so closely on the heels of each other that I seldom had any chance of doing so. At Bejapore I only had half an hour to spare, and in it I saw nothing out of the common. The natives wear very singular head-dresses, like flat umbrellas on a round basket, but otherwise their dress is much the same as those of Bombay, namely, a rag round the loins. Of the women we saw nothing.

We had a very rough day at sea, although the N.E. wind did not in the least cool the atmosphere. In the evening the Prince gave a dinner to all the ship's officers to celebrate Beresford's promotion to Commander. There was much speechifying afterwards, though several, including the Prince, had to retire owing to sea-sickness. We kept it up in the wardroom till late. Billy Russell took the shine out of everybody with his fine singing. Sutherland and I were sitting at the table on one side of Commander Bedford, Beresford on



"See here now"

"BILLY" RUSSELL
From an unpublished sketch by Sir Arthur Ellis

the other, and Bedford had just got up to propose Beresford's health, "in a sailor's way," as he said, "among sailors," when a huge wave burst through the open scuttles behind us, knocked Bedford on to the table, and nearly washed us all away. Russell immediately rose and said :

"We have all heard, gentlemen, of the *Baptême du Feu* ; but here we have the *Baptême de l'Eau* !"

Russell was an amusing fellow, with a wonderful gift of eloquence. "See here now," he would say when he wanted anyone to give him their attention ; and if he was not quite certain that they fully comprehended him : "D'ye conceive me now ?" he would ask. He and Beresford used to amuse themselves occasionally by playing a game at carpentering. Russell was fond of nailing up pictures in his cabin, which adjoined Beresford's ; the partition walls were thin, and as Russell hammered the nail in on one side Beresford hammered it back again from the other. It very often ended in their nearly hammering each other.

CHAPTER X

COLOMBO AND MADRAS

WE reached Colombo just before noon on the Princess's birthday. Salutes were fired from the fleet and from the shore in her honour, but we had despatched congratulations much earlier in the day to the beloved lady. At Kandy I received her thanks in a telegram which concluded :

"Thank God the Prince continues so well, but don't let him do too much."

The Governor, Gregory, and a number of others came aboard directly we arrived, to pay their respects, and had great difficulty in coming and going, the sea was so heavy. Many of us in disembarking got wet. I did not ; even to know when to get into a boat is something !

On the pier were many sallow-faced Europeans and myriads of natives. The Chiefs wore a most curious dress of scarlet and gold, with immense rolls of muslin sticking out in front, which gave them a very odd appearance. Their square cocked hats, trimmed with gold embroidery, and with a kind of pagoda in jewels on the top, they had to hold on with both hands when they bowed. Numerous daggers were stuck into their belts, and many chains of antique gold, that jingled as they moved, hung round their necks.

In strange contrast to them were the Veddahs,

or wild men of the jungle. Their black bodies were clothed with but a single dirty rag, their hair hung in unkempt confusion over their faces and chests, and they carried in their hands bows and poisoned arrows of the most deadly description. They stood peering at the great Rajah Kumaraya, but never once smiled or exhibited the slightest sign of pleasure, and when the crowd cheered they became fearfully excited, looked at each other in alarm, and waved their bows and arrows above their heads as if anxious to show that they could fight if fighting were to be done.

Our journey by train to Kandy was a wonderful experience. Everywhere along the route the people congregated ; every station was thronged, and there was a continuous chorus of cheering the whole way. The scenery was lovely, and such luxuriance of foliage and flowers I had never seen before. In the palm forest we saw many talipot trees in full bloom. It is a wonderful tree, which does not flower at all until it is sixty years old. Then the loveliest, very sweetly-perfumed blossoms appear, last for all too short a time, and die, the tree dying with them as though the flower had been the consummation of its existence, which, having attained, there was no longer an object in living.

When the train began to ascend the pass the Prince and I boarded the engine to see it all to better advantage. We reached Kandy at two o'clock, where we had the most enthusiastic of all welcomes since we landed in India. The grounds of the Governor's house, where we stayed,

were charming ; we all agreed we had never seen anything so lovely as the luxuriance of plants and flowers, or more beautiful scenery than the surrounding country. After dinner there was a sort of reception, when the Kandyan Chiefs came to make their obeisance, and a *perahera* or torch-light procession of between thirty and forty elephants, with native music, followed by a *nautch* of men dancers, very wild and wonderful, the whole lasting about an hour.

The next day, on our way out to the Government Botanical Gardens at Peradeniya, the Prince and I nearly came to grief, for our horses bolted and jumped into a deep bricked drain, or brook, by the side of the road. But fortunately only the carriage was damaged, and we were able to borrow another that was passing with but one occupant.

Mr. Thwaites, the gentleman in charge of the gardens, a very well-known botanist and naturalist, was waiting to receive us, and showed us round this most wonderful garden, containing almost all the rarest orchids and plants, and trees and shrubs of every kind which grow in tropical countries. The effect produced in my mind I cannot describe. Nature alone provided all we saw, and in the most profuse and magnificent manner. The rarest orchids, wild here, were clinging everywhere to the monster trees, among others the banyan and the sacred bo-tree, which were there in great glory. There were here, too, all manner of butterflies, and the white ant in its wondrous nest. The Prince planted a bo-tree in the grounds, and shot

several flying foxes which kept sweeping from overhead.

After an early breakfast next day (December 4th), His Royal Highness and myself, Aylesford, Beresford, Probyn, Russell, and Hall, with two experienced elephant hunters named Varian and Fisher, started by train for Navalapitiya, seventeen miles, thence thirty-six miles by road to Ruanwella. It rained the whole time as it can rain in the tropics only. There was hardly a minute of fine weather all day. I drove with His Royal Highness, His Excellency, and Joe, and we all agreed we had never passed through more lovely, varied, or finer scenery. It was quite beautiful, in spite of the rain, the hills and mountains being covered to the very top with luxuriant verdure, while beautiful, deep, and rapid rivers rushed beneath us, far down as the eye could reach, and there was at once a wildness and a soft beauty about the landscape that made us think of the Garden of Eden.

When at about noon we reached Kitulgala, the rain was so heavy and the road so soft that the horses could no longer draw the carriage, and we had to alight and walk to West House. As we walked, to our amazement we saw, distributed along the pathway, all the baggage we had sent on ahead—our portmanteaux, our gun-cases, all our dry clothing and everything else that made for comfort! It had been sent on before us by coolies, and they, hating the rain, had thrown it down and made for shelter, without any compunction for poor, soaked, and weary travellers.

And wet indeed we were, but we had to make the best of it, drinking lots of brandies and sodas to console us for the lack of dry clothes.

We heard afterwards that Sutherland and Paget, who had gone to Nawerelia, six thousand feet above sea-level, had had much the same sort of experience, climbing the mountain in heavy rain and arriving to find all their baggage as saturated as the clothes they wore.

We proceeded in a funny collection of vehicles to Ruanwella, where we arrived all very wet, tired, and uncomfortable generally. Our baggage arrived by degrees, wet through, brought by bullock-carts and fresh coolies—everything that was least necessary of course arriving first. To make matters worse, the leeches which infest that part of the country had attacked some of us, fastening on and gorging themselves in the horridest manner on our legs and arms. Nor was the camp particularly comfortable. There was one old house in which the Prince and the Governor were lodged, but the rest had to be satisfied with funny little huts of bamboo thatched with leaves and lined with calico, by no means waterproof. However, this was merely part and parcel of a sporting expedition ; nobody really minded much, and the elephants we hoped to shoot next day formed the chief subject of conversation at dinner. Our dining-hall was a queer one, consisting of a wide canopy of bamboo and leaves, with no sides. Happily the rain had moderated, and the evening air was delightfully refreshing after the steaming heat of the day.

The only thing we really disliked about that first hunting-camp was the abundance of reptiles. Though we walked ever so cautiously we could not altogether avoid the leeches, and we were all rather afraid of snakes. We had been specially warned against one they said was called the "Tic Polonga," a very deadly viper. I do not believe "Tic Polonga" was its real appellation; whoever heard of such a name for a snake?¹ They had, I think, a quiet joke at our expense sometimes.

I had already experienced one adventure with a snake, and had no wish to repeat it, although I had come off victor. The horrid creature had come straight at me, head raised and forked tongue out ready to strike; happily I was carrying a stout bamboo cane, and with it I hit the fellow as hard as I could and cut his head clean off. But I was not at all anxious to be taken unawares by snakes of any kind, and I determined to sit up and keep watch over the Prince as long as we were under canvas or anywhere near reptiles.

There were three hundred Cingalese policemen guarding the camp—I know not why, since they could not keep snakes, leeches, or the clouds of insects away, and there was nothing else likely to molest us. They were certainly not as useful as the quinine Dr. Fayrer made us all take as a precaution against fever!

A few Chiefs came with their followers to see the Prince, but when told that he was resting, with a

¹ The name is quite correct; it is that of a very venomous Indian (Ceylon) viper, sometimes six feet long, brown, with three rows of black, white-edged rings; cobra-monil. [ED.]

native courtesy peculiar to those naturally polite people, they went away at once, immediately understanding his wish to remain quiet.

Very early on Sunday morning we went out after snipe or anything else we could find, taking Mr. Bartlett, the naturalist, with us to preserve any curious creatures we might discover. His Royal Highness bagged some beautiful plumaged birds, each one seeming brighter than the other. I got a strange reptile, very like an alligator, by the side of the river, and also a snake six feet long. He was not, I found afterwards, a venomous beast, but he was too near to be let off, and my first shot in the head killed him. It was a curious "bag" for a British sportsman.

We got back to breakfast at noon, and later on went out after deer in a jungle as thick and dark as could be. The jungle fowl that came flying over us were tempting, but we could not shoot them, having only rifles with us. Quite at the end of the last drive there was a great shouting from the natives who were driving, and I heard a beast rushing through the thicket close to me. Immediately firing in its direction as I would at a rabbit, I killed a tame, or half-wild, buffalo that had escaped into the forest. This was the only specimen of "big" game we got that day.

Next morning we were again early astir, *en route* for an elephant drive some seven miles away. Horses were sent on. Some of our party drove in a mail coach; the Prince, Probyn, and I followed in a carriage, through country we could not see for the dense walls of forest that shut in the road.

It appeared to be an Eveless Eden, for though hundreds of men and children stood by the roadside not a woman did we see. Somehow our drivers and escort of two Lancers belonging to the Governor's bodyguard overshot the *rendezvous* where riding horses were awaiting us, and we went on three miles to Avisawella ferry before we were overtaken and turned back. This made us a little late, but, as it turned out, it did not matter.

Some thousands of men had been for over a fortnight making a new road through the jungle, and constructing an enclosure into which the beaters would drive the elephants after they had passed us. The road ran alongside a clean stream through very beautiful forest until it reached the stockade wherein a sort of stand or raised platform had been erected. His Royal Highness there mounted into a high tree with Charlie Beresford, who had seen some elephant-driving once before with the Duke of Edinburgh. The rest of us waited on the large stand or crow's-nest to watch.

And wait we did, for seven hours without a shot for anyone. For no herd came near us. The old tusker who led it defeated every attempt of the beaters to drive him ; again and again he led the herd through the beaters, who could be plainly heard crashing through the jungle, felling the trees with a noise like rifle shots ; but though we had occasional glimpses of their grey bodies, not a chance of a shot did we get.

By midday we were all tired of waiting. We had long since left our platform and were standing about watching the beaters who, we began to

suspect, were not playing the game. For it had been arranged that the old Chief who led them should have any elephants that could be persuaded into the enclosure after they had passed the battery of guns, and of course the fewer shots there were the more chance he had of netting his prizes.

At last I volunteered to go and lead the beaters, hoping for a shot at the old rogue who was in command of the herd—the only elephant I cared to shoot, for he had killed seven men and was really worth bagging.

But the Prince said I must wait awhile, and then about two o'clock word came that the old fellow, with three of his favourite ladies, had got clean away into the forest. So he escaped without a single shot being fired at him. But even then the rest remained unmanageable. The beaters yelled, but the elephants charged, and at last we had to resort to a barrier of fire to circumvent them.

Presently, with the noise of a mammoth rock tumbling down a hillside, there came a great beast, snapping and crushing the trees as he rushed madly through the jungle. The Prince fired and hit him in the head; he went on, but the Prince followed, and so did Charlie Beresford and I, into the dense jungle, where it was impossible to see more than six feet ahead. Then came Mr. Fisher to say that he had wounded an elephant. He took the Prince to finish her off, and soon we were right in among the infuriated herd, undoubtedly in great danger. I was terribly afraid that the wounded elephant would charge, for in that labyrinth it was

impossible to run, or indeed do anything but creep. Then we emerged into a clearing and saw the wounded fellow a few yards off, just ready to charge. Varian and Fisher became very agitated, and urged the Prince to seek safety in a tree, but His Royal Highness was perfectly calm, and taking aim as coolly as if he had been partridge-shooting at home, he fired, and down went the great beast on its side into the stream.

After this he helped to kill two more, and then, as it was getting too dark to see, we thought it high time to go home. With clothes torn to ribbons, our helmets broken or lost altogether, our faces scratched, we must have presented a sorry sight when we alighted at Hangwella. Probyn, Charlie Beresford, and Fitz-George drove back with the Prince, with Aylesford on the box beside the driver, and when crossing a small bridge the carriage turned over, upsetting them all into the ditch. But happily no one was hurt, and the Prince seemed heartily amused by the misadventure.

His Royal Highness and I left Hangwella with the Governor next morning at about seven o'clock, the rest having gone on earlier. We journeyed by easy stages to Colombo, nineteen miles through roads decorated very tastefully all the way. All the villagers turned out and seemed delighted to see the Prince.

Directly after we arrived the Prince held a *levée*, when four hundred people were presented, I reading their names from cards as I did at Bombay. Then His Royal Highness opened an Agricultural Exhibition and attended a rather

boring entertainment supposed to represent a native wedding, where there was some very monotonous native music and singing. At eight there was a state dinner, followed by a very pretty ball in a house built on purpose at a cost of £4,000. The decorations were, I thought, prettier than any we had seen so far, the foliage of the shrubs and plantain trees, with many flowers, being most effective ; and there were, too, fountains playing in most of the rooms, which gave a cool appearance that was very pleasant.

I was not at all well, and suffering with a sore throat, but the dance was so enjoyable that I stayed with the others till 2.30 a.m. when I ought to have gone to bed. Next day my throat was worse, so I shut myself up in my room till five o'clock in the hope of a speedy recovery. We went on board after dinner, where we found poor Grey seedy too, with a nasty fever on him, and we both retired to bed, very anxious lest we should not be well enough to accompany the Prince overland to Madras from Tuticorin.

But alas, I grew worse instead of better, and had to remain in bed. We crossed the Gulf of Manaar as hard as we could go, but on reaching Tuticorin found that the sea was running too high for anyone to land, so we stood by till morning, when everybody except Grey and I went ashore, to proceed *via* Madura to Madras. Poor Grey was quite unfit to travel, and Fayrer advised me not to land until my throat was better ; but I do not think I have ever felt so unhappy in my life as when His Royal Highness went off in the



BELATEE PANEE, JELDIE ! [ENGLISH (OR SODA) WATER, QUICKLY !]
From an unpublished sketch by Sir Arthur Ellis

launch without me. We were anchored five miles from land and they all had great difficulty in getting ashore, the surf and swell being so heavy. Glyn went with them to look after the Prince, and directly he returned we got under way for Trincomalee and Madras, determined not to lose a moment in catching them up again.

Tuticorin is a very bad and nasty anchorage, hardly fit for a large vessel to bring up in, and when we weighed our anchor we found it had broken. We had ridden all that blowy night with nothing but a chain of which a great length, sixty fathoms, had been paid out. This was the second accident of the same sort; the result of having contract anchors!

A three days' voyage against a very strong current brought us to what, I think, must be the prettiest harbour in the world—Trincomalee. It reminded me somewhat of Mount Edgecombe, only on a far more extensive scale. We entered a little land-locked bay by a rather narrow channel, to find groups of islands all covered with trees from the water's edge to the summit of the hills, and fresh beauties in every direction, so that the eye never tired.

To our surprise H.M.S. *Narcissus* and *Immortalité* came in about eleven o'clock, the Admiral and C. Scott both ill like myself.

Rather afraid of the sun, we remained on board till the afternoon; then Grey, Scott, and I went ashore for a drive. We went first to the Admiral's house, beautifully situated, dominating the sea, and a little farther on we came to a charming

esplanade lying between the open sea on one side, and the bay or harbour on the other.

There was a native population of ten thousand at Trincomalee, with only twenty Europeans, and among these Scott found a tenant of his father's (the Duke of Buccleuch)—a Mr. Hooper, who had a charming house and gardens. It was very hot, 85° in the shade, and we were not sorry to get out to sea again, which we did at 5 p.m. after taking in two hundred tons of coal.

Early on the 15th we arrived in Madras Roads, both Grey and I feeling much better. His Royal Highness sent out our letters, with a message that we were to come ashore as soon as we could ; and very thankful indeed I was to get back to my post beside him again.

The usual programme of receptions and ceremonious functions of all sorts occupied our week at Madras, but it was varied by two or three original items. Among the visitors on the day I arrived were two great native ladies, first the beautiful Guge Puttee Rao, with a retinue of extraordinarily hideous women, who might have been chosen as foils to the beauty of their mistress. Then came the Princess of Tanjore, whose reception caused quite a commotion. For Her Royal Highness must not see or be seen by men, and most careful arrangements had to be made to ensure her perfect privacy. Finally a screen was rigged up, and the Prince, Henderson the interpreter, and I took our places behind it, then the Princess on the other side put her hand round the corner, and her " Royal brother " took it. He gave her a

ring and a picture of Queen Victoria ; she gave the Prince a gold bottle of rose-water, and with many compliments the visit came to an end.

On the 17th we saw some extraordinary juggling and conjuring before going to a very excellent luncheon, mostly curries of various kinds, at the Madras Club. Then the Prince went to see the People's Park, etc., and I had a walk among the crowd, which was immense. It amused me to walk about unceremoniously : when with the Prince one saw little of the people excepting their style of dress and the colour of their clothes.

At night we witnessed a most remarkable spectacle, the illumination of the surf. It is impossible to give any idea of the weird beauty of the sight. The pier, the buildings along the beach, and in fact the whole city, had been brilliantly illuminated, and the dazzling lights of the triumphal arches, transparencies and so on, made a gorgeous background to the high-running surf. Outside, the *Serapis*, the *Osborne*, and the *Raleigh* were illuminated too, and between the ships and the shore, where the rolling waves swept up to the surf, were rows and rows of blazing torches and blue lights, apparently suspended in the air or held up by mermaids, for we could not see the natives or their boats. The entertainment began with a discharge from the *Raleigh*, followed by a flight of nearly two hundred rockets from all three ships, so that it looked as if three volcanoes were simultaneously erupting.

Then, apparently from under our feet, myriads of black catamarans and massorah boats charged

wildly into the breakers, the natives in them uttering fearful yells and howls as they dashed towards the inky black sea. Lots of them were upset, and violently thrown back on the shore, but nobody seemed to mind, least of all the boatmen themselves. This "charge" was repeated again and again, the rockets sometimes lighting up the whole curious scene with a lurid and startling effect, the more astonishing for the dense blackness that succeeded their volleys. It was a very strange sight indeed.

The day we left we were all up very early to go jackal hunting. It was the Prince's second day at it. When I got up to go with him on the first I could not find either my things or my servant, so had, perforce, to turn in again; but this time all was well, and before 5 a.m. we set off in a brake drawn by five horses that went as hard as they could gallop all the eight miles to Chebrook Park, where we found quite a hunt gathering awaiting us.

The M.F.H. was well known to the Pytchley, and Mrs. Smith, her daughter, and Miss Crawford were with him. Squires, the huntsman, was once huntsman of the Norfolk and Pytchley hounds, and had also hunted with us in Russia. There were thirteen couple of very even and fair-looking hounds.

We had a great rush to a covert, a thick green bush jungle in a plain, where we found immediately. Jack dodged about some few times into some patches of thick stuff, but being hard pressed he raced away at a great pace across paddy fields,

plains, hills, etc. Miss Crawford followed me very closely and jumped bravely over all obstacles. We both had good horses, mine a beautiful Arab, very fast, belonging to Captain Hathaway, A.D.C., but they were very tired after our breathless run. We killed three jackals. We drove home at eleven to take a number of people, among them the lovely Indian lady, Mrs. Guge Puttee Rao, to see the *Serapis*. Then back to Government House to luncheon, and at four a procession to the pier.

We were all very sorry to leave Madras, though glad to have a rest after so hard a week. The Prince was especially pleased with his visit, and delighted with Madras. The Duke and Duchess of Buckingham were exceedingly kind and did everything very well, both in and out of doors. Their house-party consisted of their three daughters; Lady A. Gore-Layton and her son and pretty daughter; and a remarkably good lot of A.D.C.'s.

CHAPTER XI

CALCUTTA

THE voyage to Calcutta was delightful, the sea like glass, and a fine, dry atmosphere which was a great relief after the damp heat we had been experiencing ever since leaving Aden. We anchored for the night on the 21st off Saroyer Island, and sent telegrams to Calcutta, but they did not go till next morning, for the island was mostly impenetrable jungle, and the bearer was afraid of tigers and the other wild beasts that inhabit it.

On the 23rd December we arrived at Diamond Pier, Calcutta, and landed at half-past four at Prinsep's Ghaut under salutes from the fort and squadron. We were received by the Viceroy, Lord Northbrook, the Commander-in-Chief, Lord Napier, the Bishop, etc., and a number of great native Chiefs, the Maharajahs Scindiah, Holkar, Cashmere, Jodhpoor, and Puttiala among others.

The Rajahs were very resplendent indeed, and wore jewels that made it all seem like a scene from the *Arabian Nights*; but their splendour then was nothing to that of the reception on Christmas Eve, when they all came in state for audience with the Prince. This reception was held at Government House, a marvellous palace that looks like white marble, but is really built of Chunam cement, a composition that takes a fine polish. Calcutta

is indebted to Lord Wellesley for this splendid building, erected at enormous cost by the Government, the approaches alone amounting to £150,000. It was just the right setting for the ceremonious visits of these dignified Princes.

The arrival of each was heralded by a salute of guns in number according to his rank. When he had been met by various officials at different stages of the approach the visitor was received by the Prince at the door of the audience chamber, a room opening out of the great throne-room, while all the suite, the Maharajahs' Sirdahs, and others waited while the Princes chatted within. Only the Duke of Sutherland and Sir Bartle Frere were with them, as the audiences were private. When each had had his ten minutes' talk, the Sirdars, with whom we had been conversing in the throne-room, were led in and presented to His Royal Highness, and the ceremony ended.

The Maharajah of Puttiala was the first to arrive; he was received at the foot of the thirty steps leading to the portico by Mr. Henderson and Charlie Beresford, and a golden umbrella of state was held over his head until he came into the entrance hall. He was not so magnificently attired as some of those who followed, but his necklace of pearls and diamonds and the jewels in his turban might have made a queen envious. Puttiala rules over about two million people, and his state revenue is something like £500,000.

After him came Holkar, the Prince of Indore, with even more marvellous jewels than Puttiala. Holkar was a huge man, and so proud that special

arrangements had to be made with regard to his coming, lest his *amour propre* be wounded. He, too, was very wealthy, and it was said that he had a reserve capital of £5,000,000 stored away.

Even prouder than he was Jodhpoor, though only seventeen guns to Holkar's nineteen were fired for his salute. The story is told that at a certain Durbar when another Chief had arrived before him he said: "Let Oodeypore sit where he please, my place will be above him." He was wonderfully attired in very full pink petticoats looped up by a girdle of cloth of gold; his head-dress was of yellow silk bound by a fillet of gold set with precious stones of great beauty, and had an aigrette of diamonds and rubies. Though a small man, and in spite of his odd dress, he looked every inch a Rajpoot, and his face, with its regular features, very bright eyes, and jet-black moustache and beard, was most interesting, its expression at once haughty and sad.

He was followed by Jeypoor, who claimed descent from Rama, of a long period before Christ; next Cashmere, and then a lady, the Sultana Jehan, Begum of Bhopal, with her daughter. It was impossible to see anything of these ladies but their tiny feet, they were so muffled up in shawls and veils. They were followed by more Princes, and it was after noon before the reception was over, to be followed by a *levée*, return visits to the Maharajahs, a state dinner, and a native entertainment at a villa some miles away from the Government House.

It was quite the busiest Christmas Eve I ever

spent. Unhappily it was clouded by the news of the death of poor Hastings, who had gone to Tanjore with Lord Ebrington for some shooting and had contracted a jungle fever which ended very quickly and fatally.

At the *levée* in the afternoon I had some difficulty in reading the names of the guests, for though printed as usual on cards these were so much decorated with scrolls and texts that it was quite a business to decipher the important part. However, it only resulted in some people being given strange nomenclature.

We spent Christmas Day fairly quietly. In the morning we all attended service at the cathedral, Milman, the Bishop of Calcutta, preaching. He had an extraordinary knowledge of the Indian languages spoken, and it is said was able to preach an extempore sermon in Bengalese six months after his arrival. Poor man, he died in the hills in April from dysentery, scarcely a month after we left India.

We lunched on board the *Serapis* as guests of the officers, who were much pleased by the Prince accepting their invitation. All the officers of both yachts were present, in all about seventy people, no ladies. The *Serapis* was beautifully decorated, and the deck, screened off by flags, had been most cleverly converted into a semblance of an English Christmas by covering the branches of shrubs with cotton-wool sprinkled with sparkling powder to represent snow.

After luncheon we visited the various messes and the Sick Bay, to much cheering from the men.

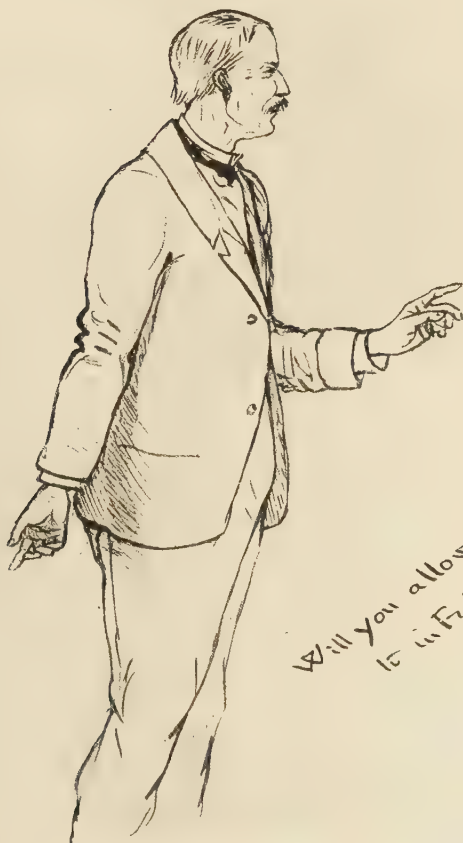
Then the Prince went off to Barrackpore with the Viceroy. I spent the afternoon paying calls, among others on the Duke of Edinburgh's *protégé*, Mr. Dubois, and on the Eyres.

On the 27th the Prince again received Chiefs all the morning. In the afternoon we went to the hospital, where we saw experiments with poisonous snakes, among them the cobra and others, and were much interested to see how these deadly creatures can be handled by those who understand the knack. We went on to open the Zoological Gardens, then to a garden-party at Belvidere, Sir Richard Temple's place, once the residence of Warren Hastings, where we witnessed a war dance that was more curious than amusing. Then to the races, where William Beresford, who was A.D.C. to the Viceroy, won a race by sheer good riding, to our great delight beating the favourite, Red Gauntlet, and a large field.

After this hard day we danced all night till 4 a.m. at Government House, and were up early to visit the Rajahs. In the afternoon there was a *levée*, where nearly two thousand people came, and excepting the natives I read out all the names—a greater business than it sounds.

The Prince intended to go to Goalundo for two days' boar-hunting, but as he had a slight cold he decided he would not, and deputed me to go with those of the suite who wished to. We set off at midnight by special train under the auspices of the Tent Club, but cut the time down to one day and returned to Calcutta for dinner. Charlie Beresford, always in the wars, managed to get

Sir Bartle Frere
is the act of introducing
me to some person



Will you allow me
to introduce
you to

SIR BARTLE FRERE IN THE ACT OF INTRODUCING ME TO SOMEONE
From an unpublished sketch by Sir Arthur Ellis

some of his teeth broken by a spear handle, but was happily not disfigured. But for this accident we enjoyed an excellent day.

On New Year's Day the Prince held a Grand Chapter of the Order of the Star of India, a most picturesque ceremony which took place on an open plain about a mile from Government House. An immense enclosure of canvas had been prepared, with a daïs at the far end holding two chairs, one for the Viceroy, of silver and blue, with golden lions at the side and a crown at the back; the other for the Prince, a similar chair but with silver arms and three plumes at the back. The daïs had silver pillars and a canopy of blue satin, and underfoot was a carpet of scarlet and cloth of gold.

All the principal Rajahs attended, also the little Begum, the only woman knight in the world, all of them even more magnificently attired, if possible, than hitherto. Puttiala wore the Empress Eugenie's diamonds, worth £100,000, with the great Sance diamond as pendant, and other jewels round his neck and on his breast. He was a great sportsman, but the poor fellow while shooting in the jungle a few months later was seized with an epileptic fit and died.

The Maharajah Rewah, who was said to be a leper, had his entire face painted over in some red pigment; he wore an exquisitely worked golden headpiece like a high crown, all ablaze with diamonds, and even his gloves had diamonds set in them. He had left his sick-bed and travelled hundreds of miles to see the Prince.

While the investiture was going on His Royal

Highness, with one of those inspirations that so endeared him to everybody, sent Prince Louis of Battenberg to the sailors who had formed part of our escort, to tell them to stand at ease. His sharp eye had noticed that they were still holding their rifles on their shoulders, and he knew what that must mean in the intense heat. When the Chapter was over the Prince and his suite led the procession, and a most wonderful sight it must have been from what we could see of it ourselves. Lord Northbrook, as Grand Master, with two pages, very small boys, brought up the rear.

In the afternoon the Prince unveiled an equestrian statue of Lord Mayo on the maidan ; then, after getting out of uniform, we all went to a remarkable polo match.

Munnipore is the home of Indian polo, and the Munnipories were thought to be the finest players in the world. An exhibition of their prowess in the king of games had therefore been made an item in the programme of the Prince's entertainment at Calcutta, and Dr. Brown, the political agent for Munnipore, was deputed to choose and bring down some picked men. To make it even more interesting it was proposed that a team from the Calcutta Polo Club should play a match against them, but the idea was at first abandoned, because everyone believed that Englishmen would stand no chance against the natives. I may mention here that the Calcutta Polo Club (the first club ever started) was founded in 1863, under the name of the Calcutta Hockey Club, the name " Polo " being more modern. The players rode Arab

horses until 1864, when they played a match against five Munnipories and were easily beaten. Then they bought the Munnipore ponies, and, giving up the Arab horses, soon made rapid progress in the game. After this the club for many years played all comers, and principally local teams, without suffering defeat, so that their modesty in regard to the Munnipories is deserving of notice. Happily an accident overcame their diffidence, for the Prince's many engagements prevented his seeing the match between the local teams, and the Viceroy, who witnessed it, made a personal request to the Calcutta Polo Club to arrange a match between their men and the Munnipories. Although the club believed that they would be easily beaten, they gladly agreed to do anything that would amuse the Prince, and when we heard that the match had been fixed we determined that nothing on earth should prevent us seeing it. It was one of the best, quickest, and most exciting games I have ever witnessed, the play on both sides being admirable; and the Prince entered so thoroughly into the interest of the moment that he walked on to the ground two or three times in his eagerness to watch the progress, and had to run for it as the players charged towards him. The match was so well described at the time by one of the players (Mr. C. H. Moore), under the pseudonym of "Mark O'Polo" in the *Oriental Sporting Magazine* for April, 1876, that I cannot do better than give you a description of it in his own words. He wrote :

"About the time His Royal Highness arrived

in the City of Palaces, a steamer arrived from Assamwards tugging a flat freighted with tailless dogs, human specimens of hill tribes, Naga dancing ladies, Dr. Brown and fourteen picked polo players, with ponies and paraphernalia complete. The afternoon of Saturday, January 1st, 1876, was fixed for the match, and the noise of it having been bruited abroad, at the appointed hour a vast concourse of people assembled on foot, on horse-back, and in carriages, and whilst the players were girding up their loins and their ponies' girths for the coming contest, took up their places round the four sides of the field, forming a boundary line of living bodies more distinguishable than that cut in the turf. The Prince arrived with punctuality, and on taking up a prominent position in the centre of the ground, surrounded by his staff and a large party from Government House, the rival champions cantered into the lists. Imagine, if it is possible, the Eton and Harrow match transported from Lords to the Calcutta maidan, and instead of twenty-two cricketers, twelve polo-players the centre of attraction, and you have the scene before you. Calcutta was represented by Mr. W. L. Thomas (captain), Messrs. G. E. Thomas, C. R. Hills, C. H. Moore, G. Fox, Captain W. A. J. Wallace, R.E.; and Munnipore by Bedam Sing, captain, and five others whose names I have been unable to discover. I hear one was named Chai Tai No Hazaree, and no doubt the others were gentlemen of equally high degree, and with names equally unspellable and unpronounceable.

“The two sides formed a marked contrast. The fair-skinned Englishmen were clothed in white breeches and top-boots, with flannel racing jackets of the club colours, viz., white with a broad scarlet sash crossing over the left and under the right shoulder ; and compared to their antagonists were the personification of well-groomed elegance. The dusky professionals were clothed in a costume striking to the European eye from its originality of design ; unique, though hardly picturesque. Their heads were muffled up in dirty puggeries ; their bodies were covered with jackets of divers colours, all of a dingy hue, and the inevitable *dhootie* ; and between the knee and the ankle they wore ‘ things ’ somewhat resembling cricket pads. The unusual *quantity* of clothing we conclude was donned in honour of the Belatee (English) Rajah, for when they first appeared in public they wore little except a hockey stick. Their ponies wereshaggy, unkempt, and ungroomed, and the saddle gear was almost beyond description. The saddles were a kind of cross between a pillion and an elephant *howdah*. They have a frame-work of skins and wood which rests on the ponies’ backs, and above is soft leather for the riders. At the back is a sort of hollow to sit in ; in front of this comes a kind of mound, goodness knows what for, and in front of this is a curved woodwork frame like a pair of bull’s horns, over which their reins are hitched now and again. They cling to their saddles like monkeys, their naked feet rammed into rough iron stirrups braced up so short that their thighs are at right angles to

their hips. Hanging from each side of the saddle are articles of the same colour and material, and very much the same shape as carriage splash-boards. The stirrups hang inside them, and the two sides of the articles are curved round, away from the ponies' sides and in front of the players' legs, the object of them being apparently twofold, viz., to protect the players' legs and to extract the speed of terror out of the ponies, for when they got into action the splash-boards made a noise hideous enough to frighten the most stout-hearted tat. The prettiest part of the get-up was the ponies' headstalls, which were made of scarlet cloth dotted over with white worsted balls, and the reins were of a thick plaited substance and light blue colour.

"The men were a strong, wiry-looking lot, but wore an anxious expression, arising perhaps from the strangeness of the surroundings, and excess of keenness to win, rumour saying that they get 'toko' from the Rajah if they do not distinguish themselves. The Calcutta team, in perfect confidence of being utterly beaten, had no anxiety on this score, and commenced the game therefore in a more favourable frame of mind. The order of battle was as follows: Calcutta—forward, Hills, Moore, Wallace; half-backs, W. L. Thomas and Fox; back, G. E. Thomas. The Munnipories ranged themselves very differently, and the order they took showed the peculiarity of their game. They had one man back and three forward, and of the remaining two, one posted himself between the Calcutta half-backs, and the other alongside the Calcutta back. This rather

astonished the world in general, and the players alluded to in particular. Wherever the vicissitudes of the game took the latter there went also these attendant sprites, and would not be shaken off. It had one good effect, for it made the Calcutta team keep their eyes open and most careful to see that their back territories were never left for an instant unguarded. The game commenced as usual from the centre of the ground, and from the start until the close may well be described as fast and furious, high pressure being maintained throughout without abatement. It was expected that the sides would be most unequal, and this being the impression there was not at the outset much enthusiasm, but as the game got into full swing and it was seen that, instead of being overpowered, the Calcutta men were fully holding their own, it gave way to excitement, which became more intense when after a sharp struggle the Calcutta team scored 'first blood' by hitting a goal. Loud cheering then arose, and the other members of the club, who had hitherto been depressed and almost silent onlookers, awoke as from a trance, and for the rest of the match encouraged and helped their representatives by cheering advice and enthusiastic shouts.

"The Munnipories who were looking on grunted deep dismay when the first goal was made, and looked as if they did not altogether like the appearance of things. After a brief respite the second game was begun. Like the first game, it was obstinately contested, but unlike the previous game the goal was secured by the Munnipories, whose

dismay in consequence changed to guttural glee. One goal all. Excitement great as the third game began. The Munnipories came up smiling. The Calcutta men serious but determined. Again a long, exciting struggle, but eventually a resolute rush of the Calcutta team carried the ball right up to their adversaries' goal, and after a short, sharp scuffle it was smacked through the posts, and Calcutta were victors of the third goal. Two goals to one. Europeans triumphant. Aborigines growling gloomy expletives. After a change of ponies the fourth game began, and it soon was apparent that the second horses of the Calcutta men were not equal to the first, the result of which was that the ball remained throughout the game in unpleasant proximity to their goal, through which it was eventually hit, the Munnipories thus winning the fourth game and again putting themselves on an equality with Calcutta, the state of the match on the commencement of the fifth game being two goals all. Time was now short, and both sides buckled to in earnest for the final tussle, a slight gleam of the savage breaking out on the native side, while the aspect of the other was one of dogged determination. The Munnipories, who had a herd of ponies to choose from, had a decided pull after the change of nags, which was soon evident from the play, and throughout this last game the ball was more often at the end of the Calcutta goal than the other. The defence, however, was staunch, and several vigorous sorties were made by the Calcutta men into the enemy's country. The Munnipories, however, would not

be denied, and pressed the siege close, but the Calcutta team successfully repelled all attacks, and at last, dusk setting in, time was called, and the victory was neither to the black man nor to the white.

“ Thus did this memorable and exciting match end in a draw, both sides having secured two goals.

“ The Calcutta team retired to ‘ peg,’ and were much congratulated at the result, for it was considered that holding their own against such renowned performers was almost as good as victory, and it was generally decided that they had deserved well of their country, or, as the only paper which noticed the match put it, ‘ they deserved all honour for so well maintaining the prestige of the city.’ The Munnipories retired to Dr. Brown, who it was reported gave them a severe wiggling for not annihilating the white-skins. The noticeable feature of the play of the Munnipories was their quickness, their good play to each other, their cleverness in hitting the ball in all sorts of positions, and the wonderful accuracy of their back shots, whether made on the near side or the off side of their ponies. In making a run, however, they did not strike me as being as good as some of the Calcutta players, sometimes galloping over the ball and not making such long hits. The Calcutta team played very well, both individually and collectively, and quickly got into the Munniporie style of play. The experience of this match led to the conclusion it is much the best game, for had strict ‘ off side ’ rules been in force the same free game could not have been played, as was found in

America in the year 1909, and the principal science of the Munnipories would have been of little effect."

The match was followed by firework displays ashore, and by the illumination of the Fleet ; then dinner with many guests at Government House, and the theatre, where we saw Charles Mathews in " My Awful Dad."

My birthday and a comparatively quiet Sunday followed this strenuous finale to a tremendous week ; but even on this day of rest we had things to do, for after service in the church at Fort William we visited the Arsenal, and in the afternoon went by steamer to the Botanical Gardens, and drove back through the Howrah.

CHAPTER XII

BENARES, LUCKNOW, DELHI, CAWNPORE, LAHORE,
AGRA, AND JEYPORE

BY a train of very luxurious carriages specially built for the occasion, we left Calcutta for Benares on the evening of January 3rd, arriving next morning at Bankipore to find a very elaborate reception awaiting us. After addresses, a *levée*, inspection of the many presents, and *déjeûner*, we witnessed a procession of over four hundred most magnificently caparisoned elephants belonging to the Chiefs of the district. After luncheon we went on to the camp prepared for us about six miles from the city of Benares.

This camp was indeed regal, a canvas dream-city in its luxuriousness. At the end of a long, wide avenue of tents was an enclosure for the Prince and his suite containing nine tents, three for the Prince, drawing-room, bedroom, and dressing-room; one each for the equerry, Francis Knollys, and myself; and one for the guard. They were really beautifully furnished, with Indian rugs on the floor. They were double-walled, and each had its fireplace, for the nights were quite cold. Sir John Strachey, Lieutenant-Governor, also had a special enclosure for himself and his family, and between his drawing-room and the Prince's ran a covered way, a similar passage running to the dining marquee, an immense tent seventy feet long by thirty broad.

The morning after our arrival was taken up by the usual ceremonious functions, but in the afternoon we had a new experience, a journey four miles up the Ganges to visit the Maharajah of Benares. A little before sunset we embarked in a wonderful galley or barge which had two prancing white and gold wooden horses at the bows. The Prince's chair was upholstered in pale blue silk embroidered with golden lotus leaves, and the rest of the galley was in keeping, very elaborate and wonderful.

At the landing stage the Maharajah met us, and, after presentations had been made, he and the Prince were carried on men's shoulders in chairs of gold and silver to the castle gate. To right and left of the procession marched wonderfully caparisoned elephants and camels preceded by mace-bearers, banners, and spearmen, whilst silver flambeaux and torches were held by men standing like statues on the parapets. The battlements of the castle were all illuminated, and the weirdest, wildest music accompanied us.

The Maharajah, a fine old man with snow-white moustache, led the Prince into the castle, and after showing him the numerous and beautiful gifts laid out for his inspection and acceptance, he took us all to the parapet to look down at a marvelously pretty sight.

The river, flowing apparently close under the castle walls, was lit up by innumerable little lamps, and away in the distance was the city of Benares with its two miles of terraces rising from the river banks, and all illuminated.

Fireworks concluded the visit, and then we drove six miles home to dinner, the road brightly lit up all the way. When we were saying farewell to the Maharajah, he suddenly held out his own walking-stick to the Prince, a thick cane studded with gold and with a gold handle, and begged him to accept it. The Prince smilingly did so, and in thanking the Maharajah showed that he fully understood and appreciated the great honour that he had done him. I am sure that the Rajah's impulse arose from a purely personal feeling toward the Prince ; it was not only the ordinary attraction they all had towards the son of the Empress, but a very sincere affection that his own personality inspired wherever he went.

The authorities in this district appeared to have considerable apprehension as to the Prince's safety, and it was impossible to avoid noticing that the precautions taken were very great. At many of the stations along the route double lines of police were drawn up so that the people could not come near, and the Prince, who knew no fear, was not at all pleased. We were assured, however, that, loyal as the Hindoos undoubtedly were, there were too many fanatics among them to leave any opening for mischief ; but it seemed incongruous to be able to drive safely for five miles through densely crowded streets and yet be unable to travel by train without an immense amount of guarding.

We were told afterwards that at one place the Governor wished to imprison a number of people whose religious and patriotic zeal might have been dangerous. This would have been a high-handed

proceeding that might have led to complications, yet the poor man dared not run the risk of leaving them free to their own devices. In his dilemma he spoke out openly to his family, and womanly wit responded to the appeal.

“Why not a garden-party, papa?” asked his daughter. “Invite them all and keep them entertained until the Prince has passed through.”

The Governor’s face lit up as by magic. His problem was solved. The doubtful ones were invited, and the garden-party was held in the grounds of the gaol! The Governor’s sense of humour must have been almost Gilbertian.

All this anxiety in the minds of the authorities communicated itself to me, however, and to make assurance doubly sure I did not go to bed at all while we were in Benares, but sat up in the room adjoining the Prince’s bedroom on guard against a possible assassin.

We went up to Lucknow next day, and there were few indeed among us who felt no emotion on entering the picturesque city where such terrible and such heroic scenes had been enacted only a few years ago. Poor Fayrer especially experienced mingled sensations at the memories of all he had gone through during that season of tears. So altered was the place by the forest of foliage and the wide-spreading suburbs that had sprung up since the mutiny, that even those who had known it best had some difficulty in tracing out the spots that marked the tragic history of those days. As we approached, the glittering tops of the domes, minarets, cupolas, etc., of the temples and palaces,

and the stately buildings themselves all rising from among the bright green of the trees, made a gorgeous picture in the dazzling sunshine.

The Prince, Sutherland, Frere, Fayrer, Knollys, and I were quartered in the Commissioner's house, the rest in tents close by.

Our stay at Lucknow was, I think, marked by more deeply interesting ceremonies and events than anywhere else during the tour. It was simply a succession of thrilling moments from beginning to end.

First came a reception in striking contrast to the brilliance of all the others—that of the descendants of Mirza Jehandar Shah, the last King of Delhi, and a number of poor Princes who had proved that they took no part in the rebellion, but who, for some reason I know not, had nothing but a small pension allowed them by the Government.

Other *levées* followed, and in the afternoon we drove out to see the many landmarks of history in and about the city—most of them, unhappily, of very melancholy interest to us all. There was the spot where Peel fought with his batteries and the room wherein he lay afterwards ; the drift where Outram crossed the river ; the place where the Bays charged and Major Smith met death ; the Shah Majeed, scene of a most gallant and successful onset, and a dozen others.

From a window in the Martinière we looked over the country Clyde marched through as he came to the relief, and saw in the distance the Secunderabagh where over two thousand rebellious

Sepoys and others were caught, and executed by shot or bayonet.

After this the Prince laid the foundation stone of a memorial to be erected by Lord Northbrook in honour of the Sepoys, both officers and privates, but for whose brave stand against their own countrymen Lucknow must have fallen, and an army of trained soldiers have been set free to march on Delhi.

Both the Prince and Sir George Couper made fine speeches, and as they referred in affecting language to the gallantry, devotion, and fidelity that the memorial was to commemorate, I watched the faces of the survivors who, in their stained and shabby uniforms, were drawn up near to us. On the other side of the mound stood about a hundred European survivors, among them poor old Fayrer, who could scarcely control his emotion. Indeed, I think that most of us had a lump in our throats, especially when the fine old fellows, Europeans and natives, were presented to the Prince.

Major Cubitt, V.C., came first with Major Birch, who was killed at Ali Musjid about two years later. During the Mutiny he was with Brigadier Inglis, and together they led three sorties from the Residency. They were followed by native officers and non-commissioned officers, and then came about two hundred men, some old and decrepit, some young, who had done their duty during the siege as small boys and youths. Many of the old men had risen from sick-beds to come and see the Prince and have their swords touched by him. In several instances friends had

to raise the palsied arms of the poor old warriors for them to salute. It was too much for many of us, and the ladies cried quite openly.

To Sir George and Lady Couper, who played their parts so well in that awful siege, it must have been especially difficult to control the feelings such poignant memories evoked, and it was not at all surprising that Lady Couper broke down at last. I have never attended a more touching ceremony.

One old fellow was nearly blind, and the Prince, hearing him exclaim, "Let me see him," told the officers to bring him closer. He came up, and with his hand at the salute peered at the Prince's face, then, with a deep sigh of content, he said :

"I thank God that I have lived to see the face of the great Prince."

The day after this we went boar-hunting to Onao, leaving Lucknow early in the morning by train, and riding elephants and dromedaries from Onao station about five miles to the camp, where we breakfasted. We rode on horseback to the hunt, dividing up into quartettes with about three hundred yards between each group.

It was very nasty ground to hunt in, coarse, high grass up to the horses' bellies, hiding bad holes that occasioned several accidents. Carrington had a nasty fall, and broke his collar-bone. The boar he was after had turned sharp round and run right under him, with the inevitable result that the horse came down heavily, pitching his rider over his head. Fortunately Fayrer, with surgical appliances, was close by on an elephant, and he

set the bone at once and sent Carrington to camp on a litter with Captain Williams to look after him.

Charlie Beresford too, took a toss, but not through a hole. He was racing me after a pig. He hated to be beaten, and he dashed on, regardless of the dangerous nature of the ground, trying to get past me. Then he sent his spear at a boar. It missed the pig, but struck the hard surface of the ground with such force that it knocked him clean out of the saddle on to his back, and I had to let the pig go while I looked after him instead. It was a nasty fall, and must have been extremely painful, but Beresford never made a fuss about anything, and before very long we were both after Master Boar again. Then I did much the same thing, the butt of my spear catching me in the throat and giving me an uncomfortable knock, but it was nothing serious.

We were all well mounted, the Prince on a splendid English hunter ; but it wanted rather more than speed and good jumping for that country and such game. The boars were as swift as hares and turned as quickly ; savage, too, they were, and charged fiercely and courageously.

See how he flashes his fiery eye,
Ready to charge, to cut and die ;
A boar who will charge like the light brigade
Is the bravest brute that e'er was made.

Swiftly he rushes, panting and blowing,
Swiftly the life-blood torrents are flowing ;
Game to the last with defiant eye,
In silent courage he falls to die.

Thus a writer whose name I do not know.

They are indeed brave beasts, but I should not like to ride a favourite horse when hunting them. Several of ours were badly injured that day, and it spoilt the fun. We killed eight boars, and we left for Lucknow at 6.30, ending up with a ball at the English Club after a dinner at Sir George Couper's.

Sunday following, we went with Fayrer in the afternoon to see his old house and the ruins of the Residency, thence to pay a tribute at the grave of Sir Henry Lawrence, and to look at Havelock's monument. The Prince's last duty in Lucknow was the presentation of new colours to the 1st Battalion of the 8th Foot, a regiment that wears the Royal Tiger as its badge, and has many traditions of which it is justly proud.

We left for Cawnpore on the 10th of January, the train stopping at Onao on the way to pick up poor Carrington, who had remained in the camp after his accident. He was quite cheerful though, and said he had been so well cared for by the wives of some of the men who hunted with us that he did not feel at all sorry for himself !

We spent only a few hours at Cawnpore, just time enough to be seen by everybody and to see everything—rather a melancholy everything, but all serving to make us more proud of the name of Englishman. At ten o'clock at night the special with its luxurious carriages started on again for Delhi. We arrived early on the 11th, and were rather surprised at see Lord Napier waiting to receive us, for he had broken his collar-bone only a few days earlier, and no one expected that he would defy the doctors and come out to meet us.

Our reception was of a decidedly military character, though there were no bands. We drove for five miles through an avenue of soldiers, Lancers and Hussars, mostly native regiments, a very fine sight. So was the review next day, and the sham fight on the 13th, when General Hardinge showed us how daring were the men who seized the Ridge in 1857.

There was a ball in the Fort one night, in the great pavilion with its walls of marble inlaid with exquisite mosaics of precious stones, the room wherein once stood the "Peacock throne." It was there that Nadir Shah met Mahomed Shah and exchanged courtesies and turbans with his enemy—on an evil day for Mahomed, for it so happened that he was wearing in his headdress on that occasion the peerless Kohinoor.

It was into that wondrous audience hall, too, that the Mahrattas came a few years later and destroyed by fire the ceiling of filagree gold ; and in the room fitted up for the Prince's private use, Baheander Sall, the last of the Kings of Delhi, watched the Meerut mutineers swarming into the city, proclaiming him, as they came, the Emperor of Hindostan.

We supped in the zenana, during the siege the prison of forty or fifty Englishwomen and children, who were afterwards taken out and butchered in cold blood under the trees in the courtyard. Had we realised it at the time I think supper would have been scarcely a success, but we did not know it until next day, when we were told the story on our way to Kootab Minar. We were glad indeed

to know that the murderers met their deserts, and stopped with much pleasure on our way back to see Honmayoun's tomb, where General Hudson ordered and saw carried out the execution of the treacherous Delhi Princes.

On the 17th of January we left Delhi for Lahore, where we spent a very long and full day. Part of the programme was a visit to the gaol, where we saw two horrible Thugs, who gave us practical illustration of their method of strangulation. The elder of the two was a veteran of seventy who owned to having disposed of two hundred and fifty people; the younger shamefacedly admitted that only thirty-five had fallen to his share. They seemed rather surprised that the Prince did not ask for their release, though he did for that of two wretched Englishmen and a few of the other native sinners.

I felt very unwell, and so did Aylesford, so we did not go with the Prince to visit the Maharajah of Cashmere at Jummoo, and missed the sight of the solid gold howdah in which the two Princes rode into the town at the foot of the snow-clad Himalayas. Glyn, too, was ill, and Bubber Jung, son of Sir Jung Bahadoor, who had been acting *aide* to the Prince. We left them at Delhi.

There was a wonderful performance by Lamas, the priests or holy men of Thibet, at Jummoo, which I was very sorry I did not see. The Maharajah presented the Prince with a sword that was studded with gems from hilt to point, and worth at least £10,000. Live deer, falcons, and eagles were also given to him, and sent off to the *Serapis* to

be taken home with the rest of the menagerie we had collected.

Aylesford and I were quite well by the time the Prince got back to Lahore. We went on to Agra on the 25th, paying a flying visit *en route* to Umritsa and the Rajah of Puttiala. We thought Agra the dustiest place in India. So thick it was as we passed along the streets from the station, that it quite hid the rest of the procession from us. We rode on elephants very richly decorated with gold and silver trappings, and on arriving in front of the Durbar tent these intelligent animals, one hundred and fifty in all, passed before the one the Prince rode, which stood with his back to the tent, and backed into their stations in a curved line as neatly and smartly as cruisers at a review.

It is the custom for the natives to leave their shoes outside when they enter a house ; they wear these shoes without socks or stockings and rarely take the trouble to clean them. On this occasion they went out by a different door to the one they had entered by, and so found themselves separated from their footgear, which no one seemed to know how to convey to them. At last someone collected the shoes and put them all down in a heap at the exit door. Then arose what nearly became a free fight between the chiefs and their retainers, which went on for over an hour, while they disputed violently over their respective possessions. The noise of the battle rose to quite alarming heights as it progressed, but eventually everybody was more or less satisfied and departed none the worse for the little *contretemps*.

All next day we were returning visits, going to the Rajahs' camps in rotation. They were all immensely pleased, and though the presents were really quite marvellous, the donors watched the Prince as he received them with obvious apprehension lest they should not be rich enough. The Rajah of Tong gave two tigers that inspired equal fear and admiration as they stood outside the tent with fierce, glaring eyes, and angrily vibrating tails.

When the last of the visits had been paid, and after we had changed into plain clothes, we went to Secundra to see the Taj Mahal, surely the most beautiful tomb in the world. I will not say anything about the exquisite work of art, itself the objective of every visitor to Agra. It has probably been more pictured and described than any other building in India. An extraordinary misconception of fitness spoiled the memory of the place as far as I was concerned. It was a perfect moonlight night, and the snowy marble of the Taj shone in the soft rays with a delicate beauty impossible to describe. It asked for silence, it demanded contemplation, peace, tranquillity; instead, the avenue that led to it, the gateways, the square itself, were illuminated; the place was crowded with people; there was even a black-garbed European standing in the gallery of one of the minarets, a most incongruous sight. There was talking everywhere. Then, to complete the discordance, a brass band struck up a waltz!

The Prince, with Aylesford, Williams, Ellis, and Colonel Annesley of the 11th Hussars went out

for a little sport next day, and they were fortunate enough to get about eighty head of nylghau deer and duck.

On the last day of January we left Agra for Gwalior, arriving in the afternoon. We were met some distance out of the city by the Maharajah Scindiah, and went with him to the old palace, where we stayed. His hospitality and lavishness of preparation seemed to be truly unbounded. In the Prince's room the toilet services were of solid gold, and the bedstead and bath, of silver, had been made of rupees. Everything else was on a similar scale of richness. We spent some pleasant and most interesting days there, one of the entertainments being a sham fight in which Scindiah directed the operations and His Royal Highness and the suite acted as umpires.

On our way to Agra we had broken the journey at Dholepore in order to lunch with the Maharajah, and we did so again on the way back. The Maharajah was only a boy, but a very charming youngster, who spoke English well, and we all liked him immensely.

While there the Prince told Probyn, General Browne, and Fayrer that the Queen wished him to invest them with the Star of India, while Ellis and Glyn, and Majors Henderson and Bradford, were to be made Companions of the Order. Glyn was the first naval officer upon whom this honour had been conferred, and as everyone liked him immensely we were all doubly pleased that he should have it. The news was a delightful finish to a very pleasant visit.

"See here now"



W.H.R.

Nov 1875

Onboard the "Seraphs" —

W. H. RUSSELL ON BOARD THE SERAPHS
From an unpublished sketch by Sir Arthur Ellis

Before we left Agra a few of our party went for another day's boar-hunting, among them Prince Louis of Battenberg, who was thrown, and fractured his collar-bone when they were twenty-five miles from camp. Fayrer had not gone with them, so Charlie Beresford rendered "first aid." The Prince was badly upset when the news came, for at first it was feared that the injury was very serious, but Fayrer went off immediately and sent a reassuring message to us directly he had seen Prince Louis. No one likes to be out of fashion, and broken collar-bones were quite the rage with us in India.

We arrived at Bhurtpore at about noon on the day we left Agra, the 4th of February, and found the Maharajah with all his people and a great concourse of elephants, camels, and horses waiting at the station to escort us to the ancient fortress and palace. This was the first time the Prince had been without any other European guard or escort than his immediate staff, but nothing could have been better done than the Maharajah's reception. The place was beautifully clean, and of course gaily decorated. The shops were all shut and the entire populace in the streets, but until the Prince had passed perfect silence was preserved.

It seemed a little incongruous to come out of the essentially Indian streets into the palace, where the walls were draped with damask and adorned with the very familiar countenances of the Queen, the Prince Consort, the Duke of Wellington, and Napoleon ! The luncheon too, was as European as our host could make it. When it was over he conducted us back to the station, and as the train

steamed out the guns at the fort volleyed a salute.

From Bhurtpore to Jeypore the flat country is linked up by little round-topped hills, each one surmounted by a fort. Everywhere the armed horsemen of the district are to be seen, and in the villages every man appeared to be armed with sword and shield. Jeypore lies in a cup, the hills around it rising higher than those crossing the plains which link it up with the sister city, and all these hills are crowned with battlements. The city itself is shut in by masonry walls twenty feet high and nine feet deep, so that entrance can only be made by one of the seven gates, which are studded with spikes to prevent elephants battering them in with their heads.

Jeypore itself is a wondrously beautiful city, with fine broad streets and wide pavements, all exquisitely kept and clean. The houses, like the city walls, are painted a rose-pink picked out with white, all very dainty and fresh in appearance, and especially so when decorated, as we first saw it, with garlands of flowers and flags, and illuminated by torches. It has public schools and colleges, palaces and churches that would do credit to many an European town, and the people appeared to be remarkably prosperous, happy and comfortable.

The Maharajah, a very refined and cultivated man, devoted more of his attention to the fine arts and education, social matters and public works, than to military affairs. He was greatly interested in European politics, and a regular reader of *The Times* and English reviews. But though

gentle by nature his government was very strict, and his people were kept in excellent order.

We all went hunting next day, some pig-sticking, others deer-stalking, the Prince, Aylesford, Paget, and I with the Maharajah after a tiger that had been committing murder in the district. It was a curious way of hunting, and not the sort I like. We rode out first of all to a hillside whereon stood a little two-storied house surrounded by a low wall. The house was loop-holed, and we all had to take up positions inside, and then wait while the beaters drove our quarry towards us. Two hours had elapsed before we saw a sign of her, but at last she came, creeping warily through the brushwood like a huge cat. The Prince fired when the tiger was about thirty yards from the house, and the great beast with a startled leap made off down the hillside. Before she had gone far the Prince fired again, knocking her over, but she recovered and loped away into the thick brush of a hollow. Then very thankfully we came out, and the Prince mounted Fayrer's elephant and went after his game. The beaters threw stones and shouted, and presently the poor beast was driven into the open again, and went stumbling up the bank until His Royal Highness with two more shots killed her. She was full-grown, eight and a half feet long, and the Prince's first tiger. The Maharajah was delighted, and begged his acceptance of a very large-bored rifle as a souvenir of the event.

On the 7th we left Jeypore for Bareilly and Nynee Tal, *via* Agra, for a shooting expedition under the guidance of General Sir Henry Ramsay, Commissioner for Kumaon.

CHAPTER XIII

HUNTING IN NEPAUL

WE reached Moradabad, where the railway ended, early in the morning of the 8th of February. Our first camp was at Barhinee. It was far more a city than a camp, and better planned and organised than many towns. The animals alone required quite an army of people to look after them. There were two hundred elephants, five hundred camels, one hundred and twenty horses, and two hundred oxen, and in charge of them were about a thousand coolies. There were a good many soldiers, too—seventy-five of the Ghoorkhas with their band, twenty troopers of Probyn's Horse, and fifty police.

Directly after breakfast at the camp we drove on to Nynee Tal and had a grand view of the snow-peaks, which were hidden next day by a thick fog. On our return we met the shooting elephants and took up our posts round a patch of thick, long grass and reeds in which it was believed that a tiger lay hidden. After waiting there rather impatiently in the hot sun without seeing anything for a long time we moved to another place, about fifty yards higher up. Immediately a fine tiger rushed out close to our first post. The Prince fired and so did we, but we were too far off to see clearly in the close jungle, and the tiger got

off scatheless. This was the only one we saw that day, and we had to be content with a leopard and some deer.

Nor had we any better luck during the rest of the week, though we got plenty of game of other sorts, pig of various kinds, cheetah, sambur, and other small deer, and a variety of birds, among them peafowl, partridge, plover, snipe, quail, and many others. We got wolves, too, and bears, jackals, foxes, and porcupines; but the tigers we had come out to kill kept carefully out of sight. General Ramsay was very much disappointed, and so was everybody else, especially, perhaps, the natives, for the tigers are not only dangerous to human life, but cause great loss among the cattle. But at last luck turned. On the 15th we bagged a big tigress; and on the 17th an early morning hunt resulted in two young tigers being brought home before breakfast, one having fallen to Ellis, the other to Colvin.

The hunt on the 15th was rather a curious one. It began with Colvin killing a big sloth bear. When the hunters found the body two young cubs were playing about close to it, and they snapped and fought furiously before they were captured. They were put on to a pad elephant, where they cried piteously until the body of the mother was fastened on, when they immediately quieted down, and seemed perfectly happy. Then in the afternoon we found the tigress, and she had two cubs, poor thing, which made killing her seem horribly cruel, until we remembered that the king of the jungle and his mate are the most destructive,

ruthless, and ferocious creatures that live. When we got her she had just killed a deer, but that of course could be forgiven her, as it was for food. We all had a shot at her, Probyn and Fayrer firing first, but I think it was Carrington's shot that killed her. The three little ones were only about six weeks old, but they got away, and in spite of much searching we never saw them again. We wanted to add them to the Prince's collection for the Zoo.

One day when after a wolf I had a very nasty fall, for instead of my spear going into the wolf it went on to a stone. The hilt caught me right in the middle, and it not only gave me a very bad knock, but sent me flying off my horse clean on to my back, and if I were not wooden-headed I might not be here to tell the tale.

Sir Jung Bahadoor took command of the expedition when we left English territory at Bonbassa on the 20th, and crossed the border into Nepaul. Roads were practically unknown when once we had crossed the Sarda, and elephants and camels had to do all the work of baggage as well as passenger transport. The procession of elephants, etc., crossing over that river was a most wonderful sight ; we sat in our howdahs, watching it, for nearly an hour. There were seven hundred elephants, each with two attendants, and every animal was a picked specimen, for Sir Jung would only have the best for the Prince's party.

Some one estimated that there were between nine and ten thousand people with us at our first camp. I do not think it was an exaggerated total. We

certainly had quite that number, if not more, in the Nepaul camp, and Sir Jung had even more in his, for in addition to all the hunting people he had a battery of six guns and fourteen hundred infantry—why, I know not, unless he thought it added to his dignity. All these people and paraphernalia in attendance on rather less than a score of sportsmen ! I wonder how many of them regarded us as the representatives of a blessed Providence who bestowed through us the where-withal for many months of comfort ? Possibly none of them. Probably Sir Jung had other and better reasons for carrying infantry and ordnance with him than merely the enhancement of his dignity.

The natives had cut a path especially for us through the forest and scrub, but even so travelling was by no means easy, and at times we could not see a yard ahead. But, with all the difficulties, no sooner had we put ourselves and the direction of affairs into Sir Jung Bahadoor's hands than our star rose and that of the jungle cats went under a cloud. On the very first day the Prince killed an immense tiger ; on the second he bagged six, two of them with only a single bullet each.

Of course he was always given the premier place, but even so he could not have counted so many to his rifle had he not been a wonderfully good shot and quite fearless. He never would fire, however, at anything he could not see. Sometimes Sir Jung or some one else would say to him :

“ Fire right in front of you, sir ; the tiger is just there in the grass.”

But the Prince would not until he could descry

the animal himself, and on several occasions he crossed from the howdah of one elephant to another in order to see better.

It is of course very difficult for any but eyes long accustomed to the jungle and the strange tricks that light and shade play with the coats of the animals, to distinguish a tiger in cover. One day Sir Jung had been trying for some time to show the Prince where one had taken shelter in a clump of grass free of trees, but with small undergrowth effectually hiding anything that crept beneath it. At last the Prince fired, and immediately there was a distinct movement in the grass. His Royal Highness fired again, and with the shot out sprang a big tigress who, in a series of leaps, made her way round the waiting circle of elephants. They became very restless, flourishing their trunks, trumpeting angrily, and moving about uneasily. But in less time than it takes to write, and before the Prince could fire again, she had disappeared once more into her cover, and there she remained, although we treated her as an invisible Aunt Sally, pitching soda-water bottles, oranges, sticks, and everything else we could find at the spot. All the return she made us was to swear loudly and deeply. Then Sir Jung threw his white pith hunting cap at her, and this apparently affronted her even more than the soda-water bottles. She made one great spring, which landed her right under the nose of the nearest elephant, then a shorter one at his howdah, missed it, and turning like a flash she was at the stern of another elephant. She bit him and then made for a *nullah* in front. But it

was full of water. She hesitated for a moment on the brink. It was a fatal pause ; the Prince, who had followed her, fired, and she fell, shot through the head.

We gave the tigers a day off after this remarkable record of seven in one day, and had a fifty-mile ride after some wild elephants. It was a very exciting and a terribly tiring day, and not an experience I had the faintest wish to repeat. It was too much like hunting human beings, for elephants are such intelligent animals that it is impossible to regard them as mere brutes. The tame fellows we took out to bully their wild brethren into submission wore the most uncannily human expression of wicked joy, cunning, and triumph that can be conceived. They knew perfectly well what they were about, and seemed to take a fiendish delight in punishing their newly-conquered cousins, and in reducing them by cruel treatment to a condition of utter dejection, with all the fight beaten out and nothing but fear left.

But with all this ferocity the fighting elephant is a creature that inspires admiration. One of those we took with us had been the victor in a hundred fights and had never been beaten. He was a giant among his kind, of such enormous bulk that his immense height did not appear as great as it was. He had lost one tusk in battle, and his ears were torn and scarred. His attendants had painted him, head, body, and legs, a bright red ; when they approached him it was with obvious apprehension, and he had to be kept stoutly tethered by chains as well as ropes when in camp.

We had grown very tired of riding in howdahs, and never dreamed we should live to look upon it as a desirable thing. But that day those who did not stick to their horses as the Prince and I did found there was another way of riding elephants very much less comfortable if not so monotonous as in a howdah. They had to ride astride, seated on a pad, and holding on by a strap. In front was the *mahout* with a *rukeree* to cut away creepers and to use as a spur: behind was another man with a mallet to hammer the elephant when he reduced his pace to anything under seven miles an hour. The usual pace is two and a half to three miles an hour.

Knowing that the battle between the wild elephants and the fighters had already commenced, the natives were as determined as we to miss none of the fun. So, no matter what the course was like, "forward" was the order of the day; and the great beasts, prodded in front and hammered behind, went dashing down ravines, crashing between and over trees, bucketing up and down *nullahs*, and generally making their way through the jungle with but one idea in their heads, not in the least minding how their unhappy riders felt. In addition, every now and then they drenched them with an unexpected shower, for they carried a good supply of water in their trunks, which they replenished at every opportunity; and whenever they felt disposed to cool themselves they calmly played the hose on their sides and over their backs! When I saw them I felt very pleased indeed that the Prince had

resisted Sir Jung's earnest entreaties to desert his Arab for the more usual hunter of the region. I myself never went on an elephant when I could by any possibility ride a horse.

We got a long way ahead of the others, left the forest, and presently arrived at the edge of a ravine at the bottom of which flowed a river that came from a forest on the opposite side. There we sat down to await events, for the ravine looked just the place where elephants might come down. Presently Sir Jung appeared ; he waited with us for a little, then went off, riding on a man's back, towards the forest across the water, to see why the elephants had not yet appeared.

As the others arrived, all rather shaken and very hot after their novel ride, Sir Jung came back, and told us that the elephants had made off in another direction altogether. In no time we were away again after them, and on arriving at the place indicated we all took up posts in trees and on a hastily-erected stand. There we waited until messengers came—alas ! not with the longed-for warning of the elephants' approach, but to say they had gone higher up !

Sir Jung, also mounted on an Arab, dashed off ahead with the Prince and me, the pad elephants lumbering along behind as fast as they could travel. This chase lasted for half an hour, across the plain, through jungle, over streams, all at headlong pace. Then we suddenly found ourselves on an open space where the undergrowth had been burnt, and there in front of us was a poor old warrior hurrying along with his trunk

curled up and his tail held out, panting and flurried so that he no longer kept a straight course.

After him we went, hallooing like mad, the elephants behind us trumpeting an accompaniment to our wild yells. And then, without the slightest warning, the wild elephant stopped, turned round, looked at us for a moment, and made a dash at me.

“Fly! fly!” shouted Sir Jung, but it was not the easiest thing in the world to do at the pace we were going, unless we made a bee line for the enemy!

The elephant riders had nearly all taken to horses again, however, and we managed to draw off to one side, while the elephant only made a short charge before stopping again. We stopped too; he charged again; again we skedaddled, and again he charged. This little byplay was repeated more than once, and I know not which was really the most scared—the elephant or his would-be pursuers.

Several times his onsets brought him perilously close, once to the Prince, which so alarmed me that I tried to tackle him myself, and when the others rode away I went at him, my horse, a splendid fellow who never refused anything I asked of him, entering gallantly into the spirit of the chase. The gigantic beast was weary of the game, or it would have been a mad thing to do, but though still fierce and savage he was nearly tired out, and when I got close enough to his side to prod him in the shoulder, instead of turning on me he made off, as I wanted him to do, to higher ground away from our party. I followed and



“I’LL CROSS IT THOUGH IT BLOSH ME.”
From an unpublished sketch of myself by Sir Arthur Ellis

repeated my side-attack ; again he took it meekly and retreated, lumbering away this time to a pool of water, where he lay down as if he no longer cared whether his pursuers followed him or not. Then I went back, to be met by the Prince as nearly angry as he ever was with me, saying that I might have been killed. We all dismounted then, leaving our quarry to refresh himself before the fighting elephants came to engage him, for we wanted to capture and not to kill him.

When at last the fighters came up, Jung Pershad, the one-tusked warrior of many affrays, went after the wild one and immediately engaged him in single combat. But this lasted no time at all, for Jung Pershad so terrified his victim that he fled, and being of lighter build got clean away, for the gallant hero of a hundred fights was not so agile as he had been once.

We were watching, and the moment the wild elephant escaped from Jung Pershad we went after him again at full gallop. Fayrer's horse jumped into an old elephant pit about twelve feet deep, but neither horse nor rider was hurt. It was a wonder no other accident happened, for we tore along like creatures possessed ; yet so difficult was the ground we did not get up to our man until he reached the wood. He was driven out of that by beaters led by Sir Jung Bahadoor himself, whose violent invectives, shouted in a terrible voice, were quite enough to frighten even the gamest of elephants.

Bijli Pershad, the second best among the fighters, engaged him this time and made short

work of him. Most cruel was Bijli ; he knocked him down first, then kicked him up against a tree and battered him over the head. At last the poor fellow, wild no longer, let the hunters hobble and lead him, and then it was found that he only had one eye ! Thereupon the Prince begged that he might be set at liberty, and Sir Jung consented, only stipulating that he should lose his tusk as a proof that he had been conquered.

So he was tethered to a tree for the night, and his tusk, when it had been sawn off, was presented to the Prince as a trophy. He was allowed to return to his forest next day, a humbler but, I will do him the credit to say, scarcely a wiser elephant, for he certainly did all he could to avoid strife, and was in no way to blame for being forced into it.

Everyone was tired out when night fell, and no one had seen the actual battle after all. We all saw the result, for fourteen captives were brought in. Another tiger-hunt followed, but we only got two between us.

That night, as we were all sitting round the camp-fire at about ten o'clock, a brilliant vision suddenly appeared to us, sparkling in the firelight. It was a party from the other, the native, camp, our host with his brother and son and some attendants. They were all in full state dress, and the resplendence of the three nobles was really dazzling.

Sir Jung's skull cap, sewn all over with pearls, was encircled by a coronet of emeralds, rubies, and diamonds, and from it rose a very beautiful

bird of paradise plume behind a peacock-feather held in place by a great ruby. He wore a tunic of purple satin, with satin trousers full to the knee and then tight to the instep. The tunic was lined with fur, and embroidered with seed pearls. On his breast glittered various orders, with the ribbons of the Bath and the Star of India, and his sword, with a diamond hilt, had a sheath that was encrusted with gems. His brother and son were very similarly attired.

They had come to bring an offering to the Prince ; Sir Jung, as always when he came over from his camp to ours, riding on his man-servant's back. Behind them were men laden with tiger skins. Sir Jung had them all spread out on the ground round the fire, and then he sat down and told us stories of the hunts whereof they were the fruit. I suppose his idea was to compensate us for a somewhat poor day. He certainly succeeded.

We remained with Sir Jung until the 6th of March, but we never had a better haul of tigers than the second day. One day we got only one, and I shot him before the Prince had a chance, for he was too dangerously near and too fierce for me to stand upon ceremony. Another day we got four, the Prince, Paget, Mr. Rose, and I accounting for one each.

The country was full of all sorts of animals, but when out for tigers we did not wish to scare them away by firing at lesser game. Nepaul was at that time the very cradle of the great cats. Sir Jung and his friends killed an average of fifty per annum, and Mr. Moore, of Bareilly, half as many,

yet they seemed to be numerous enough, and they were of all sorts and sizes.

It is a wonderful country, very wild of course, and full of jungle, but with great tracts of open plain too, with rivers that are shy of the surface and lie so deep that when the elephants were crossing, the backs of those in the stream were about on a level with the pads of those on the bank. The variety of birds was even greater than that of game, many of them with very brilliant plumage.

Sir Jung was one of the very few who made any attempt to preserve the game. In most cases the Princes, and the nobles attached to their courts, kept hawks, and employed *pardees*, or poachers, to bring in food for them to fly out. These trappers used to set snares for all kinds of game, paying no attention to the seasons, and consequently great destruction used to go on. But fortunately Sir Jung Bahadoor set the example of preserving it, and before we left we heard that many of the Princes had taken to the chase as well as shooting small game, which meant that they would keep close seasons and put a stop to poaching.

We struck the last forest camp on the 24th February and made for a wild and windy prairie-land called Inalanlea, at the foot of the Nepaul mountains, with the distant Himalayas rising on the opposite side. This place was a special tiger reserve, for it is too unhealthy for human habitation, and is deserted for the greater part of the year, the scanty population going off to the hills directly the bad season begins.

For the Prince's amusement one afternoon Sir Jung held a review of the troops in his suite. First came a band, a very good one, with an Eurasian band-master ; then a little company of Lancers ; next the six four-pounder brass guns, each slung on two bamboos, and carried by ten men, with five artillerymen behind them. There were twelve men to each limber, and behind them came two ammunition bearers. They were followed by a rifle battalion, armed with quaint weapons made in Nepaul. Sir Jung Bahadoor's brother was the general in command, and his son with four other officers formed the staff, all of them mounted, in full uniform, and sparkling with jewels.

They went through some very clever exercises and evolutions, and ended with a most curious musical exercise to the strains of a very ancient polka. They moved from side to side in time to the music, and while thus oscillating went through manual drill, changing positions at certain bars as if the words of command had been uttered. This lasted for nearly twenty minutes, and was followed by the bayonet drill, also to polka time and still oscillating. It had the oddest effect, really quite comical, especially as it was performed with the greatest solemnity. Then came the march-past, the Prince taking the salute, to the familiar notes of our National Anthem and " God bless the Prince of Wales."

Our fortnight in Nepaul was by no means the least amusing of our visit to India. Twenty-eight tigers, with leopards, bears, quantities of deer of all kinds, many varieties of small game, and some

venomous snakes made up a remarkable bag, and we had marvellously few mishaps. We carried away with us a fine collection of live animals, the best being a little elephant that performed as many tricks as a poodle. None of us could ever forget the joy of those glorious days in the forest, and the great kindness and thoughtful care for our pleasure and comfort shown by Sir Jung Bahadoor.

It was a thoroughly delightful time, unhampered by worries, and we were all of us the better for it in every way. The only crumpled rose-leaf was the gradual dwindling of our own party. First Sutherland went home, and with him poor Grey, who had never really recovered his health after his illness on the way to Ceylon. Then Owen Williams had to go, recalled by business matters. Next came a wire saying that Duckworth was ill at Lahore with typhoid, and Sir Bartle Frere and Fayrer went to him post-haste, Fayrer rather unwillingly, for he hated leaving the Prince. Aylesford made the sixth to leave us, called home unexpectedly.

When it came to a farewell for us all the Prince held a Durbar, and personally presented gifts to the Maharajah and his suite. Among the gifts to Sir Jung were a silver equestrian group of the Prince as Colonel of the 10th Hussars, a gold cigar case set with gems, three rifles, and a beautiful sword. When everything had been presented Sir Jung said gracefully :

“The Prince’s gifts are princely, but their greatest value to me is in the fact that they come from his own hand.”

CHAPTER XIV

THE RETURN

AFTER we left Nepaul on the 6th of March, until we sailed on the 12th, from Bombay, we did nothing that we had not done before. Most of the time was spent in travelling, with intervals for receptions and other ceremonious functions, dreamlike in their rush and in the kaleidoscopic effect of their Oriental setting. At Allahabad we stopped for one day, and at Indore for two. Frere and Fayrer, having left Duckworth fast becoming convalescent at Lahore, rejoined us at Allahabad, where the Prince held an investiture of the Star of India, and Probyn, Fayrer, Glyn, and General Brown were made knights, Ellis and a number of others Companions of the Order.

At Indore, when the Maharajah Holkar presented his numerous and beautiful gifts to the Prince, we were all rather touched to find that a very pretty necklace for the Princess was among them ; it must have been pure coincidence that the gift was made on that particular date, for none of us had told Holkar that it was the anniversary of their Royal Highnesses' wedding-day. I proposed the health of our beloved Princess that night on the train after the usual toast to the Queen, and the Prince, in replying, made the most charming remarks about us all, and about the officers who

had been attached to his suite since we landed. He never missed an opportunity of saying kind things, and would find or make occasion for doing gracious little actions on the smallest pretext.

There was one pretty incident I always remember with much pleasure. It happened on the night of Sir Jung Bahadoor's review, when a little lad about six years old stood as if fascinated, watching the Prince take the salute. The moment the last soldier had passed he ran up to us. When he reached the Prince he slipped his feet out of his shoes and salaamed, his head nearly touching the ground, three times. Then, his feet recovering the shoes as by magic, off he ran again, all in two seconds. His expression of daring and terror at his own audacity was really funny, and all of us laughed. Even the outraged old Sir Jung Bahadoor could not help smiling. But the Prince sent after him to bring him back, and that put him into a great fright. His face turned a sickly yellow, and he looked as if he thought he was about to be executed; but when he found that the great Shazadah, for whom he had braved even the wrath of his own mighty chief, merely wished to tell him that he must become a good soldier and to give him a present, he beamed with delight and conscious pride. It was very demoralising, no doubt, but very charming.

We were all delighted to see the *Serapis* again, and fine indeed she was in all the glory of new paint and gilding. Rather a funny comment on the Parsees was made, by the way, by one of the ship's officers in reference to that gilding. I



HIS EXCELLENCY SIR JUNG BAHADOOR
KNIGHT GRAND CROSS OF THE MOST HONOURABLE ORDER OF THE BATH
KNIGHT GRAND COMMANDER OF THE MOST EXALTED STAR OF INDIA
NEPAL TERAI, FEB. 7, 1876

was remarking upon the spick-and-span appearance of the ship, when somebody laughed and said :

“ Yes, she looks neat, but all that gilding is really a shining example of the sort of loyalty the Parsee really feels. For all his effusive welcomes and his marvellous gifts, he didn't forget to make us pay about four times its value for the gilt, and indeed for everything we had to buy ! ”

India is full of inconsistencies, and I think one of the most curious, and certainly the most painful, is the attitude of the natives towards animals. Though to kill a cow is in most states a crime far worse than murder, cattle of all kinds are often horribly ill-treated, worked when they are in a dreadful state of suffering from sores, and more often than not half-starved. Cows, being sacred, are better off than most four-legged creatures, but even they are frequently ill-used, any cruelty short of death being apparently quite permissible. They have the oddest ideas, too, as to doctoring the sick. At the Parsee animal hospital in Bombay we saw a horse, whose hoofs were worn away, standing in water, his owner blissfully hoping that this would make them grow again.

As small-pox was raging in Bombay when we got there we did not spend more time ashore than we could help, but we dined with Sir Philip Woodhouse at Malabar Point before we left.

Bombay was entirely and whole-heartedly devoted to Sir Bartle Frere ; it was he who did more than anyone else to make it the city it is, and

the Parsees have never forgotten it. They are loyal people, and they made great efforts to send us off with a literally glowing remembrance of India—the decorations being nearly as elaborate for our farewell as they were for our reception. One transparency over a shop amused us very much. “Tell Mama we’re Happy,” it said!

Since our arrival seventeen weeks earlier we had travelled over seven thousand miles on land and about three thousand by sea; we had met, I think, every Prince and Chief in the country; and we had had a really wonderful and most interesting experience, in addition to some of the best sport many of us had ever seen.

We carried away with us memories of such entertainments as are only possible in the East, of lavish hospitality such as only Princes can offer, and best of all, an increased respect and admiration for our own countrymen such as nothing but seeing them at work in foreign lands and visiting the places where many have laid down their lives for their Sovereign, is ever able to inspire.

Of material things we took a cargo worth a king’s ransom. The gifts made to the Prince were quite beyond valuation, and besides these we brought with us many new orchids and other rare plants, as well as a collection of live stock that would have sufficed a new Noah. Two elephants, small, but elephants nevertheless; a bear, three tigers, two leopards, numerous deer of all sorts, a cheetah, a tiger cat, four Thibetan tailless dogs, great fellows (and who suffered so from the heat that the barber had to cut off their locks), a manice or ant-eater,

some snakes, and a large variety of birds, from ostriches to humming-birds, besides the horses we took out, six Arabs and a miniature pony. All these were on the *Serapis* and each of the escort carried a supplementary menagerie. These creatures did not make the most agreeable addition to the company, as they were noisy and sometimes troublesome, but it was curious to see how tame they grew.

Many of them were allowed to wander about at their own discretion, which certainly did away with all monotony, since we never knew what sort of creature might be awaiting us at any turn in a promenade. To be suddenly confronted with a tiger, however tame, or to be involuntarily drawn into a game by the irresistibly playful panther, is not always the kind of diversion sober folk desire on board ship. I do not think any of us were really sorry when Bedford struck at last at the mess they made of his exquisite decks, and when we were ashore at Suez took the opportunity of having them all confined.

Two native officers, Mahomed Afzul, who was with Biddulph in Garkund, where he did fine work, and Anoop Sing, who had had five horses killed under him and been wounded in six places when serving under Probyn, came with us as *aides* to the Prince. Afzul served through the mutiny in Stoke's Pathan Horse, and afterwards with Lind's Mooltanees. He was badly wounded in saving the life of Lieutenant Armstrong at Muradnugger, and when this regiment was disbanded after the mutiny he was made a Major in the 11th Bengal

Lancers. Anoop Sing belonged to the 11th Bengal Lancers too—had, in fact, been with the regiment since its beginning, and had taken part in every action his corps was engaged in. He was with them at the taking of Peking, and had the second-class medal for valour among his numerous decorations. They were splendid fellows with charming manners, and we all liked them.

At Suez, Lord and Lady Lytton on their way to India, Monsieur de Lesseps, and a number of other people breakfasted with us on the *Serapis* before we went ashore. At Cairo, where we spent nearly a week, we found the Grand Duke Alexis and many others awaiting us with the Khedive and his sons, and when we sailed again from Alexandria the Russian Prince accompanied us in the Russian frigate *Svetlana*.

Affairs in Egypt were not very prosperous just then. The Khedive, a fearfully extravagant man, was a very bad financier too, and he would not trust those who were really capable of advising him. We had heard soon after our arrival at Bombay that the British government had bought his shares in the Suez Canal Company for £5,000,000, a piece of news that elicited from one of the younger officers the remark that we were qualified fools to pay such a sum for what we could have taken for nothing.

Gladstone had been very down on Disraeli for the rather startling transaction, in spite of Northcote's sanguine prophecy that the shares would increase in value; and though popular opinion in England was entirely with the Government, people in Egypt were rather divided as to its wisdom, fearing

that it would lead to friction with France, although de Lesseps himself warmly approved the purchase. But the Prince's visit very soon allayed all feeling of irritation in Cairo. Even in those early days His Royal Highness was a peacemaker wherever he went.

It was while we were in Egypt that we heard of the Queen's speech in which Her Majesty had suggested adding to her title that of Empress, and read the amusing debates that followed. It is hardly credible now that Disraeli had to promise that the Queen would never use the title in England. When this limitation was announced Lord Rosebery wittily described the title as "labelled for external application only."

To the great regret of everybody, Sir Bartle Frere left us at Alexandria to go home *via* Trieste. We went on direct to Malta, where the authorities proclaimed a public holiday in honour of our arrival, and all the poor in the island were given food and money.

An untoward little incident happened there that might have resulted in much offence to the Maltese people but for the tact of the Prince. A local millionaire named Bugeja had endowed an orphanage for girls, and it had been arranged that the Prince should lay the foundation stone of the new building. But when His Royal Highness was told that the institution was to be purely Roman Catholic in its management, and only Roman Catholic children would be taken in, he, as a Freemason, of course had to withdraw his promise to preside at the inauguration.

Mr. Bugeja was among the guests invited to meet the Prince at Government House that night, and before we went in to dinner His Royal Highness, in conferring upon the generous philanthropist the order of Saint Michael and Saint George, personally expressed to him his regret at being unable to assist in such a noble charity. It was said to be the largest endowment ever made in the island, amounting in all to about £40,000.

Our visit occurring in Lent, and the Maltese being very punctilious as regards their religious observances, it was a little difficult for the authorities to arrange a programme that would not offend anybody. As it was, the reception committee had fallen out with many of the local aristocracy, and with several of the foreign Consuls, in regard to the Prince's reception on arrival.

Even the state dinner was against the strict rules of good Churchmen, but the Maltese gentlemen got over that difficulty by regarding the invitation as a command. The Roman Catholic clergy, however, felt unable to feast in Lent even on that great occasion, and I am afraid we were slyly amused when we heard that the Anglican Bishop did not permit his conscience to control his appetite to any such extent. But at the big dinner on the following (Friday) night, and at the ball afterwards, there were scarcely any Maltese present.

We spent five days at Malta, ending our stay with a state dinner on the *Serapis*. From there we went to Gibraltar for four days, where the Duke of Connaught met us. I think Gibraltar was inclined to be vexed with the Prince for carrying

his brother off to England with him. The people were very devoted to the Duke, and exceedingly sorry that His Royal Highness was leaving. The night before we left a great crowd with music, and carrying torches, escorted him to a regimental farewell dinner at the Mess of the 23rd Regiment.

One of the most enjoyable items among the entertainments at the Rock was a picnic His Royal Highness gave us in the Cork Woods when, to the joy of the Spanish population, we rode back through San Roque.

We reached Cadiz on the 20th of April and went straight on to Seville by train. After three days we went on to Madrid, stopping at Cordova *en route* to see the cathedral. It was very hot, and Théophile Gautier's remark that the Spanish sun "sets one's brains boiling in the pan" was a description of the climate that we thoroughly appreciated as we rode, all in uniform, in the review, and through the streets of the beautiful capital of Castile. But the Prince in his field-marshal's coat of scarlet, and the Duke of Connaught wearing the 7th Hussars' busby, must have felt it even more than we did. Poor Gordon Lennox had to retire, for the sun made his brass helmet simply impossible.

King Alfonso gave us a most interesting time in this fine old city, and himself acted as guide to the Escorial, where the stone corridors and halls were so chilly, in spite of the blazing sun out of doors, that His Majesty told us all to keep our hats on. He took us to the *musée* too, and drove us all over the place, but unfortunately we had not

time enough for more than just the merest glimpse at all the art treasures.

The Duke of Connaught, attended by Gordon Lennox and FitzGerald, took the train to Paris after four days, but we stayed on in Madrid for three more, and then left by special train for Lisbon. The Spanish papers made a very funny hash of our names, and quite overlooked the fact that the Duke of Connaught came next to the Prince in order of place. The published list, which I kept as a curiosity, runs as follows :

“Las personas que le acompanan son : Principe Luis de Battemberg : lord Suffiel. Gentil-hombre de cámara, general Dighton. Caballerizos : Pro-bign ; coronel Llis. Médico de cámara, Tayrez, Secretario particular, Knollys, Ayndantes, lord Barasford, lord Carington, Sir Fitz-gegrge. Oficiales de ordenes, coronel Autresley, capitan Yongh, Sr. Rusell, Sr. Hall, duque Connaught, Capitanes, Fitzgerald, lord F. Gordon Lennox.”

The *Serapis* was awaiting us at Lisbon when we arrived on the 1st of May. It was the first time an English Prince had paid an official visit to Portugal, and a tremendous programme was arranged for his entertainment. About three thousand people were present at the Court ball at the Ajuda palace, and many families of the ancient nobility came in from the country to be present. The usual review took place, and some very good races. I think we enjoyed more than anything a picnic at Cintra, where we all rode on donkeys into the mountains to see an old Moorish castle, and lunched at the country house of Dom Fernando d'Edla.

We had a big farewell luncheon party on the *Serapis* the day we left, when the King and Queen with all the Royal guests came out to the yacht in old-fashioned picturesque galleys, very much like the one we saw at Goa. The King's was manned by forty oarsmen, all in the curious liveries of Elizabethan days. The smallest pulled twenty-six oars.

We sailed at sunset on the 7th, and the excitement and restlessness of everybody during those last few days of our prolonged wanderings made the time seem much longer than it really was. Somebody, I dare not say who, beguiled the passing of an hour by making an alphabet ; it was neither wise nor witty, but I put it among other little souvenirs of a very happy period, and here it is :

A for the Colonel, Eleventh Hussars, genial and clever and good soldier he.

B for young Beresford, talkative chap, but as good at his business as any you see.

C is for Carrington, gallant and true, with the heart of a woman, the hand of a man.

D stands for Durrant of *Osborne* renown, who can make a ship go if any man can.

E is for Ellis, accomplished and gay, a friend most agreeable, always the same.

F is for Fayrer, most learned of leeches in human snake-craft of world-renowned fame ; *also* for FitzGeorge, a capital fellow, much liked by us all, much loved by the ladies.

G is for Glyn, our chivalrous captain, brave, skilful, funny—we all owe him our praises.

H is for Sydney Hall, an artist of merit, a gentleman, painter, and friend all combined ; *also* for Hulton, the first of lieutenants, an excellent sailor and almost too kind.

I is for India, that wonderful land we're leaving so gladly, still are glad to have seen.

J is for poor Joe who was everyone's friend ; we wish to himself a better he'd been.

K for our Francis of excellent parts, an affectionate friend and keen partisan.

L stands for Lambert, artilleryman bold, who stands at attention whenever he can.

M for the minister extraordinary, " Morier," astute and full of resource.

N for the North to which we are hurrying, every soul on board anxious, not a point off our course.

O for Oliver, whose care for the engines has helped us so much when so much skill was needed.

P for Sir Dighton, so gallant and noble, whose devotion and loyalty were never exceeded.

Q for the quarrels which might have occurred had good sense and one object been taken away.

R stands for Russell, or Boosey Billy, with breast medal-covered in martial array.

S for His Royal Highness's suite, and the head of the Household himself is included.

T for the tiger so savage and fierce, most dangerously vicious, but happily caged.

U stands for *Ushant*, welcome to view, as the good ship *Serapis* passed it to-day.

V for the vapour that sends us along, controlled and conducted in the most masterly way.

W must be for the Prince of Wales, whom to serve is great pleasure, to part from is pain.

X is that mystic algebraical sign, which for those who are knowing is positive gain.

Y for that Yarmouth we so anxiously look for, where we hope soon to meet the most dear and beloved.

Z is for *Zounds*, that old English expression. Can I have been dreaming, or have we arrived ?

Another amusing little item of interest that I discovered among my papers was the following cutting from a Colombo paper, describing the Prince of Wales. The details about his clothes give the impression that His Royal Highness wore millinery in the wrong place !

“ The face, so pleasing and frank, first attracts attention, and then the light blue eyes fascinated and delighted the gazer. There was no shyness nor aversion in that face. It looked boldly forward with no stare, however, but with a kindness of expression that was most winning. One could understand how it was that Sir Salar Jung and the native Princes of India were enchanted with such pleasant features, to which courtesy of demeanour seemed naturally wedded. . . . The form is seen to be that of a gentleman of full middle height, with a tendency to a thick-settedness, just the John Bull of Tenniel without top-boots and the jingling fob-chain. A field-marshal coat is worn, and the right breast is decorated with, it seems at a short distance, seven Orders, of which

the Star of India appears most noticeable. White trousers are worn with a profusion of white feathers. Altogether the figure is thoroughly English, of the type of which we are most proud."

Field-glasses were very much in demand on the 11th, and when about ten o'clock the *Enchantress* was sighted, the Prince stood gazing through his until he was able to make out the Princess and their children on the deck. We signalled the *Enchantress* to go on to a better meeting-place, and at about eleven we anchored, and the Prince and I went off to her. Lady Carrington, my lady, and several of my daughters had come out with the Princess to welcome us home. The Duke of Sutherland, Aylesford, Frere, and a number of others who had come down with them, all came on board the *Serapis* with the Prince and Princess. At Portsmouth that afternoon we received a tremendous ovation on landing, but nothing that followed could compare with the joy of the meeting in the morning.

CHAPTER XV

OF VISITS TO FOREIGN COURTS AND VISITORS TO OUR OWN

ALMOST immediately after our arrival at home I was sent off post-haste by the Prince on a private mission to Russia. It was nothing vitally important, but it seemed to be to his Royal Highness at the moment, and to please him I made the fastest journey to St. Petersburg that anyone ever did at that time, travelling night and day, and not stopping a moment anywhere. I always used to travel at the utmost speed when on similar errands, and contrived to get across the Continent in what was then considered miraculously short time.

The Russians were very fond of the Prince and took the greatest interest in all he did, not only when he was in Russia but when at home, and I remember being very much amused once at the comments made in their Press upon a speech he made in London at the Cab-drivers' dinner. I do not think His Royal Highness was ever in or on a cab in his life, and he certainly never drove one, for he was not at all a good whip and found no pleasure in handling the ribbons. But the Russian *Molva* said : " The annual salary received by the Kniaz Vaelski is so wretchedly small that H.R.H. is compelled to make constant use of hansoms." The *Keivlanin* observed : " Perhaps

no other heir-apparent in Europe hires cabs and flies more frequently than the Prince of Wales, and the result of this condescension is that he is most popular with Londoners, who speak of him as being 'a jolly good fellow.' " Another Russian journal said : " It is no uncommon thing for the Prince of Wales to drive a cab himself. The heir to the Lion and Unicorn is excessively fond of horses ; nothing pleases him better than to shut a driver inside his vehicle and to enjoy the joke of holding the reins on the box."

I had the honour of being presented to the Czar Alexander II. on several occasions. He it was who liberated the serfs, yet he died by the hands of assassins as though he had deserved nothing good of his people. I represented the Prince at his funeral in 1881, when Lord Dufferin was our Ambassador at St. Petersburg.

The wedding of his daughter, the Grand Duchess Marie, to the Duke of Edinburgh in 1874, was one of the most brilliant ceremonies I can remember. The Duke was made an Admiral and a General in the Russian service ; he was already a General in the German army and Vice-Admiral of the British fleet. He had a more adventurous life than most Royalties. When the Fenians were making themselves so unpleasantly conspicuous in the early 'seventies one of them shot His Royal Highness in the back when in Sydney, New South Wales. The bullet was soon extracted and he was enabled to return to his duties, but this attempted assassination of the young sailor Prince did more to frighten England than any of the other out-

Captain Prince Nicolas
Dolgorouki

Francis, now Viscount Knollys

Sir Arthur Ellis

Oliver Montague



Lord Aylesford

The Prince of Wales

Lord Suffield

Col. Teesdale

KING EDWARD AT ST. PETERSBURG AS PRINCE OF WALES

rages they had committed. His Royal Highness had an accident in Gibraltar in 1882 that would have cost him his life but for one of my brothers. The Duke of Edinburgh was in command of the reserve squadron in Carril Bay at the time, the Duke of Connaught being in command of the forces at Gibraltar. The brothers went out together to Santiago, and after inspecting the cathedral, university, and so on, they lunched with the Alcalde, and then went to fish near the Bayona Budas. The Duke of Edinburgh landed a big fish, and in the excitement lost his footing and slipped into water sixteen feet deep. The *Court Circular* account said that he was carried to the weir and washed under four times, being half an hour in the water before he was rescued. A local paper published the following circumstantial account, which sounds rather high-flown in the translation. My brother's comments upon it were that the Duke was *not* alone, nor out of sight of all the rest, for he was there and saw it all; nor were they "dragged out" by the others. They first swam to a rock, and when help came swam ashore.

The *Gazette d'Italia* said: "Although it is not our custom to publish our paper to-day, it being the feast of St. John, we issue a special edition in order to give early details of the imminent danger from drowning incurred by H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh in the afternoon of yesterday the 23rd inst., at Punte Bayo (about 6 miles from Carril). We have narrowly escaped the disagreeable task of having to announce to our readers an event which would have filled with

sorrow a family, a Friendly nation, in fact the entire world, and great would have been our grief in seeing that the theatre of so sad an occurrence was our own country.

“ H.R.H. The Duke of Edinburgh, Admiral of the powerful Squadron which was anchored until yesterday off Carril, was on the point of perishing by drowning in the river Amia, close to the bridge of Bayon, on the road from Carril to Pontevedra.

“ He had gone out to fish in company with some friends, and officers of the said Squadron, H.R.H. choosing for himself a spot, where there is a pool of about six metres in depth, and in which, apart from the abundance of water, there is a strong current, due to the proximity of a mill which is supplied by this river, and to the fact of there being a fall of about three metres. He was alone—that is, out of sight of the rest, when he slipped by accident on a stone (in the river) in spite of having taken off his boots, and without exactly knowing how, he fell backwards into the pool, exactly at the point where the Mill Race prevented his making any effort to save himself. His presence of mind alone enabled him (after having been sucked under three times as he himself afterwards explained) to keep himself up, although for some minutes he was almost fainted, whereby he would have become the victim of this so innocent amusement, which had brought him to such a pass. At this critical moment an intimate friend of his who happened to be there, came up, and not seeing him where he had been only a few minutes before,

after looking round grasped the situation, and without a moment's hesitation threw himself with his clothes on into the pool to help the Duke, with the full conviction that he must be there, in fact on rising to the surface he saw him, endeavoured to catch hold of him, but was prevented by the strength of the current, both realised the situation but were unable to assist each other. Providence alone could help them; without knowing exactly how, H.R.H. gave his friend a violent push with his foot, the effect of which enabled both to get away from the spot where a few moments later they would have met with certain death, and to clutch hold of some boughs which overhung the bank until Mr. Batty, father of an employee on the Railway, arrived and seeing what had happened shouted out to call the attention of the rest, and amongst them all with no little difficulty they succeeded in dragging them out without further bad results than a thorough wetting as was natural, since neither of them lost their heads for a moment. In the Mill House they were able to take off their wet things and they appeared with only such external garments as they were able to borrow from the rest of the party, and as soon as they arrived at Carril, they embarked in the launches, which were waiting for them, and in a short time the Squadron proceeded to sea, not however before H.R.H. had taken leave of Senor Don Juan Mould and his lady who were highly gratified, as indeed they could not help being in the circumstances, Their Royal Highnesses and the other gentlemen of the squadron having manifested a special courtesy

to them, for which they are much indebted. Our Readers will see how so innocent an affair might have brought on a grievous and double misfortune which would have thrown into mourning principally the Royal Families of England and Russia. We offer our sincere congratulations to the Duke of Edinburgh on his having come out from this accident, as well as to Sir Harbord, for that is the name of the Brave Military who threw himself into the pool to save the Duke and well nigh perished with him. Sir Harbord is the Gentleman we saw with one of the Dukes in their excursion to this city. He is of colossal stature, white bearded, and in order that our readers may the better remember him, we will tell them that he it was who wore ' White Boots ' when he was here. To both we repeat our best congratulations.—*Done into English in the Straits of Gibraltar, 27th June, 1882.*"¹

I was on the Continent with the Prince a great deal, and I think I enjoyed our visits to Vienna as much as any, though the Austrian officers used to be rather scandalised because I held my partners, when dancing, in the English way; the Austrians always dance very stiffly, holding their partners at arm's length, and much to the Prince's amusement some of them once complained to him that I held the ladies a great deal too tightly. The chief attraction at Vienna was the beautiful Empress; she was nearly as lovely as our own Princess, and as charming; both were

¹ *Gazette d'Italia*, The Journal of Santiago, Saturday, 24th June, '82.

fine horsewomen, too, and looked very well when riding.

The Empress knew that I hunted a great deal, and when first the idea entered her mind of coming to England to hunt, she sent for me to ask me all about it. Her Majesty was very anxious to know where the best hunting was to be had, and to learn all the English customs in regard to the sport, so that we had a good many confabulations on the subject.

The Empress took a house at Cranbrook, in Northamptonshire, with a large paddock attached in which she had hurdles erected, and there she used to practise jumping for hours when not out hunting. I often led her, and she followed me like a bird over the most difficult leaps, not minding in the least if she took a toss, though that was the rarest occurrence. She always had so small a saddle that it was invisible from behind, and her habit fitted so beautifully that it might have been moulded to her figure. When she went to Ireland for the first time in 1879, she created a great sensation. The Irish, high and low, know how to appreciate beauty, and when it is added to a good seat and good hands their admiration is unbounded. Her Majesty took Lord Meath's house, Summerhill, in County Meath, and filled the stables with fifty-two horses, several of them Irish hunters. Her first meet there was at Dunshanglin, in February, when Lord Spencer, at that time Viceroy of Ireland, and Prince Rudolph Lichtenstein were among the field. That was her first meeting with " Bay " Middleton ; he became her

pilot there and then, and always came to England afterwards when Her Majesty was hunting there.

The late German Emperor was always very good to me, and often asked me to go and stay with him. He was very fond of yachting and loved the Cowes Regatta, where he spent a good deal of time with me. Among my most valued pictures is a very fine signed engraving of His Majesty that he himself gave me ; I have always treasured it in memory of one of the best and noblest men that ever lived.

In June, 1888, I went with the Prince and Princess, Prince Eddy and Prince Christian, to attend the Emperor's funeral, and we spent a week in Berlin. Later on I went with the Prince to Flushing to meet his widowed sister when she came home. I had of course known the Empress since her babyhood, and she always showed me much favour and kindness.

Kaiser Wilhelm is, and always has been, very fond of England and the English, in spite of all that people may say to the contrary. He has invariably worked for peace with England, but, in spite of all his really earnest endeavours and his sincere love of this country, there has always been friction between the two courts. It is impossible to say how it arises, unless it is the usual jealousy that is always a feature of courts. It is certainly not the Emperor's fault. He was not only greatly attached to Queen Victoria, but regarded her with the greatest respect and veneration. Indeed, it may be said that Her Majesty died in his arms, for he was supporting her, and her

head was resting against his chest, when she passed away at Osborne. He grieved very deeply and sincerely for her loss, and looked as sad as her own sons at the funeral.

I remember both the Bismarcks, father and son. The old man was always particularly civil to me, perhaps because he hoped to find out some state secrets, but I do not think he was nearly such a bear as everyone imagined.

King Oscar of Sweden used to entertain us magnificently when we went there, and gave us the finest sport. I was staying with the Breadalbanes at Taymouth Castle when he came on a visit in 1884, and witnessed the splendid Highland welcome that was given him. He had come over in his three-funnelled yacht for the Cowes week, and before going to Scotland he spent a few weeks at Margate. While there, Sanger, the circus man, asked him to christen a baby elephant after himself, which he did, and was rewarded before he left by seeing in huge letters on the posters :

OSCAR, KING OF SWEDEN, NOW ON VIEW.

He was a first-rate shot, and he won all hearts in Scotland. To commemorate his visit a brass tablet was placed under his banner at the castle, and the following verses, whose authorship I must not divulge, were written about it.

KING OSCAR, 1884.

The silver sails of the North men
(So runs the tale of yore)
Came over the sea with mailed men
To harry our Scottish shore.

To harry our seaward turrets
And crimson our golden strand,
And break full many a gallant lance
For the honour of their land.

The King of the North comes here again,
In this later peaceful hour,
And his banner braves the Scottish breeze,
From the proudest Scottish tower.

He has conquered castle and chieftain,
He has won the land and its lords,
But his captives lay at his royal feet
Their hearts—and not their swords.

And aye shall the silken banner
Bedeck Breadalbane's hall,
And its wind-kissed gold and purple
For ages rise and fall.

But silk shall fade and tatter
And fretted gold decay
Ere the memory of its master
From our minds shall pass away.

For deeper than the brass¹ is
Cut by the graver's art,
His kingly grace has carved his name,
On the gold of every heart.

He himself wrote three graceful verses in the
Visitors' Book :

O heaven-kissed hills ! O wooded strand !
The mirror of mine own dear land !

¹ In allusion to the brass tablet placed under the King's banner to commemorate His Majesty's visit to Taymouth.

Take, ere this hour, alas, we part,
True words of greeting from my heart.

Aye, from my heart these words I trace,
To thee, O fair proud northern race,
Sweet voices—sunny eyes—come rest,
And shrine ye in my grateful breast.

Here shared I friendship's bread and wine,
Here clasped true hands for aye in mine,
And here in glad remembrance write
My name upon this page to-night.

When in London King Oscar stayed at the Grand Hotel, though the Prince invited him to Marlborough House. In 1885 we visited him in Sweden, and in June 1888 he came over again in his yacht *Freja*, but remained at Bournemouth during his stay. In 1879 his son, the Crown Prince came, and I went to Taymouth to help the Breadalbanes entertain him. There was a very large house-party, among them the Grand Duke of Baden, and as part of the programme we had some very successful *tableaux* after the Aberfeldy games. The Crown Prince won the Marlborough Cup lottery on the Derby that year; I forget what it amounted to, but I do remember that Leopold Rothschild won £50,000 on the day, and that Acton with his "Sir Bevys" was the winner, ridden by Fordham. The time, by the way, was three minutes two seconds, the longest known up to 1911 since 1867, and the value of the stakes was £7,025.

When in Paris we always stayed at the Bristol.

The Prince, as everyone knows, was extremely popular in France ; the people in Paris loved him, and he could have done anything he liked there. A great fuss was made in 1878, when the Princess accompanied him. His Royal Highness was simply besieged by people wanting him to do things for the Exhibition and for themselves individually, and I had to see them all for him. He always said yes whenever it was possible, and when he had to refuse he found a way of excusing himself that gratified them if possible more than an answer in the affirmative would have done. Lord Lyons was Ambassador at the time, and he gave a very big ball in honour of their Royal Highnesses. Lord Lyons was a particularly charming man, and witty as well as diplomatic. An argument upon the most necessary virtue for marital happiness took place in his presence one day, and, on one of the ladies taking part in it, insisting that compatibility of temper was the chief thing to be considered, Lyons said :

“ It seems to me that compatibility of temperature is even more important, and I think you will agree with me if you consider the number of quarrels and the amount of bitter feeling that have arisen through a diversity of opinion as to the opening and shutting of windows.”

Talking of ambassadors reminds me of a little incident that might have led to more or less serious internal complications but for the promptitude and good sense of the late Lord Salisbury. Some function had taken us to the Guildhall, and, when we were leaving, the surging of the crowd in the



Per simon 1896

From
Arthur Thurnham With Best Wishes for a merry
and a happy Xmas

narrow passage sent everybody unceremoniously bumping against everybody else. The next day I had a letter from Lord Salisbury telling me that a certain Ambassador had been to him in a state of great excitement, and informed him, with a vehemence of language far from fitting in a diplomatist, that his wife had been "outrageously" treated by one of the Prince's suite, and that he would not accept any more invitations from Court until an apology had been made. His description of the offender led to the conclusion that it must have been I who had inadvertently bounced against the poor lady, and Lord Salisbury, amused at the fuss that had been made over so obviously unintentional a *contretemps*, wrote :

"I venture to trouble you in the matter, as I wish to save our friends the —— the ridicule of having this affair made the subject of despatches between the Ambassador and the F.O."

Of course I wrote immediately to the Ambassador, assuring him, very truly, that I had not until that moment any idea that the Ambassadors was the lady against whom I had been accidentally thrown, and that I greatly regretted the mischance, and trusted that I had neither hurt nor frightened her. But I tremble to think of the consequences of that wholly involuntary offence had Lord Salisbury been away and some tactless junior received the complaint. The fate of Europe may have hung in the balance on account of it !

Paris has never been quite the same since the monarchy was overthrown. No president can ever take the place of a monarch where society is

concerned; and queens are born, not made. The Empress Eugénie was the most picturesque head of social affairs that France had ever known since the days of the lovely Marie Antoinette. Besides being a very beautiful woman she had a great deal of spirit and character. It has always been gratifying to remember that Her Majesty actually owed her escape from Paris to English people, first to the dentist who got her out of the city in a market cart in which she travelled all the day to the coast, and then to Sir John Burgoyne, who met her at Trouville and brought her across to Ryde, and later to Hastings, in his yacht. Her Majesty, with her son, who had joined her at Hastings, came down to Windsor a few days after she arrived in England, and I went several times with Queen Victoria to see her at Chislehurst.

I used to enjoy my visits to Egypt. The Khedive was always most hospitable and kind, and entertained us very handsomely, getting up elaborate picnics to the Pyramids, arranging shooting parties, and so on. Sport in Egypt was worth having, too. I remember once going out with Lord Gosford after quail and getting sixty brace between us.

The Shah of Persia, Nasr-ood-Deen, was a funny old fellow. He and his retinue were received here in 1873 with great ceremony, but with equal apprehension, for tales of their curious habits had preceded them from Salzburg, where it was said that, among other vexatious customs, they practised that of slaughtering animals in the palace and roasting them whole on the inlaid marble floors.

I went with the Prince and the Duke of Cambridge to meet the Shah at Charing Cross. He came across from Ostend in the paddle steamer *Vigilant*, escorted by a squadron of eleven iron-clads under Admiral Hornby. He was met at Dover by the Dukes of Edinburgh and Connaught. He travelled up to town in a blue military frock-coat faced with rows of diamonds and rubies ; on his head he wore a tall fur cap with a diamond aigrette, and his belt and sword-hilt were richly jewelled.

Great preparations had been made for his reception, even to rigging up a special telegraph line to enable him to communicate direct from his suite of apartments in Buckingham Palace to his own capital, Teheran, three thousand eight hundred miles away. He was most graciously received at Windsor by Queen Victoria, who met him at the foot of the staircase, and accompanied him back there after luncheon to bid him farewell. He conferred on Her Majesty a new order he had instituted on purpose, and Her Majesty conferred the Garter on him. He visited the Queen at Windsor three times during his stay, and on one occasion witnessed a review in the park which impressed him greatly, but not so much as his own appearance impressed everybody else, for he was ablaze with brilliants and he rode a white horse that had its mane and tail dyed a brilliant red, and red spots painted on its sides. He was so pleased with the Life Guards that he expressed a wish to buy up the entire regiment, horses and all, and take them home with him. His Majesty went

to Madame Tussaud's, where he was greatly interested in the relics of Napoleon and the effigy of Napoleon III. as he lay in state at Chislehurst. He went twice to the Crystal Palace, the second time in ordinary plain clothes (no diamonds!), when he walked about with the manager among the crowd, and bought things at the stalls. He smiled incessantly throughout the whole evening, and told the manager, on saying good-night, that it was the happiest evening he had spent in Europe.

The Duke and Duchess of Argyll gave a garden-party in his honour, and the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland a great ball, when he was very shocked to see that old as well as young ladies wore *décolleté* dress! He was very much impressed by the magnificence of everything at Stafford House, and told the Prince that he supposed the Duke must be a very powerful and wealthy nobleman to give entertainment on such a scale. When the Prince told him that the Duke owned large estates in Scotland as well as in England, the Shah said: "He must be *very* rich. Of course when you come to the throne you will——" and he made an expressive gesture with his finger across his neck!

He asked that the Chief Commissioner, Ayrton, might be presented to him at this ball, but Ayrton could not be found for a long time. He was eventually discovered having supper, and was asked to go and be presented. But he replied with more warmth than politeness that he'd "see the old nigger in Jericho first!" and, like Werther's Charlotte, went on—eating chicken.

One night at the opera the Shah fell asleep, very bored with the entertainment, and at intervals his people roused him, telling him to listen to this, or look at that, which bored him more than ever. At last he was roused in the middle of a chorus, and on opening his eyes to look at the stage, said fervently : " Buy them all, buy them *all*," and straightway went to sleep again.

When he went away he gave valuable presents to everybody. To Lord Granville, who was then Foreign Secretary, he presented his photograph in a richly jewelled frame. Lord Granville took it, unfastened the back, removed the photograph, and handed back the costly frame, saying he wanted only the picture ! It was particularly graceful of Granville, for the story goes that the Shah had been very unkind to him once. It so happened that His Majesty was asleep one afternoon when Granville arrived for an audience. An official awakened the Shah, who said angrily that he would not give audience even to a king.

" What then," said the official, " shall be done with this Lord Granville ? "

" Let him be beheaded," said the Shah ; " and as soon as we return to Persia will I have thee also beheaded, thou son of a burnt father ! "

But this story has not been authenticated.

I believe His Majesty's visit did him a lot of good ; it showed him at least that he was not the mightiest monarch on earth, as he had hitherto imagined, calling himself the King of Kings, and speaking of his country as the greatest in the world.

The Duke of Sparta's wedding to Princess Sophie of Germany in October 1889 was the occasion of a very pleasant yachting trip for me. The Princess with her children had been paying a visit to Copenhagen, and I went in the *Osborne* to meet them at Venice. Lambton was commanding her at that time, and we had a very quiet and restful three weeks going out. We left Portsmouth on the 25th of September, and on the 29th, on sailing into the Tagus, we saw all the flags half-mast high for the King's brother. I stayed at Cintra while the yacht was coaling, and in the evening of the 30th we left for Algiers, where we arrived on the 3rd of October. We spent a long day there, and drove out to the Jardin d'Essai, where we saw a large forest tree from Brazil, called *Eriodendron leiantherum*, covered with the loveliest flowers, like orchids, the most wonderfully beautiful I ever saw.

We kept within five miles of the headlands all along the African coast, and it was very hot, nearly ninety in the shade. One day, as there was a gale blowing and a very heavy sea, the skylights were all shut, but it was so stifling below that we had to have them opened. When we neared Malta a heavy sea was still running and the gale blowing strong from the eastward; we were very much knocked about, and had lost part of the figure-head, so we put in three days there, tidying up. The sea was smooth, and everything delightful when we left on the 9th, Etna standing out plainly against a blue sky, and only a gentle breeze blowing. We steamed eleven and a half knots



Present King Prince Waldemar of Denmark
 Prince William of Gloucester, King Christian of Denmark

Empress Marie of Russia
 Queen Alexandra Princess Victoria
 Queen Louise of Denmark
 Grand Duke George of Russia
 Duchesse de Chartres
 Present Queen of Norway
 Emperor Alexander III of Russia
 Present Emperor of Russia

A ROYAL YACHTING PARTY, SCANDINAVIA, 1885

all day, and next day had Brindisi abeam. We ought to have gone much faster, but the ship's bottom was foul with weeds. Later a strong sirocco, which continued all the way to Venice, blew up, very wet, with a heavy sea in which we rolled so much that all the ports had to be closed. We were four days at Venice before the Royal Family arrived, and we stayed another four days after that. A dear old lady I met there, the Countess Pisani, gave me a rare old coin set as a locket. It had once belonged to the Doge Sebastian Venero (1577).

On the 19th we set off for Greece, and the next morning the sea was so turbulent that we kept inshore, and inside the islands, in the afternoon running into the splendid harbour of Caltano for tea, and only coming out just before dark. On the 21st we anchored at Corfu, and, while coaling was going on, drove to *Mon Repos* for luncheon. We went on board the *Surprise* for tea, and while there the Danish yacht *Amphitrite*, with the King and Queen of Denmark on board, came by on their way to Athens. We immediately went off to pay our respects to them, and found Prince George of Greece there too as acting lieutenant. Then they went on, but we had a walk on shore before going back to the *Osborne*.

We arrived at the Piræus on the 23rd, having met seven ships of the fleet off Equia, who escorted us into the harbour. The *Surprise* and *Scout* had come with us from Venice, so there were ten British ships in all, and a fine sight they were. The King and Queen came off in their barge, and

we all went ashore soon after to Athens, where most of the suite were put up by the Duke of Sparta, only Miss Knollys and I going to the palace. Guests were arriving every day : on the 25th came the Empress Frederick with her three daughters, and the Prince and Princess of Meiningen ; on the 26th the German Emperor and Empress arrived.

The marriage took place on the 27th, a Sunday, first in the Greek Church, and then in the Protestant Chapel, with a great luncheon afterwards, and at night a gala dinner of two hundred and fifty guests. We left the big party of Royal relatives next day, and went on to Egypt, the Empress Frederick and one of her daughters coming, with the King of Greece, a little way outside the harbour to see us off.

We were only two days at sea, but a terribly rough time it was, a strong gale blowing that upset everybody but me, and they all took to their berths and remained there until we reached Port Said. Next day, soon after we got to Ismailia, Prince Eddy's ship, the *Oceana*, came in, and we all went on board to see him off to India. Prince Hussein came to meet and take us up to Cairo on the following morning, and on the way we stopped at Tel-el-Kebir to see the Arabic entrenchments and the cemetery where all our poor fellows are lying who fell in the battle.

We spent four days at the Ghezireh palace, and the Khedive invited us to dinner, drove us to the Pyramids, where we saw a fantasia with mounted sheiks, and entertained us very well altogether.

When we got back to the Piræus the Prince visited the Russian, Danish, and Greek ships before landing ; and as there was a full moon that night we visited the Acropolis after dinner.

Two days later, on the Prince's birthday, Arthur Ellis and I accompanied the Royal Families to Tatoi by rail and road, through the most lovely scenery. While there, the Prince talked to me about my having the appointment of Master of the Horse, and I agreed to accept it.

When we left all the Royalties accompanied us as far as Corinth on our way, the King of Denmark coming as far as Patras. We had a fearfully rough voyage to Brindisi, where we got into the train. Soon after we left Turin the Royal saloon caught fire, and we had to turn out, Prince, Princess, and all, and go in an ordinary carriage, not nearly so comfortable on a very cold night.

Between the stormy weather at sea, and uncertainties ashore, we had had quite a lot of escapes from danger since leaving home nearly two months earlier, but the Prince's good fairies were always at hand to ward off the threatening perils, and we got home quite safely on the 17th of November.

CHAPTER XVI

YACHTING

IF I divided my life into sections a very big slice would certainly have to go under the heading "R.Y.S." I have spent a great deal of time on the water, for I have always loved the sea ; and nearly as much at Cowes, where there is only one interest in life, namely, yachts and yachtsmen, so that being there is very literally next door to a cruise.

I had been yachting for a good many years before I became a member of the club in 1869, soon after I bought my *Flower o' Yarrow* from the Duke of Buccleuch. I never owned a racing yacht, though I did a good deal of racing with the Prince and such friends as General Owen Williams and Lord Hastings, who became my son-in-law in 1880.

For many years I owned a little steamer called the *Bull-Dog*, and very useful we found her, for she could and did act the friend in need on many occasions when her more graceful sisters were in trouble for lack of a breeze.

The *Aline*, from the time she belonged to Hastings, was a great favourite of mine. She was a schooner of two hundred and sixteen tons, and was bought from Hastings in 1881 by the Prince of Wales as a racing cutter. I had many a delightful cruise in her, and raced in and against her many

a time, until she was sold to Prince Ibrahim Halim Pasha somewhere about 1906.

The biggest race I remember on board the *Aline* was as one of the twelve competitors in the ocean race round the United Kingdom from the Thames to Dover in 1887. The Royal Thames Yacht Club inaugurated it in commemoration of Queen Victoria's Jubilee, with a first prize of one thousand guineas, and a gold medal to every yacht that sailed the course.

Lord Ormonde was in charge of the *Aline*; the Duke of Roxburgh and I accompanied him. Our rivals were :

Gwendolin, *Dawn*, *Mabel*, *Bridesmaid*, *Dauntless*, *Vol-au-vent*, *Selene*; also Sir Richard Sutton's *Genesta*; the *Atlantis*, Mr. L. M. Ames; *Anemone*, Mr. E. Liddell; and Lord Francis Cecil's *Sleuth Hound*.

The Prince and Princess of Wales went down with us to Southend by special train to start us off, and at exactly fifteen minutes past twelve the starting gun was fired from R.M.S. *Norham Castle*.

We started with head winds, and in the afternoon there came on very thick weather. Some of the other yachts brought up. We made the sunk lightship, and then went out S.E. to open sea.

As the log with the sailing directions has been published, I will not repeat them. The race took a fortnight and had an unexpected finish, for though we kept ahead with the *Gwendolin* and *Selene*, who were never beyond signalling distance of us, it was Sutton's *Genesta* that won.

One day we were becalmed off Barra Head, with the *Gwendolin* astern, and the *Selene* ahead, and lying near was a fleet of about three hundred fishing-boats. We saw several large whales and a shark that afternoon. Next day a strong N.E. wind got up and we set all fore and aft sails and soon left both the *Selene* and the *Gwendolin* far astern, we having laid some way to windward of the others. We gave the crew their dinner and drank the Queen's health in the fore-castle that day, for it was the 21st of June. We arrived off Admiralty Pier, Dover, at 7.20 p.m. on the 28th, time since we started being fourteen days, seven hours, twenty minutes.

I was on board the *Enchantress* when, in the race for the Queen's Cup in 1879, she came in fifteen minutes before anyone else, but lost the race by fifty-three seconds. We started by getting foul of the *Shark*, and carried away her new mainsail torn to ribbons. This lost us five minutes, but there was a good breeze from the southward, and we soon caught up and passed the others, although we had to take a wide angle in order to leave the flag-boat on our port. But we had to allow the *Egeria* twenty minutes nine seconds, and she saved herself, as I have said, by fifty-three seconds. Poor Adrian Hope's *Lulworth* was dismantled off Hyde by a curious accident, her mast, a new one, breaking off short halfway up, leaving her lying without a shred on her. It was surprising that no one was hurt.

The Prince, shortly after he became King, had the *Britannia* built on purpose for racing, and after

this the *Aline* was more frequently used by His Majesty's friends than by himself. He lent her to me two or three times when I wanted a rest and sea air, always sending the kindest of letters in confirmation of any verbal offer he might have made. There was never anyone who knew better than King Edward the truth of the old adage : *Bis dat qui cito dat*. But he went beyond it. He would remember details that made just all the difference between a merely gracious action and a really kind one, and often he took considerable trouble to ensure the complete success of his plans and his thoughtful concern for a friend's welfare.

General Owen Williams and his *Enchantress* were always great friends of mine. Williams was a great character at Cowes, where he was as well known, and, if possible, as well beloved as the Prince himself. He was one of the best and most gallant fellows that ever lived, a sportsman in every sense of the word, and absolutely fearless. He had a very low, quiet voice, and a funny little staccato way of talking. I remember as if it were yesterday his skipper coming to him in the cabin one day and saying :

"Colonel, I think we had better shorten sail ; there's a big blow brewing, and we'll be getting into trouble."

Williams replied : " We will not shorten sail ; we will let her feel the full fury of the gale."

And she did—and the consequence was about £500 worth of damage to the yacht !

I often used to go to the Mediterranean to meet him at some place arranged for a week's shooting,

I in the *Bulldog*, Williams in the *Enchantress*. Occasionally Hastings would come too, or Sir Allen Young, in their yachts, when we would all go ashore together, and spend the evenings in entertaining each other and dining on the various yachts in turn.

Some of these expeditions were great fun; of course there was much similarity about them. As an example I will relate our experiences in 1879, when I set off with Owen Williams and B. Coventry to find the *Enchantress* at Naples. We had a very bad journey from Paris, thirty-six hours in the train, which was snowed up fifteen miles from Dijon, and we had great difficulty in getting any food. The snow was still falling heavily and it was very cold when we arrived at Marseilles, only to find that the steamer for Naples, which had waited for us a whole day, had departed, and it was our turn to wait, with what patience we could, for the next, two days later. We went to the opera the first evening, and listened to an execrable performance of *Les Huguenots*; then on to a *café chantant* to forget it, and early to bed. Next day was happily fine and mild; we visited the Zoo, and spent the evening with Harry Ward, just arrived from Cyprus, of which he gave us a good account. On Sunday evening we left in a *Messageries Maritime* boat for Naples, and had a fine passage.

We found the *Enchantress* had only arrived the day before, having experienced very bad weather, and as she was not yet ready for a cruise we decided to postpone sailing until Wednesday, but we went

on board to sleep. We got under way in the morning, but were becalmed in the bay all day. In the evening a strong wind got up, and soon we were travelling at twelve knots. We did one hundred and fifty-three miles in thirteen hours from Capri, but, the wind having fallen, we had hard work to get through the straits against the tide. Then followed several days of rough and stormy weather, with the wind dead against us, and our steering gear broken; but at last we came to an anchorage to the North of Corfu citadel, and on the following morning the *Aline*, with Hastings and Victor Montagu, came in from the other side, and we agreed to shoot at Butrinto together. We made plans and arrangements about the shoot, and next day were all up very early, going up the river in a launch. Montagu did not keep to our agreed plan, and somehow we all shot badly, so that though we saw lots of woodcock we did not get any, while Hastings missed a great wolf. Next day we separated, each going his own way, and Montagu got forty-eight woodcock, Owen lots of snipe and six bittern, Hastings many snipe. Coventry and I did not go shooting at all, but wrote letters and paid calls at the palace. Then we had another shoot together, when we were more successful, and had a rare good day with the woodcock, shooting over a hundred between us, Owen Williams and I getting the best bags. Unfortunately, we had no retrievers, and lost a great many birds. That evening Perceval came in with the cutter *Lizzie*, and on Sunday our party was again increased by Wemyss of Castle Wemyss.

One day Coventry and I rowed ourselves to Corfu in a dinghy. It was a pretty hot business ; there was not a breath of wind, and it took us two hours to go about five miles.

There we spent the morning playing tennis, at that time a new craze. Williams, who had again gone shooting by himself, came in late, having shot sixty woodcock on the same ground we shot over the day before.

Beating about with head winds it took us a whole night to get to Livitazza, only twenty miles, and we found but few woodcock, though many snipe, when we went ashore. Next day we went after pig, but after beating a great black and stinking swamp, found none, and had to content ourselves with a few snipe.

The *Aline*, with Hastings and Montagu, went on to Patras from Livitazza, while we sailed for Pegania, intending to rejoin them at Patala. But calms and head winds stopped us, and we got instead to Corfu, and next day to Pegania, where Williams and I at once went ashore, but found the Corfiotes shooting, so had to go on the other side, to Konispoli, where in half an hour we killed twenty woodcock and two hares. We had rather an unpleasant experience that day, for a native fired at us, and the bullet came uncomfortably close ; we ran after him to take his gun from him, but he had too good a start, and got clear away. We tried Pegania again, but had very little luck, for in the middle of a long walk after pig more than half our beaters deserted, and we had to return empty-handed. Disgusted, we got under way

in a stiff breeze, and anchored once more at Corfu.

There I had the hardest walk I can remember. We got into a wood, where we were up to our middles in undergrowth, and could not find the way out for a long while. We had gone by steam launch to Butrinto, steamed to the inner lake, and then walked, but though the coverts were charming the woods were too big to find the birds. However, we came back over the hills to the plain, where we found a great lot, and did not get back to the yacht till evening. We went on from there to Patras, where we found Hastings in the *Aline* waiting for us, but as the sport was bad we determined to sail for Malta. The *Aline* started with us, and we kept well in company for some time, then our steering gear parted again, luckily in almost calm this time, and the *Aline* slipped away in a light wind and got six or seven miles ahead.

We were at sea from Friday evening till early on Wednesday, sometimes close to the *Aline*, and sometimes a few miles ahead, as we caught up to and passed her on the Saturday. Most of the time the wind was dead against us, and it was the old story of beat, beat, beat against it. Then, to our great vexation, when we got to Malta an officer came with a tug and towed us into quarantine for twenty-one days! I wrote at once to Sir V. Houlton, and Owen Williams to Hoare, a member of Council, and to de Robeck, the Captain of the port, and to our great joy the Governor and Council let us off, and we were towed back to Sleima Creek. We stayed there for nine days, going to the opera

every night, and spending the days visiting and being entertained on board the yachts. We met extremely nice people, and many old friends. Sir A. Borton was governor at that time, and the Annesleys, the Crichtons, Fieldings, Greenalls, M. Gibson, and others were staying, and were very kind to us. One day we went on board the *Thunderer* to call on Captain Chatfield and see a burst gun; another day we saw a polo match. We rode, too, and walked, and had a most enjoyable time altogether. I was really sorry when I had at last to say good-bye to Malta and the *Enchantress*, and go on board the *Etna*, on the 20th of February, bound for Syracuse, Messina, and Naples.

The *Etna* had a horrible captain who would not let me land at Syracuse until too late to catch the train for Messina, and consequently I had to put in a whole day there with nothing to do after I had been to the museum to see the Venus and the baths of Arethusa.

We practically repeated this expedition in 1884, when Sir Allen Young and I went off in the *Bulldog* to meet Owen Williams in the *Enchantress*, at Corfu. We made rather a bad start, for we had very heavy weather off south Italy, and nearly came to serious grief. We had to stay, weather-bound, at Cotrone for two days, and then, as it did not improve, we landed and went *via* Taranto to Brindisi, and thence by Austrian Lloyd to Corfu, where we found the *Enchantress* lying in the roadstead. We all went shooting next day, and got no end of woodcock.

When the *Bulldog* arrived she at once became

very useful. First she towed Owen's steam launch with all of us on board, to Butrinto, where we had two days' good sport. One day we came upon a felucca, hopelessly becalmed, with Wilson of the Guards and some others on board, and we took her in tow. Another day we towed two cutters together, and of course always played tug to the *Enchantress* whenever it was necessary.

We had lots of adventures on that expedition. Sometimes we shot woodcock, sometimes snipe and duck, sometimes pig. Some days we spent up to our waists in water but got nothing. One night, I remember, after being in the water all day, with only one pig to show for it, I changed on returning to the launch, and then managed to tumble into the river, and had to make the journey back wet through.

At Pegania we had three days after pig, but only got duck, woodcock, and snipe, after being wet to the middle all day ; it was raining, too, and pretty miserable altogether.

One day, when returning to Santa Maura by Previsa, the pilot ran us ashore. There happened to be a Turkish man-of-war sloop anchored close by. The officers were most courteous, and with their men gave us great assistance, but though we worked hard all night to get her off it was all in vain. Next day we took out the coals and ballast, and late in the afternoon succeeded in floating her, and anchored in deep water. I wrote to Lord Dufferin, who was then British Ambassador at Constantinople, telling him how kind the Turkish officers had been, and in reply he wrote :

Constantinople : February 18th, 1884.

MY DEAR SUFFIELD,

I was dreadfully shocked when I got your letter announcing your disaster, and I was much relieved to find that you have got off scatheless. I will certainly do everything I can to promote the interests of the officers who lent you such timely assistance, and I will not only speak about them to the Minister of Marine, but I will also take care that what they have done shall be brought to the notice of the Sultan.

Both my wife and I are delighted to learn that there is a chance of our seeing you here. Pray come if you can, and if you do come you must make the Embassy your home. Happily your visit will not be made under such melancholy circumstances as when you came to St. Petersburg.

Ever yours sincerely,
DUFFERIN.

Sir Allen Young had to get home, so I sent the *Bulldog* on to Nice, and transferred myself to the *Enchantress*. We tried Petala, Patras, Navarino Bay, Vatika Bay, and Hydra after this, sometimes having good sport and sometimes drawing blank. Finally on arriving off the Piræus in the early morning we made a mistake in the entrance and ran aground again. But the Russian frigate *Swetlana* helped us off, and we got into the harbour about 2 p.m.

There were very few years that I did not go away yachting for a few weeks at least. Sometimes the

Fates were good enough to send me illnesses that were very good reasons for going away from our fogs and humidity ; sometimes my engagements were not too pressing to forbid my going without excuse ; and occasionally duty itself led me.

One January (1883) the weather was so horrible in England that everyone who could get away went off to warmer climes. It had been arranged that I should accompany the Prince to Berlin for some festivity or other, but at the last moment word came that it was postponed, and to my joy His Royal Highness decided to go to Cannes instead.

Then I suddenly developed chicken-pox, and someone else had to take my place. To remain behind was bad enough, but for the cause to be a ridiculous infantile complaint made it infinitely worse. Repining was no good, however, and I had to make the best of it.

I was just recovering, and very tired indeed of being shut up, though it had been only for a few days, when Sir Allen Young came to see me. He was full of a new steamer he had just bought, the *Stella*, and could talk of nothing but the new engines and boilers he was putting into her. Naturally this made me keener than ever to get out of durance vile, and I was delighted when a telegram came next day from Hastings, who was cruising about in the Mediterranean on his *Zingara*, with my daughter Betty and their children, asking me to join them at Villefranche. I set off as soon as Dr. Venning would let me, and finding when I arrived that the Prince was still at Cannes, we went on there at once.

The Riviera was full of pleasant people, as usual, and all sorts of amusing things were on the *tapis*. It was Carnival time, and we took the Prince and a large party round by sea to Nice for the *Bataille des Fleurs*. The Duchess of Montrose gave a ball, everybody entertained everybody else, and altogether it was quite hard to tear ourselves away.

But after a few days we went on, visiting Corsica, Sardinia, Naples, Messina, putting in several days sometimes at a place, for we found old friends everywhere, until we came to Malta, where we stayed for three weeks. I think it was on that occasion that we discovered a new passage in the Straits of Bonifacio. It was not marked on any of the charts, and may not be now, but it is worth knowing, for it has twenty-two feet of water all the way into the bay through the bar.

Our three weeks at Malta were very gay. Lots of friends were there, and a very good opera. Admiral Lord Alcester was patiently waiting for his successor, Lord John Hay, and, feeling no doubt in holiday mood, did his best to make a festival of our visit. We attended a naval review and witnessed gymkhana sports. We made expeditions inland, played tennis, rode, and drove. The Roxburghs and Curzon were there, too, on board the Duke of Marlborough's yacht, *Francesca*, and hosts of other friends, so that everything was as delightful as it could be.

But I had to get back to London, so I left in the mail boat with a very pleasant party, Scott Elliott of the 79th Regiment, Alfred and Miss Thynne, the two Misses Sclater Booth, etc. We



KING EDWARD VII IN NORWAY

came *via* Cetania to Naples, where an American family joined us, papa, mama, and two very pretty daughters, who were nearly the heroines of a tragedy. When going back to the ship to dine, after a few hours ashore at Leghorn, we were all so deeply interested in the newly-launched Italian ship *Lepanta* that we were not sufficiently careful of our balance in the little row-boat. She gave a sudden plunge, and I caught hold of Miss Josephine. But Scott Elliott was not quick enough to save her sister, Miss Laura, and over she went into the sea, getting a nasty ducking.

When I reached London I found that my lady had whooping-cough! Was it not enough, after my attack of chicken-pox, to make us feel that we were approaching our second childhood?

In 1885 I had one of the most interesting and enjoyable experiences of my life, when I went with the Prince and a large party on a visit to Norway, and had some swan and elk shooting. We left Aberdeen in the *Osborne* on the 22nd August, and sighted Norway early next morning. It took us the whole day to work through the fiords with their rocky shores to Odde, where we anchored for the night. Next morning we were early ashore in boats to the farthest shore. After breakfast all went walking before going to fish. We caught many trout, and in the evening rowed to the end of the lake and walked back to Odde.

From Odde we steamed away to Bergen, where we all went ashore and left by rail for Vossevangen, arriving there in the evening after a wonderful journey through mountains and along the coasts

of the fiords. We dined on reindeer, and the pretty waiting-women, all in national costume, added considerably to the novelty and interest of everything.

We left Vossevangen next day in carioles for Gudvangen, thirty-three English miles, and beautiful all the way, but very cold. We found the yacht just coming into Gudvangen as we arrived, and at once steamed away for Eisse Fiord out of Naro Fiord. From there we passed through many fiords to Freko, where we anchored for the night. The scenery was grandly wild, and the hard rain, the mist on the mountains, and the black clouds made it all appear very bleak and drear.

At Molde we found the *Sunbeam* with the Gladstones on board, and they all dined on the *Osborne*. We passed outside the islands into Enidsfiord next day, and anchored close to Monty Guests' house; we lunched with them, and they dined with us, and we all fished together in the afternoon.

At Frodhjem, where we arrived at 5.30 p.m. next day, we hoisted the royal standard for the first time and received a salute and many officials. We landed at six, and Mr. Bugge, on behalf of the municipality, spoke an address in English to which the Prince replied. Then we had a drive round the town. At Trondhjem we went over the curious old cathedral, and drove to see the great waterfall "Fors."

At Stockholm we were met at the station by the King and all his suite, and at once drove in state carriages eight miles to Drothuiholme, where

we were received by the Queen and the Crown Princess. Next day we drove to Stockholm again to visit the museum and church, and returned to Drothujholme in the King's small yacht in time for dinner.

At Lake Marler Mr. Seaton took us out to shoot wild swan, and we got thirteen, of which I shot four and some ducks ; the swans were very wild. Another day the King took us on board his yacht to see the R.Y.S. Regatta. The return journey was a beautiful sight, illuminations all the way for twenty miles, and the racing yachts, forty in number, coming back astern of us, towed by steamers all lit up.

When we left Stockholm by train for Guesta, the King, the Crown Prince, and Prince Eugene accompanied us, and the King gave me the Grand Cross of the North Star.

From Sheppska on the following morning early we drove out for the elk-shooting, fifteen guns. I got a very large cow, fifty stone, and we killed eight between us, but only one bull. We got back soon after four to dine at eight, all wearing our new Swedish orders, and did much health-drinking. Next day, all in carriages, we drove out again for elk, and Fowles and Colville joining us from Stockholm, made up seventeen rifles. Fowles and Colville each got an elk, but the rest none. A big bull got away. I had not a single shot, and the rest missed theirs. We drove back to Guesta, dined, and left by train for Haneberg.

We arrived at Lilleskog very early in the morning. breakfasted immediately, and got into shooting

clothes all within half an hour, then went by another line to the shooting ground. We reached Hassbyurga at eight, finding there all the foreign ministers and others who were to join the elk chase, and we had an amazing day, killing about fifty elk. After dining royally at the Hog Ydayer Maestor house in the forest, we took leave of the King and got into the train for Goteborg, where we arrived in the middle of the night and went at once on board the *Osborne*, leaving the moorings at 3 a.m. We arrived at Christiania on the following afternoon, and went ashore to see the Vikings' shop and museum, and next day went in launches to Oscar Hall, the King's pretty Swedish villa. Thence on in canoes to a *châlet* of Mr. Hofte, the banker, where we spent the day, returned to the yacht for dinner, and went ashore again to the theatre.

There was a very heavy sea directly we got out of Christiania, which made everyone ill; and Allen Young and I, being the only people who did not succumb, dined in the ward-room. The poor invalids must have suffered very much, for the sea grew worse and worse all night, and the wind was tremendous.

In consequence we did not make Helsingfors till after eleven next day, late for the first time. Teesdale and Dangeskidd came off to say that the Russian Emperor and Empress, the Princess of Wales, the King of Greece, and others had come to meet the Prince, but had been unable to wait, as they had to meet the Duc de Chartres. The Prince went ashore with Teesdale, bound for

Friedensborg, and we all proceeded in the yacht to Copenhagen, where we spent eight days. At Friedensborg we found, besides the King and Queen and our Prince, Princess, and little Princesses, the King of Greece, the Emperor and Empress of Russia, the Duc and Duchesse de Chartres, the Princess Marie Prince Waldemar, Prince William and Prince John of Glucksborg, the Crown Prince and Princess of Denmark, and many others.

This was followed by a week of the usual entertaining and being entertained, a great deal of lunching, dining, and supping, both ashore and on the yacht. There was a very good opera company, and Thorwaldsen's museum was so interesting that we visited it several times. The Princess of Wales laid the first stone of the English church one day, afterwards coming on board to help the Prince entertain a party of seventy-eight to luncheon, and in the evening we all went to the opera, ending up the day with a great supper on board the yacht *Desgava Rumu*.

On the 22nd we left Copenhagen for Humelbeck. We had our Minister, Monson, and Gosling on board, who pointed out to us Nordenfeldt's boat, which should have sunk, but did not. Having picked up the Royal Family we proceeded to Kiel, and arrived just in time to catch the train to Vienna, where Paget and Keith Fraser met us, and we found Count Festetics and Arthur Ellis at the Grand.

We left the next evening, after dining at the Embassy with Paget and others, for Berzenyce, with Festetics, who drove us on our arrival at

7 a.m. in small open carriages drawn by teams of fine horses to his charming house. After breakfast he took us to see his stud of wild horses, but we did not go deer-stalking till the next day.

There were lots of stags in the forest, but we could not get near enough, and though I hit one—the only shot I fired—it got away.

On the following morning I was up at 4.30 and off to the forest to try with a bloodhound to find my stag. We got on his track and hunted the slot for nearly two hours, then lost it at last and got home at eleven to breakfast. In the afternoon we went again to the forest, but had no luck, not a shot, and next day was no better. The day after that, however, walking and driving, seven guns, we had magnificent sport. We killed about two hundred brace of partridge, two hundred and fifty pheasants, and near two hundred hares, though nobody shot well. Three hundred beaters, among them many women in short petticoats and bare feet, kept perfect line. My stag of Sunday was found at last, quite dead, a fine beast with ten points, and they gave me his top teeth, the usual guerdon.

Then two more luckless days, when I had only two shots, and those so late that it was too dark to follow and find out what had become of the stags. We had really but one good day during our week with Festetics. Before we left he took us to his great place, Keershely, on the Platen-See, where we saw his herd of wild cattle and buffalo used for draught purposes—white cattle very like our old Gunton herd,—and a great many



To dear Suffield with my
best wishes to you & yours
for a happy Christmas & New
Year from Maud

A CHRISTMAS CARD FROM QUEEN MAUD OF NORWAY

good mares and yearlings. His house was not completed, but promised to be very magnificent.

We had a special train to Budapest, where we dined with Count and Countess Karolyi on our arrival and spent a delightful week, very gay indeed. Races, the Horse Show, and the Exhibition occupied our days, and at night there were the opera, some good dances, a ball at the club, and so on. The Prince gave a breakfast in the Exhibition, and Prince Philippe of Coburg responded with another two days later. I bought a team of Jouckers for the Prince before we left for Vienna.

There we dined with Lebanoff, the Russian Ambassador, and heard the beautiful Miss Martin sing at the Orpheus theatre the night we arrived. We stayed for four days, a very pleasant time, though the Prince's throat was troubling him rather. I think we must have met everyone in the place at either luncheon, dinner, or supper, for it was the usual succession of elaborate meals which seems to be the only means of bringing people together.

After three days at the Hotel Bristol, in Paris, I left the Prince, for I wanted to get home in time to see my daughter Lily before she left for Australia. Her husband, Lord Carrington, was going out to Sydney as Governor, and I saw them all off from Tilbury on the *Carthage* two or three days after my return.

CHAPTER XVII

OF PLACES AND PEOPLE

THERE are many places that have a mortgage upon my affections through length of association and number of happy memories ; but none, I think, a stronger claim than Cowes. I have only to think of the place to recall hundreds of dear friends, and an endless series of pleasant experiences, both ashore and on board the yachts, for I was there so often, both with the Prince and by myself, that it seems as much a part of my life as Gunton itself.

Cowes is among my earliest recollections, and one of the things that has struck me very much there of late years is the amazing difference in the number of yachts and in the size of the Fleet, compared to Queen Victoria's time. In 1909 particularly I remember thinking how extraordinary the change was from all that used to be. It was the occasion of the Czar's visit, and the *Victoria and Albert* was surrounded by more yachts than I had ever yet seen congregated there, while the great Fleet close by was surely a spectacle that had never before been seen. I felt quite bewildered as we passed up and down the lines of battle-ships in the midst of unprecedented turmoil ; the pomp and circumstance of everything really seemed tiresome, and the firing of salutes merely a great waste of valuable powder ! Cowes

was crowded with detectives on the watch for possible assassins, and everyone seemed to be in fear for the poor hunted Czar. I do not know how any man can submit to such thralldom ; it is too big a price to pay for being a potentate !

We had a great dinner-party the night he arrived, and the King took me by the arm as he always did, and presented me once more to the Emperor of all the Russias, telling him how often I had been in his country, and so on. The Czar was very gracious and kind.

That night we were all rather late in leaving the yacht—we were staying at the Castle—and when we landed on the pier we found that the harbour-master had locked up and gone to bed. Some went on to land elsewhere, but I would not, and determined to climb the railings ; almost before I had said the words the Commadore and the Duke of Leeds had hoisted me up and lifted me clean over, afterwards vaulting over to join me.

There were, of course, on that occasion a great many Royalties at Cowes with their yachts, among them the wonderful old Empress Eugénie, who kept me a long time when I went to see her, chatting about old times, and telling me as a great joke of a cropper she had come on deck the day before, as if she had been eighteen instead of about eighty.

I went to see old Lady Cardigan, too, that season ; she is one of the people who seem to belong to Cowes as much as its green trees do, for I remember her there so many years ago that I should not like to count them. I was yachting

near Gibraltar in 1858 when she arrived there and was married to Cardigan. He was a gallant fellow, but he was always getting into unnecessary trouble, and running into danger when there was no need. His poor lady was rather unkindly treated when she returned to England, and even Cardigan's own popularity and position did not make people forgive her. She was not at all pretty, but she had a lovely voice, and was very amusing and entertaining, and always full of vivacity and fun. They spent a great deal of time at Cowes, either at their cottage or yachting, and after her husband died Lady Cardigan seemed to like being there better than anywhere else. I felt very sorry for her, especially when I saw the plucky way in which she faced the censorious world ; and when she used to walk all alone on the lawn I always went to her, and walked or sat with her, which invariably meant that others would follow suit before long. It always seemed to me particularly unreasonable that she should be cold-shouldered at Cowes, where so many were making pacts as fast as they could.

But, as George Eliot said in one of her novels, " It is so much easier to say that a thing is black than to discriminate the particular shade of brown, blue, or green to which it really belongs." Some people can do terrible things with impunity, while others must not so much as think of being indiscreet, unless they wish to call down the bitterest malice upon themselves. It was so with Lady Cardigan ; other women were probably angry because she, though not blessed with

beauty, yet contrived by the pure magnetism of her personality to attract such men as Cardigan and her second husband, Count Lancastre, whom she married in 1873.

I remember one night she was singing with the windows open, and a crowd collected to listen to her. Probably because she was pleased at the compliment, she sang the opera right through, and a very fine performance it was; she might have been a prima-donna had she been born to another station in life.

In 1905 the King of Spain was at Cowes, with many other Royalties, when the luncheon at which Lord Redesdale made his famous speech was given at the Castle in honour of the French squadron. He spoke so beautifully that the French officers wept, and the Admiral, Caillard, said he could not speak more than a very few words in reply. They were all astonished that an Englishman could make a speech in French so eloquent that few Frenchmen could attempt it. I sat just opposite my old friend, and close to the French Ambassador, whose eyes, like my own, were full of tears. A reporter told me he had the speech verbatim, but as he was an Englishman I doubt it, for I fear he could not have mastered the technique. I had dined with Redesdale and another old friend, Walter Duncan, the night before, when not a word had been said of his forthcoming speech, but that night, at a party on the French Admiral's ship, it was almost the sole topic. The Frenchmen could not say enough in praise of him.

The number of yachts in the Roads that year

was greater than I had ever seen before ; besides these, there were big and little excursion steamers, all enormously crowded, coming and going every minute ; and so many people everywhere that it seemed as though the whole world had come to Cowes. Invitations simply poured in, both from yachts and ashore, and it was really difficult to keep account of them all ; while as to verbal engagements, I am afraid they were no sooner made than forgotten.

I remember a busy day in 1907. It began with the Duke of Connaught taking me off early to vote, so that we could get back in time to go on board the *Dreadnought* and see some big-gun practice, which seemed to me quite marvellous, and indeed I believe it beat all records. There was a tremendous party on board, so many that there had to be two luncheons, one for the Royal people, which I had the honour of being asked to, and a later one for the rest. Then we had an exhibition of the under-water boats. I had never before seen them in action, and I enjoyed it much. We dined ashore at "Egypt," the Duchess of Manchester's place, and afterwards there was a big dance for the officers of the assembled fleet. When we got home to the *Victoria and Albert* I was tired and sleepy, but the King was so wide awake that we sat in the saloon and talked till nearly dawn.

The next day I went with His Majesty, the Queen, Princess Victoria, and others for a long sail in the *Britannia*. We started in a gale of wind, and soon got a thorough wetting. It was not

agreeable in any way ; there were, to begin with, far too many women on board—two Duchesses, Lady Ormonde, and three others besides our own lovely Queen and her daughter. I do not wish to be ungallant, especially as they did not, any of them, complain, but women on a small deck, when the sea is breaking over the vessel, are out of place, and only in the way, except at luncheon and tea. I was glad indeed to get back to our anchorage that day. With a very strong tide in the Solent and a furious gale right ahead we struggled on with hardly any sail, and I do not know when we would have got back had I not at last asked the King to allow a cruiser going in the same direction to tow us to port in the Cowes Roads. He consented, chiefly, I believe, because it was the night of the great annual feast, the club dinner, and we were only just in time to dress for it. The German Emperor's *Meteor* had won His Majesty's Cup that year, and the King made an excellent speech, very warmly congratulating the Admiral in charge. It was of course reported to the Emperor, and, like all His Majesty's speeches, could only have made for peace and goodwill.

For some mysterious reason His Majesty took it into his head that day that I had taken and worn his cap, and nothing would avail towards explaining that I had not, though I never would wear the peaked caps, and always stuck to the ordinary round sailor ones. But all he would say was that it did not signify in the least. "Never mind," said he, and there it remained.

The present King, then Prince of Wales, made a

wonderful passage across the Atlantic in 1908. We were all expecting him to arrive late on the 2nd of August, though he had only left Quebec in the *Indomitable* on the 29th of July; but as they had done the journey from Portsmouth to Quebec in less than seven days, we hoped they would accomplish the return in five. They only arrived on the 4th, however, just in time for the annual dinner of the R.Y.S., even that being a record voyage. At the dinner the King and the Commodore, Lord Ormonde, both congratulated Commodore King Hall and his officers on the wonderfully fast voyage, and to commemorate it a silver cock with a comb of Prince of Wales' feathers was placed at the masthead of the *Indomitable* as a vane. Her average speed across the Atlantic was 24.8 knots, but she could go 27, her contract speed being 25, and her tonnage 21,000.

In the winter of 1907 my lady and I were both ill, and the King lent us Barton Manor, his place at East Cowes, to convalesce in. It is a very old stone house, I believe part of an ancient monastery built hundreds of years ago, and standing in the midst of the loveliest undulating ground. The garden, in which there is a lake, has some wonderful old trees, among them a grand *auracaria* planted by Queen Victoria's mother.

I took with me my tricycle, a latter-day acquisition that has played no small part in my list of joys and sorrows after I took to its three wheels in the place of four equine legs. Three times at Cromer I came to grief when riding it. Once, in 1894, an old man tried to cross the road before me,



MYSELF AT COWES

and the bundle he carried caught my wheel and sent me flying on to my nose. Old Sir John Aird heard of it and called, but as for some reason he did not see me, I rode to Hanworth next day to show him that both I and the machine were none the worse, barring a few scratches.

A few years later I was again riding into Cromer when a lout of a boy put his body somehow in my way and sent me heels over head. Hargreaves in his big motor happened to be coming towards me and made me get into the car, all bleeding as I was from a bad cut on my forehead. It was nothing very serious, but my doctor made me lie in bed for twenty-four hours. I suppose he thought that somersaults at seventy-eight were likely to be upsetting in more ways than one.

Another day a drunken woman drove her pony cart right into me, and that fall caused a slight concussion of the brain. But in spite of these mishaps I loved my "three-wheel," and had many a delightful ride on it, once all the way from London to Cromer in two days.

I found it quite a boon at Cowes, when I did not feel up to much walking, as I never cared for carriage rides unless I was driving myself. Sometimes I went over to Osborne to see the invalids, and I used to ride about on it everywhere, paying calls and amusing myself in a quiet way.

On Sundays I went to the church near Barton Manor, which was a great deal more to my liking than the one in the town, which was generally very crowded with a fashionable and inattentive audience, while the services were almost Roman

Catholic, the music very poor, and the parson gabbled as if to get through as quickly as possible. But out at East Cowes the congregation consisted chiefly of the little cadets of the Naval School, and the parson, Ross, preached admirable sermons. I remember one Sunday, just before the school closed for the holidays, when he gave them all good advice, encouraging them to be good in such touching words that I was quite upset. I never heard anything more eloquent than his appeal to their manhood, or anything more likely to inspire enthusiasm in the glory of their profession and love of their country. Afterwards I went to the vestry to talk to him about it, and tell him how deeply his discourse had affected me, as well as the boys.

I always like going to church ; it is a great pleasure to feel that many prayers are ascending together, and that those we love are praying, perhaps for us, just when we are asking help and blessing for them.

The ugly little old-fashioned town, of which my grandfather wrote in 1807 that it had been, ever since he knew it, " in the employment of the many favours which it is in the power of Ministers to bestow," and which, nevertheless, even after all these years, is chiefly renowned for its malodorous bloaters, is another place I always think of very tenderly. For in addition to the many happy days I spent on the Denes with my soldiers, it was at Yarmouth that I first met the lady who became, years afterwards, my dearest friend and eventually my wife.

The occasion was a memorable one, for several reasons. The Prince had come down to lay the foundation stone of the new hospital, and Masons from all parts of the county had come to take part in the ceremony. The *depôt* of the Eastern Division of the R.A. had just been transferred to Yarmouth from Colchester, and the place was full of the newly-arrived brigade. In our own Mess, Lieutenant-Colonel Trafford, after only one year in that position, though he had been with us for a long time, had resigned, and Major W. H. A. Keppel was succeeding him.

The Prince came down in the afternoon of the 18th of May, and after the affair at the hospital he returned to the Mess for tea. A number of strangers were there, and I noticed Keppel talking to a young and very fair lady with glorious auburn hair and deep blue eyes. Going up to them I said to Keppel, "Introduce me, please." The lady was Mrs. Rich, wife of one of the Majors in the brigade just come from Colchester. It was not until long afterwards that I realised into what the tiny seed sown that day was slowly developing. We neither of us dreamed then that to the chance meeting of that crowded afternoon I should owe all the happiness and comfort of to-day. But so it has proved. Years later I wrote to her :

"By friendship I suppose you mean the greatest love, the greatest usefulness, the most open communication, the noblest suffering, the most exemplary faithfulness, the severest truth, the heartiest counsel, and the greatest union of minds of which

men and women are capable." For when necessity arose that was how her sweet and noble nature expressed itself, and never have I met another woman so utterly unselfish.

But at the first meeting we thought only of the moment, and indeed I was too much occupied with my regimental and hospitable duties to pay much attention to anything else.

The next day all the world of Yarmouth, young and old, came to see the Prince review us. In the evening everybody in the town and for miles round came to our ball at the Aquarium in honour of His Royal Highness. Then I went with the Prince to Windsor for the Queen's birthday, and it was many months before I met Mrs. Rich again.

There is of course no spot on earth dearer to me than my own old Gunton—mine no longer, for I gave it up to my eldest son nearly twenty years ago, soon after his marriage. He had been abroad a great deal; in Canada for two years as A.D.C. to the Duke of Argyll, and in India for ten as A.D.C. to various viceroys; and though he had not then retired, and did not until 1904, after serving with his regiment in the South African war, we thought it was time he learned something of the duties of a landowner. So I handed it all over, house and park, farms and coverts, just as completely and unreservedly as if he had inherited it all by my death. Even my little old seal with the gun and the ton weight, which I had worn for many years, I gave my successor when Gunton was no longer mine; and though the parting was perfectly natural and proper, it was with many a

pang that I said good-bye and saw my son step into my shoes.

For about ten years before that we had been letting the shooting, for my large family and many expenses made it rather difficult to keep up. I do not think I was ever personally extravagant, and certainly never gambled in any shape or form, but, as Hood says of Miss Kilmansegg, I had been

“Capp’d, papp’d, napp’d and lapp’d from
the first

On the knees of prodigality,”

and somehow our expenses generally exceeded our income. E. M. Mundy of Shipley Hall, Derbyshire, had Gunton for several seasons; he used to pay a big sum for it, besides giving me all the game to cover the cost of rearing it. In 1882, while he was there with a large house-party, the house was nearly burned to the ground. One day in December the library chimney caught fire. This was extinguished, but very early next morning smoke was found issuing from a corner of the house, and it soon became apparent that the fire-engines must be sent for: the beams running through the chimney had evidently smouldered and set a conflagration going. The people on the estate all worked splendidly, and with the firemen of the Cromer, Aylsham, and North Walsham brigades, succeeded in getting many valuables out and in overcoming the fire before it destroyed more than one wing. Needless to say, it was the best, built by my uncle William Assheton, with splendid reception rooms below, and the largest bedrooms

above. In the library were all our family papers, and these, as well as many valuable old books and pictures, costly pieces of furniture, and lots of things that could never be replaced, all vanished in smoke. My brother Bobby, with Mundy and his house-party, all helped in the work of rescue, but when I got down from London in the afternoon it was to see a hideous, gaping, blackened ruin. Billy Keppel, who was one of Mundy's guests, had had a narrow escape. He was sleeping in the burning wing, and when he awakened he made for the door, but the fire had already gained such a hold that he was driven back by the smoke. Happily, his apartment had a second entrance, and he came out by that, but as he left the room the floor fell in.

Excepting an hour I spent there a few weeks ago when motoring with friends through Norfolk, I have not been at Gunton for many years now. "The old order changeth, giving place to new," and there is neither profit nor sense in hankering after what is gone.

Cromer is so close to Gunton that it comes practically under the same heading, but though we lived for a good many years in the house I built there, the place never seemed like home to me. It is always gay and cheerful, though the kind of excursionist that patronises Blackpool and Margate, fortunately for Cromer does not appreciate our little town. The golf-links bring a great many people of a nice kind, and the big houses in the neighbourhood contribute largely to the society and general cheeriness of the place.

I used to take a good deal of interest in local

affairs at one time, and occasionally this led to friction with the Urban Council, for the worthy gentlemen who compose it are very tenacious of their—no doubt hardly won—dignities, and strongly object to the smallest infringement of what they consider their rights.

A lady who wanted to be very complimentary once said to me at dinner: "They tell me, Lord Suffield, that you are quite irresistible; no woman can hope to withstand you, for you can charm the very birds off the trees."

I certainly did not charm the Cromer Urban Council. They found me anything but irresistible, for they even resented my removing the posts they had put up without my permission on my own ground, although it is entirely owing to me that Cromer is big enough to have a Council of any description.

One day when walking in to the town I met a gipsy van heaped high with baskets. I told the man to go on to the house, where my lady would buy some.

"Yes, sir; to 'Arbord 'Ouse, sir?" said the man.

"No," I replied, "to H-a-r-b-o-r-d H-o-u-s-e," spelling it for him, just to see what he would say.

He touched his hat and moved off, but as he walked away my companion heard him say to his mate:

"I wonder 'oo that ol' bloke is, and why 'e doesn't put 'is 'at on strite?"

CHAPTER XVIII

MUSIC, BELLES, AND THE VICTIMS OF BELLONA

MUSIC has been one of the greatest joys of my life ; even as a child I was passionately fond of it, though any but the best was positive pain to me, and during my early married life it was one of our chief amusements at Gunton. It is another of the characteristics I inherited from my father, who had much natural capability as a musician, and composed several chants he used to sing with a choir he trained himself at Gunton. During his lifetime regular musical evenings used to be the rule, and my lady's mother, Mrs. Baring, then Miss Lukin,¹ with her sister and Mrs. Frere, who were considered the best amateur singers of their day, were continually there. They used to accompany themselves on the guitar, and people were asked to Gunton on purpose to hear them. Nevertheless, my father always said he was glad he had never studied music, and a letter of his on this subject is rather amusing. In it he said :

“ I do not deny that there are some savages in the world incapable of civilisation ; neither do I deny that there are some men whose nature is brutal enough to defy all efforts to humanise them. With both these your music may be

¹ Her father, Vice-Admiral Lukin, assumed the name and arms of Windham on succeeding to the Windham estates in 1824.

applied without, probably, any decidedly bad effect. All I pretend to assert is that music in most instances is a science which cannot prudently be cultivated, and that it is a source of pleasure in most instances at which it is most unwise to drink. Poetry is almost as bad as music, and neither ought to be cultivated nor indulged in. The kindest thing my father ever did by me was his prohibition of my studying music, and I can never be sufficiently thankful for that degree of dulness which has preserved me from rhyming."

This was in reference to an essay recommending music as opening an eligible, agreeable, and certain road to cultivation. He believed that for many persons music excited the feelings so highly as to be bad for them; just as Dr. Johnson refused to go behind the scenes at theatres because he found that such visits had too powerful an effect upon emotions he preferred should be dormant.

I never learned music, either, but my ear was so acute that if a false note were played in an orchestra I could always tell which instrument was at fault. We were a good deal more appreciative of good music in the old days, when it was difficult to get, than we are now. People used to come from all parts of the county to the Norwich Musical Festivals, of which I was president for many years. We had all the best singers at one time and another. Jenny Lind, Christine Nilsson, Foli, Sims Reeves, Mario, and, in fact, every singer of note was enrolled in turn, for we did our best to make the concerts worthy of their name. Jenny Lind's sweet and sympathetic voice I shall never forget,

and she herself was very intelligent and refined, in pleasant contrast to many great singers.

Three times at my request the Prince and Princess came, first in 1866, when they stayed at Costessey Park with Lord and Lady Stafford, and brought with them the Queen of Denmark and the Duke of Edinburgh. In 1884 their Royal Highnesses were on a visit to my daughter Betty, Lady Hastings, at Melton Constable, and she brought them over ; and in 1896 they came again, when we had, I think, the best programme in the history of the Festivals ;¹ and the receipts amounted to £5,191 17s. 2d., and the payments to £4,738 4s. 7d. Of the balance £200 was allocated to the local charities.

The Princess of Wales was in Bernstoff at the time, and could not come, but the Prince, who had been in Homburg, came over specially, and Princess Louise, who had been travelling about on the Continent with the Duke of Argyll, came too, at

¹ The programme began with a performance of "Jephtha." On the morning of the 7th was produced the dramatic oratorio "The Rose of Sharon," and in the evening we had the poetic cantata "Fridolin" (A. Randegger), conducted by the composer. "Elijah" was produced on the morning of the 8th, and in the evening we had "Hero and Leander" (Luigi Mancinelli), composed expressly for the Festival, and conducted by the composer. On the morning of the 9th was performed the sacred trilogy "Redemption" (Gounod), and in the evening the overture to "Leonora" (Beethoven); the Irish ballad for chorus and orchestra, "Phaudrig Crohoore" (C.V. Stanford), first time of performance and conducted by the composer; and Act 3 of "Lohengrin." The principal artistes were Madame Albani, Miss Gertrude Izard, Madame Ella Russell, Miss Katherine Fisk, Miss Sarah Berry, Messrs. Edward Lloyd, Reginald Brophy, Ben Davies, Watkin Mills, J.H. Brockbank, Andrew Black, and Tivadar Nachex (violin). Alberto Randegger was conductor for the week.

the Prince's special request, although she was not very well at the time, and said she did not feel up to the fatigue of it. The Duke and Duchess of York were also among our Royal visitors that day, and in honour of the occasion the Mayor invited us all to dinner in the old crypt below the hall, where the Friars of the Black Sack used to hold their services many years ago.

The last time I had anything to do with the Festivals was about two years ago, when Queen Alexandra expressed a wish to be present, and I went to see Mr. Winch, the Chief Constable of Norwich, about making some arrangements by which Her Majesty could be present *incognito*. But some one in the hall must have overheard me talking to the Chief Constable, for to my surprise the proposed visit of Her Majesty was announced in all the Norwich papers that evening and next morning. Her Majesty, in consequence, abandoned the idea.

The year 1879 was an extraordinary one for good music. We seemed to have all the talent of the world in London that season, and everybody was giving concerts. At one of Lady Dudley's, Albani sang, accompanied by Joachim on the violin and Piatti on the 'cello; in the instrumental pieces Strauss played the viola, Joachim the violin, and Piatti the 'cello—a trio we are not likely to match. Another time Lady Dudley gave a big concert in aid of sufferers from the agricultural distress that had followed an extremely unpleasant summer, when nasty, steamy heat with lots of rain alternated with sudden and bitter cold, completely spoiling the harvest. Lady Dudley herself took

part in this concert, and she was supplemented by Albani, Herschel, and Thalberg. Lord Dunmore, himself a fine musician, was also very fond of getting up concerts, and assisting other people with theirs; he always managed to find all the best musicians, and Herschel would sing for him when he would for no one else. Patti and Nicolini were at Covent Garden that season and sometimes sang at private houses; I remember their doing so at Alfred Rothschild's once, after a luncheon, when all the beauties were assembled to meet the Prince of Wales. Liddon, too, the famous Irish bandmaster, was brought over several times that year for dances; he was himself a genius at the piano, and all his men were first-rate musicians. They played at a big dance given by Lord and Lady Listowel. I remember the occasion particularly well for a funny little dialogue I overheard. There was a great crush, and I was standing close to a very stout Irishwoman when Lord Dudley came up to her and said regretfully:

"I am afraid, Mrs.—, you will get tired with nothing to sit on."

"Ah, indade, me lard," she retorted, "I've plenty to sit on, but nowhere to put it!"

Another guest that night was complaining bitterly to a doctor who was present about the custom of filling the rooms to such an extent that half the people were wedged into one corner for the whole evening.

"I assure you," she concluded impressively, "there are at least two hundred people here to-night who can't sit down!"



MYSELF IN 1879 ACCORDING TO *VANITY FAIR*

"Admired for the inherited voice and waist and many
fascinating qualities the very pink and model of fashion
good-natured yet discreet altogether popular."

“ Good heavens, madam ! ” exclaimed the doctor, “ what on earth’s the matter with ’em ? ”

Vanity Fair published a cartoon of me that summer that must have rejoiced my enemies and made my friends blush at the thought of knowing such an object. The editor tried to soften the blow by saying silly things—that I had taught Norfolk people fox-hunting, and was “ extravagantly liberal, hospitable, and altogether popular,” and so on. But nothing could have made up to me for the publication of that terrible caricature. Nevertheless, I kept it as a correction to my vanity, and for the same reason present it here. A few years later they were kinder, and I trust my readers to believe that I am really more like the second picture than the first.

The editor’s remarks about my clothes remind me that the well-known story of Poole the tailor and the Prince of Wales has sometimes been attributed to me. As a matter of fact, it was not the Prince of Wales, nor was I the witty author of the repartee. The true story is that Poole went down to Bradgate Park to visit Lord Stamford, and on his return he was asked by Alfred Montgomery, the wittiest man of his age, how he had enjoyed his visit, and whom he had met.

“ Well, sir,” replied Poole, “ the fact is that the company was rather mixed.”

“ But, damn it all, my good fellow,” retorted Montgomery, “ surely you did not expect them all to be tailors ? ”

The Prince was very punctilious about dress, and always noticed the smallest omission or

discrepancy. He was fastidious as well, so that when he asked for the name of my tailor I felt quite flattered. He went to him, too, and so my good friend Cook profited by all the care he had for so many years bestowed on me.

In the 'seventies art and artists of all kinds were the *mode*. The æsthetic was everything. Both men and women liked to be thought intense and serious, and some very funny things happened occasionally when the hard-headed, practical, bluff John Bulls of either sex encountered the lackadaisical set who called themselves "Souls," and who looked upon everything that was normal and sane as vulgar and indecent. They were very ridiculous; the beauty of the soul is a little tiresome unless it mirrors itself in the countenance. Their attitude towards life reminds me of a story that was told me by a clergyman's wife, a good, kind creature of wide sympathies who was not the less valuable in her appointed sphere for being possessed of a sense of humour. Among this lady's friends were a married couple who loved birds, and never went away from home even for one night without their special favourites, a parrot and a canary. On one occasion the people they were visiting had a house full of guests, and were rather embarrassed to know what to do with the birds. Finally it was decided that they should be put into the bathroom. Next morning a very pretty girl came in, and the canary cried in eager notes to its friend the parrot: "Peep! Peep!"

The parrot returned, rather rudely: "Peep-peep be blowed! Have a good look!"



MYSELF IN 1907 ACCORDING TO *VANITY FAIR*

"In his dress a dandy of the old school, neat to a degree. He wears a faultless hat, the smallest of boots, and is extra smart of figure."

In those days we used to separate the beauties into two sets ; one was headed by the Princess of Wales, seconded by the Empress of Austria, and included a remarkable roll, among whom were Lady Dudley, Lady Lonsdale, Lady Breadalbane, Lady Granville, Lady Londonderry, and Lady Tavistock, to mention only a few ; the others were familiarly dubbed the " P. B.'s " or Professional Beauties, among whom was Mrs. Langtry. I had known her as a girl in Jersey, and always admired and liked her immensely. We were great friends, and she used to come to me for advice, though she did not always follow it. She was exceedingly pretty and attractive, and very much sought after.

A famous rival of hers was a Mrs. Wheeler, who is alleged to have fainted from mortification one day when somebody took more notice of the Jersey Lily than of her. Sometimes for fun people would ask them both to entertainments where they would necessarily compete against each other to carry off the palm, but Mrs. Langtry was seldom outshone. One day some waggish member of the Coaching Club so arranged it that the Prince sat between the rival stars, and in a paragraph next day they were called Mrs. Langer and Mrs. Wheeltry, a pleasantry which Mrs. Langtry resented extremely. She had no need to be jealous of other beauties, for, like a second Madame Récamier, wherever she went she was greeted with ovations, and public enthusiasm rose to the height of people standing on chairs in the park to see her pass.

The mixture of nationality and class that makes up the parentage of the present generation can

never produce such beautiful women or such fine men as England boasted in those days, and I do not think there is much evidence that it has produced even the expected energy and brain-power that was so confidently predicted. It might have done had the selection been as carefully made as it is in the case of thoroughbred horses and cattle. But the capable, brainy man who raises himself from the ranks seldom has a child who inherits his fine qualities of self-denial, perseverance, and shrewdness. The children take after the mother, and it is the children of the self-made millionaires, not the men themselves, who are allied to rank and beauty.

Madame Sarah Bernhardt, who was a newly-risen star in those days, was acting at the Strand Theatre. She amused society very much by her independence, and by insisting, wherever she went, on being treated as regally as the Prince himself, and as the most highly honoured and favoured of guests, no matter who else was present, even to being taken in to dinner by the host when there were peeresses among the party. A story was told that she once presumed to rebuke the Prince, who had kept his hat on when he went behind the scenes after a play. After talking to him for some minutes Sarah remarked, very daringly, but in her own inimitably pretty manner :

“ Monseigneur ! on n’ôte pas sa couronne, mais on ôte son chapeau ! ”

She received enormous sums here for her performances, but it was said that she was offered £80,000 and all expenses (in her case a dangerous latitude !)

to give a short series of representations in the United States.

I had been away yachting with Owen Williams in the early part of 1879, and only got back to London in time for the Duke of Connaught's wedding on the 3rd of March. He was staying at Buckingham Palace, and when I called to pay my respects, His Royal Highness showed me his presents, a room full of very beautiful and costly things from all over the world. The Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia were staying there, too, and a few days later when I went to the station to bid them good-bye Prince William was missing, and the train had to wait while I went off to hunt for him. I found him at last at St. James's Palace, quietly chatting with the Duchess of Cambridge. He had forgotten all about the time!

The family rejoicings over the wedding had been clouded by the sad death, in the autumn of 1878, of Princess Alice, who, after nursing her children through diphtheria, had fallen a victim to it herself. She was the Prince's favourite sister, and he was so much distressed at his loss that for some time after he shut himself up at Sandringham with his family. The Royal Family were always most united and affectionate, and the death of Princess Alice was a great blow. The Duke of Connaught's letter acknowledging my own little wedding-gift shows how much they all felt it.

Buckingham Palace : January 6th, 1879.

MY DEAR SUFFIELD,

Your charming wedding-present has just

reached me, and I can't thank you sufficiently for it. It is most original, and will be very useful and I hope save many a broken glass. Let me thank you also for your kind letter. I was certain you would feel for all of us at the sad loss that we have sustained. Only eleven months ago you will remember our all being together at Darmstadt, when she was looking so well and happy. This sorrow has thrown a sad gloom over my approaching marriage, which I hope will take place on the 13th of March.

Hoping that we may meet again soon, and with renewed thanks,

Believe me, yours very sincerely,

ARTHUR.

It was my privilege to take the Prince's children down to Windsor for the ceremony, and with their lovely mother they made a group which was generally conceded to be the picture of the day. The Princess was exquisitely dressed, as usual, though I am sure I could not describe what she wore, and she looked quite remarkably well and beautiful, putting everyone else in the shade.

The Princess's loveliness seemed to increase year by year, or perhaps it was that her expression grew sweeter as the troubles from which even she could not be exempt developed her naturally beautiful nature. There was never a princess so popular ; the crowds would wait for hours to see her, in greater numbers even than for the Queen. But it was not her beauty alone that won so much affection for her ; she was for ever doing some kind

thing that no one else attempted or conceived. I remember, for instance, one Sunday afternoon, when it had been arranged that every one attending the children's service at Berkeley Chapel should take flowers for the children's hospitals. The Princess and her three daughters were there, with the children of the Princess Mary, all laden with wonderful bouquets. After the service all the flowers were put into carriages belonging to various ladies, who went with them to the hospitals. The Princess and her children chose Great Ormond Street, and personally presented the blossoms to the little invalids, talking to them, and in many cases spending quite a long time with them. I think the idea originated with Canon Teignmouth Shore, but it was certainly the Princess who made it so successful, and trebled and quadrupled the value of the flowers to the poor little creatures to whom she gave them.

Her Royal Highness was always devoted to children, and it is impossible to think of her without recalling innumerable instances of her thought for and kindness to all sorts and conditions of youth. It has invariably been she who, first as Princess of Wales, and later as Queen Alexandra, has acted the part of fairy godmother to England's little ones, to the active and able as well as to the halt and lame of all ranks ; and all children adored her, beginning with her own. She used to love attending children's parties with her little girls, and never seemed happier than with them.

The Prince and Princess certainly held the hearts of the people as no other Royal couple could

ever have done ; but how often in the world's history have there been two people in their position so thoroughly simple, so genuinely desirous of making others happy, even at times when they themselves were in mourning and distressed ? Once, when for some reason or other we had to drive past the Royal Hospital at Chelsea, the Prince, seeing the pensioners all ranged outside the garden to see him pass, stopped the carriage while he spoke a few words to them. Another day, hearing that a poor dying boy in a hospital wished to see them, Their Royal Highnesses ordered the procession to go very slowly past the building, and took great care to look up, so that the boy should have even more than his wish.

They would have their train slowed down in going past a school, so that the children could see them better, and in many other little things of this sort—nothing much, yet kindnesses that others left undone—the Prince and Princess endeared themselves to their subjects.

But they did not stop at mere kindness ; the charity of both was unbounded. They not only subscribed to everything ; they also initiated numberless funds and institutions themselves, besides the never-ending private donations and assistance that no one but their secretaries and the recipients knew anything about. The Prince has been called extravagant, but very few people know what an immense amount he spent in benevolence of one kind and another.

Both the Prince and the Princess took great interest in politics, and frequently attended the



KING EDWARD VII SITTING FOR HIS BUST

debates in the House of Lords. In 1879 the South African question was the topic of the day, and about the end of March it had assumed such proportions that it was considered necessary to vote a motion of confidence in the Government, and to Lord Beaconsfield's gratification there was a majority in his favour of ninety-five. This was on the same day as the debate in the House of Lords on the proposed recall of Sir Bartle Frere, owing to the annexation of the Transvaal. The Princess of Wales was in the Peeresses' Gallery with the Duchess of Edinburgh and a great number of ladies; the Prince, too, was present. His Royal Highness was greatly distressed about the matter. Always essentially fair and just, he considered that the Government had treated Frere very badly, as indeed most of us felt. As I have said, the Prince's ruling characteristic was his love of justice; he had the keenest sense of equity of any man I ever knew, and he could not bear the thought that Frere had been made a scapegoat. Besides this he had a great personal regard for him, and was the last man in the world to be satisfied with a policy of *laissez faire* when a friend's welfare was at stake.

So he took all possible means to avoid disaster, and both he and the Duke of Cambridge asked me, among others, not to vote. I should not have done so in any case, and had agreed with several friends not to, but refraining was not of much use, since the Government had made up its mind beforehand. When in the following year Frere was actually recalled, the Prince led the way in

publicly manifesting his esteem: everybody followed his example, and even the most bigoted adherents of the Government had to admit that his recall was a strange proceeding, seeing that the annexation, the bone of contention, was allowed to remain *in statu quo*.

The unjust slur cast upon his work was, however, acutely painful to Frere's sensitiveness, and when he died five years later we all felt that the wound had never healed, and had been, indirectly the cause of his death. He, too, belonged to Norfolk.

The Deceased Wife's Sister's Bill was another in which the Prince took great interest that session. In his opinion it was reasonable and advisable; he believed that a change in the marriage laws would be advantageous to the community at large, and that the people wished for this particular alteration. The measure had passed the House of Commons seven times, and the Prince, Lord Houghton, and Lord Kimberley, speaking for the House of Lords, agreed that it should become law. But the Bishop of London and others declared that the majority of women were opposed to it, and said that any change in the marriage laws would be dangerous. So that is another Bill we took thirty years to bring into law.

Towards the end of June that year I was dining with the Prince at Lord and Lady Wilton's, when the telegram arrived with the news of the Prince Imperial's death in Zululand. It was a very big dinner, the Princess being present as well as the Prince, and Sarah Bernhardt was to perform

afterwards. In the middle of it came the shocking news, and the Prince was so upset that I thought he would collapse altogether. He had always been greatly attached to the young Prince, who had been yachting with him at Cowes just before he went to Africa, and the fact that he had lost his life while fighting against our enemies made it all the harder for the Prince. Nevertheless, he was the first to discourage the cruel remarks that were made about Lieutenant Carey, who was with the Prince Imperial when he fell, and he was exceedingly kind to Mrs. Carey, the mother, who felt it all dreadfully.

He tried, too, to stop people from saying bitter things of poor Lord Chelmsford. It seldom seems to occur to anyone that, at the outset of wars with unknown or uncivilised enemies, mistakes usually occur owing to the inexperience of commanders and troops alike, and with one accord Lord Chelmsford was blamed for the disasters in Zululand, almost as if he had planned them. The valour and discipline of the great Zulu nation had been much underestimated, and their warriors, fighting in organised regiments on principles of skilful tactics adapted to the country and their own organisation, were a revelation to our army. The fury of the Zulu onset carried everything before it at first, and made it abundantly clear that they were as good soldiers as ours in most respects ; as regards mobility they were better, for they could march fifty miles to our ten. But in the beginning we had no more idea that this was the case than we were aware of the fighting capabilities of the

Maoris, or of the Boers in later years, and the odd thing is that with all these experiences to teach us better, each generation has to learn its lesson afresh. When somebody, in speaking of the Zulus to Lord Beaconsfield, called them savages, he retorted :

“ Savages ? You call them savages ? They have defeated our soldiers, outwitted our generals, converted our Bishops—and you call them savages ? ”

Lord Chelmsford, who had suffered terribly, poor man, from insomnia, was succeeded by Sir Evelyn Wood, who had not only had previous experience of savage warriors, but was able to profit by the mistakes of his predecessor. Chelmsford, however, would have been the last to grudge Sir Evelyn his well-earned honours.

Among many other shows I went to that year was one at Highgate, where Burdett-Coutts was exhibiting some horses. I had to represent the Prince, and drove out in a hansom with Probyn, who was at that time a great deal more weighty than he is now. On the way the horse fell, and we were both thrown out of the cab, Probyn on top of me. He so knocked the breath out of me that all I could say when I got up was :

“ I say, Comptroller, you *are* a weight ! ”

It was a frightfully cold winter, but it beat all records for big and delightful country-house parties. I went out one day to White Lodge, where I arrived just in time to see Princess Mary, now our Queen, sliding down the stairs on a tray. Her little Royal Highness looked much embarrassed when she saw me with her mother,

feeling that her progress downwards had been perhaps a little undignified, but the Duchess simply laughed at her and said :

“Never mind, dear child, it is only Lord Suffield.”

We spent Christmas at Gunton, and the Prince and Princess at Sandringham, where they entered as usual into the amusements of the juveniles with as much zest as the young people themselves, the Prince even using some of the funnily decorated paper for his Christmas letters. Their Royal Highnesses gave a big ball later on to all the tenants and everyone else at Sandringham, having the Holkham, Melton, and Gunton people as guests from outside ; and at Eastwell the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh did the same thing, in the hope of cheering the farmers who had all suffered so severely in the summer.

Two improvements that we now take quite as a matter of course were inaugurated that winter. One was wood-paving for the streets of London, an innovation hailed with immense alarm by the nervous, who imagined that rendering the roads more slippery would lead to many accidents. The other was the installation of restaurant cars on the Pullmans, the first being put on to the train between London and Peterborough ; and I am sure that many people took the journey solely in order to test the dinners served while the train was travelling at sixty miles an hour !

CHAPTER XIX

THE QUEEN'S BUCKHOUNDS, AND SUNDRY REFLECTIONS

FEW things in my life have afforded me greater pleasure than my short Mastership of Her Majesty's Buckhounds. Officially I only held the appointment for a very little time before I resigned for purely conscientious reasons. I hope that I acquired merit by doing so, for I certainly suffered much regret over it.

The appointment was offered to me in February 1886, when Lord Granville, who had just surrendered the seals of the foreign office to Rosebery and become Secretary of State for the Colonies, wrote as follows :

Colonial Office, February 9th, 1886.

MY DEAR SUFFIELD,

If the Prince of Wales has no objection and you are willing to give Mr. Gladstone a proof that he would highly value of your readiness to support his government at a very critical time, he would like much to offer you the Mastership of the Buckhounds. If, as I warmly hope, you can say yes, please let me have an early answer, as there is a Council for the Household to-morrow.

Yours sincerely,

GRANVILLE.



LADY JULIA FFOLLET, MYSELF AND DICK GOODALL WITH THE
QUEEN'S BUCKHOUNDS
From a painting at Gunton

Since December, when Herbert Gladstone in an unguarded moment revealed the fact that his father entertained the idea of Home Rule, everyone had felt anxious as to the line the leader of the Liberal party would take. Lord Hartington only expressed the opinion of most of us when he wrote to Granville that "Gladstone's mind is extremely alarming." Then the Queen, in her speech in January when the Speaker was elected, said: "I have seen with deep sorrow the renewal, since I addressed you, of the attempt to excite the Irish to hostility against the legislative union between Ireland and Great Britain," and a few days later Hicks Beach electrified everyone by his announcement that the Irish Secretary wished to introduce "a Bill dealing with the National League, to be followed by a Land Bill." Consequently when, early in February, Gladstone again came into power, we were all in some trepidation as to accepting office under him, and although the offer of the Buckhounds pleased me immensely, I felt that I could not accept it unreservedly. To safeguard myself I wrote as follows:

*46, Upper Grosvenor Street,
10th February, 1886.*

MY DEAR LORD,

With the permission of the Prince of Wales and subject to the approval of the Queen, I am prepared to accept the appointment which Mr. Gladstone has been so good as to offer me—the Mastership of the Buckhounds.

I understand that I have your assurance that

should circumstances arise which in my opinion would render it impossible for me to continue to hold this or any other office under Mr. Gladstone's government, it would not be considered improper, and I shall be at liberty, at once to place my resignation in his hands.

Believe me,

Yours very truly,

SUFFIELD.

Mr. Gladstone replied personally to my letter. He said :

10, *Downing Street, Whitehall,*

10th Feb., 1886.

DEAR LORD SUFFIELD,

I have received your letter and am very glad to hear that you are willing to join us as Master of the Buckhounds.

With regard to Ireland, I am repeating to you what I said to Lord Cork, that : " the Cabinet, reserving its own freedom, leaves entire and unimpeded that of all others on all points which may seem to call for its exercise."

I remain,

Most faithfully yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

The question did not remain open to doubt very long. Randolph Churchill went to Ulster to ascertain the real feelings of the loyalists and assure them of England's sympathy with their determination to fight should Gladstone actually endeavour to force the Bill upon them. Dis-

sension among the Ministers soon became too fierce to be hidden from the public. Chamberlain and Trevelyan resigned. Finally, on April 8th, Gladstone brought in the Bill. As everyone knows, it was thrown out, chiefly through the dissenting votes of his own party. The following correspondence shows how it was received among ourselves. To my letter explaining my reason for immediately resigning office, my old friend, Lord Spencer, replied :

Spencer House, St. James' Place, S.W.,

April 13th.

MY DEAR SUFFIELD,

I am very sorry that you cannot accept the scheme for Irish Government. You have not heard that as to land which hangs together with it.

I wish Harcourt had not put me in so prominent a place in his speech, for it was absurd to put me in the same position, or even anything like the same position, as Mr. Gladstone. I, however, must bear my own responsibility. I do so fully knowing its weight, but in my conscience and knowing the full difficulties of Ireland (perhaps better than most of our friends who cannot follow us) I am clear that Mr. Gladstone's policy is the only right one to adopt, and if we are beat you will see some similar plan carried before many years are past. Probably the Tories will carry a still more extended plan.

I think it is due to Mr. Gladstone for those who joined his government that they should think

a little of his convenience if they cannot remain with him to the end.

I cannot write more now, but I am very much disappointed at your decision.

Yours sincerely,

SPENCER.

P.S.—I should have much preferred a talk with you, and feel a little hurt that you should have taken your step without it.

Anxious that no one else should feel aggrieved I hastened to acquaint Lord Kenmare with my intention, and he replied :

*Lord Chamberlain's Office,
St. James' Palace, S.W.,*

Private

Sunday.

MY DEAR SUFFIELD,

Thanks very much for your note. I was quite aware from what you told me of the course you intended to pursue. Nothing could have been more straightforward and above board, and so far as I am concerned there was no necessity for you to make any further communication as to your views and intentions.

Very sincerely yours,

KENMARE.

I then wrote formally to the Secretary of State for the Colonies :

*46, Upper Grosvenor Street,
April 15th, 1886.*

DEAR LORD GRANVILLE,

I feel, notwithstanding our conversation

the other day, the only course I can take, having regard to my own sense of what is right, is to tender my resignation of the appointment I have the honour to hold as Master of the Buckhounds. I do so entirely disapprove of Mr. Gladstone's scheme for the future Government of Ireland, that it is not in my opinion honest any longer to defer saying so. I am far indeed from wishing to sever myself from the Liberal Party, and entertain the profoundest sympathy with Mr. Gladstone, who with the truest and highest motives, of that I am perfectly assured, has brought forward a measure which a large majority of his countrymen must surely reject. I understand that others of the Queen's Household who think with me in this matter, out of consideration for our great and revered chief have consented to withhold the expression of their dissent. For my part I shall, of course, be most ready to carry on the duties appertaining to my office, including attendance at Levées and Drawing-Rooms, until my successor may be appointed, but I wish to have Her Majesty's permission to relinquish it at once.

Under ordinary circumstances I should, of course, have been very strongly disposed to meet Mr. Gladstone's convenience and what I believe to be your wishes, but in this matter, which I consider most grave, involving a greater constitutional change than any which for centuries has been before the country, I cannot allow even the respect which I feel for Mr. Gladstone, nor any other consideration, to stand between me and the

course which my honour and conscience dictates as right.

I thought it proper that I should wait until the Bill was before Parliament. Now that it is in our hands, though with much regret, I beg that you will be so good as either to forward this letter to Mr. Gladstone or otherwise inform him of my determination.

Believe me,
Dear Lord Granville,
Yours very truly,
SUFFIELD.

He replied :

Colonial Office, April 15th, 1886.

DEAR SUFFIELD,

Immediately after my conversation with you in the House of Lords I wrote to Mr. Gladstone. I told him that you had spoken to me saying that you wished to resign at once—but that after some conversation, in which you expressed strong objections to his Irish Policy, and stated your being unable to give it any support, you had assured me of your personal respect for him, and had consented to consult his convenience as to the time of announcing your resignation. Your letter of to-night does not give any explanatory announcement. I shall be very sorry in every way for any separation, however temporary.

Yours sincerely,
GRANVILLE.

This letter rather startled me, and I lost no time

in making my attitude quite clear, writing immediately :

*46, Upper Grosvenor St.,
April 15th, 1886.*

DEAR GRANVILLE,

I can assure you that I did not say, nor did I intend to convey to you, that I consented to your proposition to await Mr. Gladstone's convenience as to the time of announcing my resignation.

I have not changed my purpose in any degree, only I wished, as I said in my previous letter, to defer my resignation until the Bill was before Parliament. I am exceedingly sorry that my lack of explicitness should have placed you in any difficulty. I was surprised rather when at the termination of our conversation you said, "Thank you," though I did not impute the meaning of that expression, which it seems you intended, to it.

Nothing whatever has occurred to induce me to alter my mind, and you must allow me to say that it was your mistake and not mine as regards the conclusion to which you arrived respecting my intentions. I repeat again that I feel the greatest respect for Mr. Gladstone; but that under the circumstances I can neither support him with my vote in his Irish Policy, nor appear to countenance it by continuing to hold even my outside office under his government. It is needless for me to say again how deeply I regret the obligation which seems to me to be imperative to take this step.

Your personal kindness in offering me the appointment as well as Mr. Gladstone's I cannot forget ; it is for this and other reasons that it is most painful to me to sever my connection with Mr. Gladstone's administration.

Yours sincerely,
SUFFIELD.

The next morning came Lord Granville's answer :

Colonial Office, 16th April, 1886.

MY DEAR SUFFIELD,

My recollection of what passed was that you told me that you wished at once to resign your office ; that we had some discussion ; I made the same counter proposition as I made to some others, and that you not only did not object, but that you assented, for which I thanked you. But as there seems to have been a misapprehension I have written to Mr. Gladstone and asked his private secretary to let him have the letter as soon as he got through this evening's important work.

I presume that you will wait for his answer before making any [*notification*] of the change in your determination, which has taken place in the last forty-eight hours, and places me in a difficulty as to any communication I am to make to him.

Yours sincerely,
GRANVILLE.

The next two letters tell their own story.

Osborne, 17th April, 1886.

MY DEAR SUFFIELD,

I have communicated to the Queen the contents of your letter, and Her Majesty commands me to assure you that she sincerely regrets the loss of your services, but she fully appreciates the motives which have compelled you to resign.

Yours very truly,

HENRY F. PONSONBY.

21, Eaton Terrace, April 18th, 1886.

DEAR SUFFIELD,

Many thanks for your letter received 11.45 last night. I think you are quite right to act as you think best in this matter, indeed have all along considered that individual and independent action was more satisfactory for each one of us in so grave a crisis, and have therefore consulted no judgment but my own in the steps I took. My opinion of the Measure has never wavered, and is well known to you and to those in authority.

I am very sorry to hear of Goodall's accident; these *contretemps* always happen at the wrong time.

Yours sincerely,

CORK.

Now that after nearly thirty years—the fateful period, it seems, for most of the important Bills in our Parliament!—this much-debated measure is again upsetting the country, it is interesting to refer to Chamberlain's first and final opinion upon it. “It would set up,” he said, “an unstable

and temporary form of government which would be a source of perpetual irritation and agitation until the full demands of the Nationalist party were conceded. The policy which you (Gladstone) recommend practically amounts to a proposition that Great Britain should burden herself with an enormous addition to the national debt and probably also to increased taxation, not in order to secure closer and more perfect union of three kingdoms, but to purchase repeal of union and practical separation of Ireland from England and Scotland."

One might have supposed that such a verdict as this would have killed any Bill beyond resuscitation, yet here it is again, and it is more than probable that it will repeat its old programme, defeat the Ministry, and recoil upon the heads of its warmest advocates. Let us pray that it will do so before civil war devastates the land!

While it was progressing to its appointed end in 1886 time was drawing on towards Ascot week without my successor being appointed, and I began to feel in rather a quandary. For the Master of the Buckhounds had a great deal to do with the arrangements for that week, and I did not feel sure whether I was to perform them or not. At last I wrote again to Granville, and some days later he replied:

Colonial Office, May 15th, 1886.

Private

MY DEAR SUFFIELD,

I am very sorry that there has been any

delay in answering your letter. But I was at Liverpool, and have since had a feverish cold, which has prevented my seeing Mr. Gladstone until now.

I can quite understand the inconvenience of the doubt to you. But that can only be removed by your successor being immediately appointed, and the Queen has expressed a wish not to accept resignation in the Household at this moment. I feel pretty sure you will have to ride up the course "the observed of all observers."

I hear that the numbers who wish to strike on the second reading are great.

Yours sincerely,

GRANVILLE.

So I rode at the head of the Royal procession, but that was perhaps the item I liked least of all in the multifarious duties of my short-lived office.

Frank Goodall was my very efficient lieutenant in the field, and one day when he was riding one of my horses he took it into his head to try and go one better than me. We had to cross a wooden bridge with nothing but a low rail at the farther end as protection. I dismounted and led my horse over, but Goodall, close behind me, tried to ride across, and in the middle of the narrow planking the horse began to trot, and of course went into the stream. Happily neither horse nor rider suffered anything worse than a ducking.

Writing of Ascot reminds me of a tennis match I once played during a race meeting, when I was staying with the Prince at the Duke of

Richmond's. I forget who my opponent was, but the Prince had backed me for a considerable sum, £200 I think, and I was very anxious that he should not lose his money. I suppose the very fact that my winning was of importance rather flurried me; he kept calling out: "Play up, Charlie!" and when he saw that I was playing badly, he added: "You'll lose all my money," and I did.

I never seemed to have any luck when the Prince backed me. On another occasion, when we were at Blenheim, His Royal Highness, knowing no one had ever beaten me at wrestling, suggested a match against Charlie Beresford. He very sensibly took his shoes off, but I forgot to, and the consequence was that I slipped and the Prince lost his bet.

It really was strange that I always had such wretched luck when I most particularly wanted to win. When it did not matter one way or the other I always won. For instance, in the pigeon-shooting competition at Hurlingham, Lords *v.* Commons, I shot all the pigeons and won a silver cup, which I gave to my Regimental Mess. But if the Prince backed me in any game of chance I was sure to lose. It was actually through this that I gave up cards. One night H.R.H. unwisely chose me as his partner; I cannot imagine why, for he knew I played very little. The usual thing happened, and at the end he told me I had made him lose a lot of money. So I replied: "Sir, I'll never play cards again," and though he often afterwards begged me to, I



KING EDWARD AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA ENTERTAINING ON MONKEY ISLAND

never would. It was no hardship, for I never cared for cards ; the Prince was very fond of them, however, but then he had a remarkable memory, and I but a very poor one—except for faces, oddly enough, for it has always seemed to me one of the strangest things in Nature that with so many millions and millions of people there are never two exactly alike. Even twins, who are supposed to resemble each other so closely, invariably differ in something one from the other.

Characters too ; how wonderful it is that there should be so many, and never two quite alike—always some diversity of temperament that makes all the difference. When the Duke of Wellington was asked what sort of a man Raglan was he replied :

“ I'll tell you in a word. He was a man who would not tell a lie to save his life.”

But that was no description ! I have known the straightest of men tell a downright lie when he thought it necessary ; another man I knew whose whole life was a lie, but it was acted with so good an intention that it was surely credited to him for righteousness. He was unutterably miserable in his marriage, yet he never by word, deed, or even look, let the world know it. Only I knew, and as I watched him enduring in seeming unconsciousness treatment that to most men would have been intolerable, rather than cause an open rupture by resenting it, I used to think of Lytton's story of the man who tried to converse with his late wife through a medium. When the good lady had got into communication with the departed,

she asked (and gave the answers as though the spirit were as illiterate as herself) :

“ Are you 'appy, dear ? ”

“ Yes, quite 'appy.”

“ What, as 'appy as when you were with your kind 'usband ? ”

“ Oh, far, far 'appier ! ”

“ Then, indeed, you must be in 'eaven ! ”

“ No, I'm in 'ell ! ”

Only in this case it was the man who suffered, while his wife held the red-hot pincers and kept them going until he died.

Another odd thing is the difference in houses, in many ways so like human beings ; for though the same builder may put up a dozen on exactly the same plan, he will never get two that are exactly alike. It may be that one gets a little more sun, the other a little more shade, and so the difference arises ; but however it comes it is sure to be there, and in nothing are they so dissimilar as in the atmosphere they diffuse.

When that same Duke of Wellington was trying to decide upon a place for his Duchess to live in, someone endeavoured to persuade him that a house called Bramshill would suit her better than Strathfieldsaye. But the Duke replied :

“ Strathfieldsaye will do well enough for the Duchess, and I saw nothing at Bramshill to admire or desire, save the owner's pretty housekeeper.”

Yet Bramshill was infinitely prettier than Strathfieldsaye.

When away from home, if I feel irritable and disagreeable for no apparent reason, I often

wonder what sort of people have occupied the house I am in, or rather the room, before me, and whether they have been cranky or moody or discontented, to leave behind them an atmosphere so strong that it penetrates to the soul of the next occupant.

There is a lovely place I often used to stay at—old and most beautiful grounds, with great trees that have had hundreds of years of experience of life, and a magnificent house filled with the most wonderfully beautiful things ; exquisite old furniture, finer than any I have seen anywhere else, even at Windsor ; pictures worth a king's ransom ; marble halls, bedrooms, and living-rooms, all alike luxuriously furnished, and not an ugly thing to be seen anywhere.

I never felt happy there, though my hosts were as kind as could be ; they were *nouveaux riches*, superciliously new, and superlatively rich, and the profusion of everything was as oppressive to the spirit as the overheating by the huge fires and all sorts of apparatus was to the body. I had lived in palaces, so it was not because I was unaccustomed to affluence. Again it was simply the atmosphere, the artificial, purse-proud, malarial suffusion of their thoughts that infected everything about them. One could easily imagine that, like Coleridge's German poet, they always took off their hats with profound respect every time they thought of themselves.

It was while visiting at that house on one occasion that I was asked if I had been following the progress of a certain divorce case then being tried.

“ It doesn’t interest me,” I replied. “ I think there is nothing so tiresome as the long-drawn-out details of a *cause célèbre*.”

My neighbour looked at me for a moment in puzzled silence, then she threw back her head and laughed delightedly.

“ Oh, Lord Suffield ! ” she exclaimed, “ how funny you are ! A coarse celebrity ! Oh, how delicious ! It is good enough for *Punch* ! ”

And so it was—but not as she meant it !



Photo. J. Russell and Sons

MYSELF IN 1913

CHAPTER XX

PARTINGS

AT the Paris Exhibition of 1887 I remember seeing a marvellous map destined for presentation to some monarch. It was fashioned entirely of gems set in some metal or stone only a little less precious—jade, perhaps, or rare marble. Each country was represented by a different stone—a ruby, say, for Russia, a diamond for France, a turquoise for England, and so on.

Just such a map, I think, we carry in our minds and hearts of the places that have made a deep impression upon us through life. There is the ruby for home, rich with associations vital and glowing, a fire that never quite dies, however much it may dwindle ; then the diamond, representing the haunts of youth, and full of prismatic colours that are chiefly only the reflection of imagination. One beloved spot is marked with a turquoise, because it was there we met the only woman in the world ; emeralds recall places where we met with adventure and escaped from peril, made successful efforts, and found good friends ; the mysterious sapphire betokens far distant lands and foreign impressions ; and thus each place has its illuminating gem, its characteristic colour, according to the influence it has had upon our lives.

In my golden map it is an opal that marks

London ; so full of light and shade, so varied in colour are the memories that cling around our dingy old city ; and indeed the Royal pageants I have taken part in are enough in themselves to create a many-hued memory. Then the House, where I have spent countless hours, and signed my name so many thousands of times ; the Mall, the Park, Piccadilly, Pall Mall, St. James's Street—all full of recollections of friends with whom I have ridden and driven, danced and dined, talked and walked. There is no corner of Mayfair or Westminster that has not a friend to recall, but it makes me melancholy to think of the number who have gone.

For Windsor, that loveliest of all the Royal palaces, with its gardens and terraces, its forest and its river, that put it far beyond comparison with any other in the world, and for dear Sandringham, there are amethysts, the symbols of tried friendship—for no man was ever more to me than the Prince.

After he became King I was more often at Sandringham with him than before. I did not like to go out with the guns after I left off shooting, for I hated to see the holocaust of birds when there was no personal excitement to take my mind off the destruction of life ; but we used to motor a great deal about the estate, which he was for ever improving, or over to Holkham and to other places that in former days had seemed quite long journeys when performed by horses.

Almost my only sad memory of his Norfolk home is the death of the Duke of Clarence. Poor

Prince Eddy ; he was so nice, and more like Queen Alexandra, I think, than any of the others. They put him into my regiment, and I had to teach him a lot of things. I think I was chiefly responsible, too, for his becoming a Mason. Never shall I forget that terrible time when he died : his dear mother in such an awful state of grief, as indeed we all were, and everyone vainly trying to find something to say that might comfort his parents for the loss of their first-born. The anniversary of his death has always been kept, at Sandringham whenever possible, and I am sure that he is as deeply mourned now as in the years immediately after he left us.

Another sad time was the Prince's serious illness in 1871, when we were so afraid that he would not recover from the typhoid that carried off poor Chesterfield, with whom he had been staying when he contracted it. Just about a month earlier Queen Victoria had been seriously ill at Balmoral, and she had scarcely recovered her usual health, though she had returned to Windsor, when the news of her son's illness sent her hurrying down to Sandringham with Princess Louise. The Duke of Edinburgh and I met Her Majesty at Wolferton. It was her first visit to Sandringham, and it was rather unfortunate that it should have been on such a trying occasion. Her Majesty stayed for about a week, both she and Princess Louise helping the Princess of Wales to nurse the Prince, and then, as he was very much better, and seemed to have passed the crisis, the Duke of Edinburgh and his sister took the Queen back to Windsor. But the

Prince had a relapse a week later, and they hastened back to his sick-bed, and stayed for nearly a fortnight, until the danger was well over and the Prince on the high road to convalescence.

Clever physicians and the Prince's own good constitution had so often put death to flight just when he seemed to be conquering, that when he was taken ill for the last time no one really anticipated a fatal ending, himself, perhaps, least of all, though he had told me not long before that he felt sure his life had nearly reached its end. How often since I have wished that I had taken his words more seriously, and never left him in those last months ! But my poor lady was dangerously ill with chest trouble, sometimes so desperately bad that we thought she could not recover, and it was impossible for me to go abroad while she was in such a precarious condition.

His Majesty sent for me directly he returned from abroad, and I was with him to the end. Not when he died, but just before, when he could hardly see, he sent the nurse into the next room for me, and tried to say good-bye. He knew, and so did the Queen, how absolutely attached to him I was, so it did not matter that I, too, could not speak any farewell. I loved him as much as one man can love another ; we had been together so constantly during the last forty years of his life, for even when he went anywhere without me he nearly always sent for me to join him ; and now that the end had come there was no need for words.

Directly after he had passed away the nurse left me by myself in the room with him, so that I was



KING EDWARD CONFERRING A DECORATION UPON ME AT
BUCKINGHAM PALACE

From a snapshot by Queen Alexandra

able to say my last farewell alone. Then I just went away ; for after he had gone I wanted nothing more to do with the Court, unless it was something for the Queen.

In those first blank and terrible days life itself seemed to have come to an end for me ; there was neither interest nor savour in anything, and it was as though some icy hand had gripped and frozen my heart.

He was rightly called the *Peacemaker* ; *Well-Beloved* is another expression that rises inevitably to the minds of all who knew him, when description is desired. King Edward had a naturally sweet and gentle disposition that attracted the best in everyone with whom he came in contact, but all other attributes were secondary to his strong sense of right and fair play :

“ Oh, slow to smite and swift to spare,
Gentle, and merciful, and just ! ”

Bryant's lines exactly fitted him. He was essentially fair, and it was his absolute impartiality that inspired trust even in those who were inclined to be antagonistic, for they soon found that in all questions he invariably took the equitable view, and gave a perfectly just opinion, no matter which side he was on.

There is nothing more painful in life than bidding farewell to those who have made up all its sunshine and happiness, yet that greatest of all trials is the price we have to pay for long life. One by one we see our dearest friends pass away ; gradually our own particular circle dwindles and narrows

down ; year by year we find ourselves more and more alone ; and yet we pray that our days may be long in the land !

The following February my poor lady died. For five years she had been dangerously ill every winter with bronchial affection, and each time it took a stronger hold upon her. She suffered terribly with her nerves, too, and only those who have experienced the misery of looking on helplessly at such anguish can imagine what the strain was when it continued week after week. I never could bear to see anyone, or anything, in pain, and in the long nights, when only the nurse and I were near her, I used to wonder, as I watched, how a merciful Power could permit such needless torture to one who had tried to be good, as she had, throughout her life. Nor could anyone who knew her say that she had failed ; and the letters I received after her death were proof, had I needed any, of the high estimation in which she was held, from the Queen, in whose service she had lived so many years, down to the humblest of our own people. Far and wide she was loved and respected, yet she had to suffer such frightful and protracted agony that at last she told me she wished the end would come quickly.

Then a few days before she died pain left her ; she seemed so much better that we all hoped and believed she would recover as she had from equally bad attacks in the last few winters. One of my daughters even went to Paris, so strongly was she convinced that her mother's wonderful vitality would again pull her through. But it

was only a false rally, and lasted but for a day or two.

I was deeply touched by the sympathy everyone showed me. The dear Queen was most kind, as always, and it was very gratifying to read her tender expressions of regard for and appreciation of my poor lady. Charlie Beresford wrote :

“ You will have some slight consolation in your trouble in knowing that you have the warm sympathy of such thousands of friends ” ; and indeed I had scarcely realised, until the numberless kindly and affectionate letters poured in, how truly she had been esteemed.

But I felt a homeless wanderer on the earth. Since the King's death life had been a blank, and now home, too, had gone, for the town house was sold immediately after my lady's death, and the Cromer one went to my son.

My daughters, as well as many of my friends, wished me to visit them, but I had no heart for any society that would have reminded me momentarily of the beloved King who had been the central figure of all. I was ill as well as desolate, and all I wanted was to hide my wretchedness from everyone. So I went away with a nurse to the seaside, and tried to recover at least my health.

But I could not stand the horrid hotels all by myself very long. The loneliness of life had become unbearable, too, yet I had as much disinclination as ever to arouse the lulled, but still aching, memories of the past, by returning to my old haunts and friends.

CHAPTER XX

MY SECOND MARRIAGE

YACHTING, hunting, shooting, riding, and all the other active amusements I had given up one after the other ; the only friend I cared to drive with was gone ; nothing remained to me but the joys of books and nature. But books, though fine companions in the winter when the days are short and it is dismal out of doors even when the light lasts, soon get left on the shelf when the sunshine calls one out. And somehow Nature, whether in joyous mood or stormy, has a strange trick of making those who love her very melancholy if they dare to seek her singly. When two sympathetic souls are together in the country, what more enjoyable than the flowers and the trees, the delicate clouds, the balmy air ? The old mother cannot bear a miser, though, and she hates a misanthrope ; she bestows a singing heart and merry moods upon those who share her gifts, but sadness steals upon the spirit of one who tries to keep them to himself.

So my loneliness grew with the summer : the dancing sea and sunny sky only awakened useless regrets, and day by day my sore longing increased for he who had gone with the days that were passed.

When I could endure it no longer I put a tried friendship to a very great test. I had been



Photo. F. A. Swaine, 106 New Bond Street, W.

FRANCES, LADY SUFFIELD

acquainted with Mrs. Rich¹ for many years, and strong sympathies and similarity of tastes in most things had gradually built up a wonderful *camaraderie* between us. Now, when I was forlorn and ill, although she knew that I was growing very deaf and necessarily a bore, the splendid soul in her responded at once to my appeal, and, disregarding empty conventions, she took pity on my loneliness, and we were married.

Of course the world was affronted—it always is when it has least occasion ; and that I should marry when only six months a widower seemed to its narrow view a heinous crime against all decency. I knew well, however, that my poor lady would not have grudged me for the few remaining years of my life the comfort and happiness I gained by my union with one who understood me perhaps better than anybody else on earth ; nor would she have asked me to drag out any more weary months in dull hotels, with only hirelings to look after me, in a solitude that only seemed the worse by contrast when the sun shone, and was inconceivably hideous when it did not.

Now time steals quietly away like to a stream, and my only wish is that I could in some way repay the devoted thought and care that surrounds me. As to the outside world, I now take just sufficient interest in what goes on to be thankful that, though I am deaf, I can vote.

¹ Appendix vi.

APPENDICES

APPENDIX I

CONCERNING GENEALOGY

My father found the following notes in a manuscript journal signed :

“ A true copy taken the first of April, one thousand six hundred eighty and one. By me, PH.

(Some notes taken out of a letter of Sir Charles Harbord (His Majesty's Surveyor General, my very kind father), dated the fourteenth of May, one thousand six hundred sixty and eight, in answer to a letter of myne, Philip Harbord, Esq., his eldest sonne, uppon the account of a monument I writt to the said Sir Charles about, uppon the death of his lady, Maria Van Aelst, my mother, who died the fifth of September, 1666, as the said Sir Charles dyed the six and twentieth of May, 1679.)

“ In King James his tyme I was summoned by the Heralds at theyr visitation or Survey in Somersetshire, to show what arms I did bear ; I tould them I was not well acquainted therewith myself and so for the present was dismiss. But shortly after they shewed me a coat belonging to me, as they seyde, of the arms of Herbert (that is the field azure and gules, party per Pales, three Lyons in Argent Rampant, borne uppon a fesse, uppon a field of the same), within a border Gobring as they call it, which being a mark of a natural issue or bastardy, though derieved from an Earle of that family, and found in a visitation of Clarencieux Harvey of Queen Elizabeth's tyme, I did decline, and desired an alteration of the coates—which was readiily granted me under the King of Arms' patent, which I have to shew—and my sonne Newman tould me not long since, that searching the books in the Heralds' office about his own descent, he found an entry of that coat in my father's name or myne, which the Heralds' promised me to put out, and to enter my new one as I now bear it, which it seems they have not done, and I am loath to appear in it, lest it should make it more talked of, though in true judgement it signifies nothing being at least four descents past and noe more than the great house of Worcester and Pembroke themselves derive themselves from, and I value nothing of that nature, desiring rather to be the first than the last or middle

of my family without merit. *Quae genus et proavi et quae non fecimus ipsi, vox ea nostra voco*, as you have learnt at school. This is as much as I can inform you, as worthy of your memoriall, only I have heard that my great grandfather came out of Wales in the army of King Henry the VII. and settled in England—in what condition I could never learn. But many of the Herberts' family have pretended an alliance to me, which I never considered other than to expresse a respect to them on all occasions, which I shall ever doe. But my only obligation is to Almighty God for all I have in this world, and I humbly pray God I may ever be sensible of his goodness."

This memo my father sent to the Heralds, with the following note :

"I being entirely of Sir Charles Harbord's opinion, and even admiring his noble sentiments, have no hesitation in supplying you with the foregoing statement.

(Signed) "SUFFIELD."

"Gunton Park, Oct. 21, 1828."

The Heralds wrote in reply :

"Finding a family of Herbert seated in Somersetshire, descended from a natural son of Sir George Herbert of Swansea, who was brother of William Herbert, third Earl of Pembroke of that family, whose father again was a natural son of William Herbert, first Earl of Pembroke of the name of Herbert, they assign to him (who could have no right by inheritance to the arms of Herbert) those arms differenced almost exactly as the then Earl of Worcester bore (in token of his illegitimate extraction) the arms of Somerset. This could surely be no indignity—nay, the Earl of Pembroke, for at least two, if not three, generations bore the arms of Herbert within a border of illegitimacy, as appears, not by subsequent statements of Heralds, but by the plates affixed in their own lifetime to their own stalls as Knights of the Garter.

"With respect to the illegitimacy itself, one could be tempted to think that there was something in the illegitimacy of Herberts or Somersets different (besides the rank of the fathers) from the common, and partaking perhaps of the nature of what in Germany and some other highly aristocratic countries, have been called left-handed marriages. The family name seems to have been constantly assumed, and recognised in these branches; and even the highest honours extinct for want of legitimate issue, revived in the illegitimate. Charles Somerset, created Earl of Worcester by Henry VIII. was the natural son of a Duke of Somerset; and William Herbert,

created Earl of Pembroke by Edward VI. was son of an illegitimate brother of William Herbert second Earl of Pembroke, of that family, who died without male issue. Had the Earldom of Pembroke become again extinct on the death of William the fifth Earl, and the old precedent been followed, there would have been nothing to prevent its being revived in the very Sir Charles Harbord, as I take it he stood then next kinsman. I am, &c., &c.,

"F. TOWNSEND."

But we did not agree with this reasoning, and preferred the simpler derivation, minus both the "something different" and the probable honours of the Heralds' theory.

APPENDIX II

SIR CHARLES HARBORD, JUN., AND THE BATTLE OF SOLE BAY

As I have said before, the most interesting of my old ancestor's sons was his namesake, the fourth, who was so great a friend of Admiral Montagu, afterwards Earl of Sandwich.¹

He was a general favourite, and no doubt his persuasive tongue seconded the Admiral's desire that the officers of the Fleet should tender their duty to the as yet uncrowned Monarch. It was probably when the Admiral was created Earl for his services in restoring the King that Charles Harbord was knighted. The Earl became a Privy Councillor and spent some time in London with his family, when Charles appears to have been with him, for Pepys, in his diary, frequently mentions meeting him at dinners and so on. But in 1665, when war was declared against the Netherlands, my kinsman again sailed with his friend.

¹ Sir Edward Montagu, K.G., raised a regiment of 1,000 men in Cambridgeshire and the Isle of Ely, 1643, for the Parliament, and distinguished himself at the storming of Lincoln, 1644, at the Battle of Marston Moor, at the Battle of Naseby, 1645, and the storming of Bridgewater and Bristol; knight of the Shire Hunts, 1644-7, a lord of the treasury, 1654, had command of the fleet in 1660, and in that capacity took a most important part in the restoration of Charles II., who made him knight of the garter, and on July 12th, 1660, created him Baron Montagu, of St. Neots, Hunts, Viscount Hinchbrook, Hunts, and Earl of Sandwich, Kent; sworn P.C., made master of the great wardrobe, adm: of the Narrow Seas, lieut. adm: to H.R.H. the Duke of York, Lord High Adm: of England, carried St. Edward's Staff at the Coronation, April 23rd, 1661; on a rupture with the States Gen. in 1664 he served as vice-adm: under the Duke of York, and repeatedly defeated the Dutch Fleet, and also in 1672, when he encountered the Dutch Fleet in Southwold Bay, and lost his life 28 May, 1672 (bur. in Westminster Abbey). B. 27th July, 1625; m. 7th November, 1642, Jemima, daughter of John, Lord Crewe, of Stene, and had with other issue five sons.

The English Fleet, though Comminges called it "the finest sight in the world," was a very modest one at the time; it consisted of only one hundred and forty-four sail, besides fireships. It was commanded by the King's brother, the Duke of York, who had Prince Rupert and Lord Sandwich under him, and about twenty-two thousand men. The Dutch Fleet, under Admiral Opdam, who had as one of his captains a son of Van Tromp of broom-stick fame, consisted of one hundred and thirty sail. But the ships were larger, thanks to John de Witt, than the Dutch had ever owned before, and the two Fleets were quite well matched.

A fierce battle took place off Lowestoft, and Admiral Opdam's ship blew up when engaged with the Duke's, the *Royal George*. This catastrophe completely disheartened the Dutch, who fled homewards, only Van Tromp, who protected the retreat, continuing to show fight. The Dutch lost nineteen ships, sunk and taken; the English only one. But the engagement was sufficiently disastrous to us, nevertheless, for the Earls of Marlborough, Portland, and Falmouth, Lord Muskerry, Sir John Lawson, and Admiral Samson were all killed.

Parliament voted the Duke of York £120,000 in reward for this victory, but Lord Sandwich protested that it was he who had borne the brunt of the battle, and that victory would have been even more complete had not orders to sail come from the *Royal George*. It was allowed, however, that the Duke showed great gallantry during the action, and the Queen-Mother was so much alarmed by the danger he had been in that she persuaded the King not to allow him to expose his life again. The command of the Fleet was then given to Lord Sandwich, and the next important engagement they were in took place later in the same year (1665). The Dutch East India Fleet had put into Bergen by invitation of the King of Denmark, who had secretly agreed with King Charles that they should share the spoil. He despatched a squadron under Sir Thomas Tyddiman to attack the Fleet lying in port, but through some miscarriage of order the Governor of the Castle fired on the English ships. The Dutch made a good resistance; one of our ships was sunk and the rest had to put out to sea again. Then de Witt himself went to the protection of the richly-laden merchantmen with a number of war-ships. But a great storm scattered the vessels, and Lord Sandwich captured two men-of-war, two of the richest Indiamen, and twenty smaller ships, with which he triumphantly returned home. Then he made the mistake of appropriating to him-

self and dividing among his officers the bulk of the spoil, and the command of the Fleet was taken from him.

He was, however, sent as Ambassador to Spain, and thither Charles Harbord, faithful still, in spite of the Earl's disgrace, accompanied him, with another enthusiastic adherent, young Cottrell, the son of Sir Charles Cottrell, Master of the Ceremonies to the King. Charles Cottrell was a very handsome youth with most attractive manners, and remarkably gifted, especially in languages, of which, at twenty-two, he spoke seven in addition to his own. He and Charles Harbord were great friends, and with Lord Sandwich once more went to sea in 1672.

In those days the most honourable of admirals was but one degree removed from the profession of pirate ; his uniform and his commission made the difference, for in heart and method he was just as ruthlessly belligerent as his unofficial brother. Lord Sandwich was still in Spain pursuing a most peaceful avocation when one of the worst piracies was committed by the English Fleet, just before war was again declared against the Dutch.

Sir Robert Holmes with nine frigates and three yachts set out one day in the hope of intercepting the Dutch Fleet of seventy sail, valued at one million and a half. In the Channel he met Admiral Sprague returning with a squadron from Medina, who told him the Dutch were close at hand. Holmes, hoping to accomplish his raid unaided, said nothing to Sprague of his intentions, but went gaily on with his little Fleet. When they met the Dutchmen he assumed a most friendly aspect, and invited Van Ness, the Admiral, on board, whilst one of his Captains gave a similar invitation to the Rear-Admiral.

But the Hollanders were not to be hoodwinked so easily. Rumours of England's designs had somehow got abroad, and Van Ness was on guard with all his ships of war and the merchantmen they escorted in readiness for battle. Throwing off the mask, Holmes attacked them, but three times the Dutch beat him off, though one of their battle-ships and four of the smaller merchantmen fell into the hands of the English. The rest got away, favoured by a fog, and when their complaint reached the English the Government affected to be very angry with Holmes, who pretended that it had been a casual encounter and wholly unpremeditated. War was declared immediately after, and the Earl of Sandwich took command of the Blue Squadron under the Duke of York.

De Witt had always insisted upon keeping the Dutch Fleet

thoroughly up-to-date, and they now set out under de Ruyter with ninety-one ships of war and forty-four fireships. The English Fleet was lying at Sole Bay (or Southwold Bay) off Suffolk, under the Duke of York, with the French Fleet, under Marshal D'Estrées. The allied Fleets consisted of sixty-five English ships and thirty-six French ships. Lord Sandwich warned the Duke of York that the Fleets were too negligently disposed in case of attack, and that, the wind being from the N.E., they were liable to be surprised by the enemy. But the Duke insolently retorted that the Earl was more cautious than courageous, and took no notice of his warning.

Suddenly, on the 28th of May the enemy appeared. There was instant confusion amongst the allies. The Lord High Admiral of England had allowed all who wished to go ashore, "to make ready," says Burnet,¹ "for the usual disorders of the 29th of May." Consequently, when the alarm came the officers had to dash back to their ships; in many cases cables had to be cut in order that the vessels might get into position.

The Fleets were so closely packed that De Ruyter's fireships could easily have destroyed them all had he once got into the Bay. The first thing necessary was to keep the Dutch outside, and the Earl of Sandwich hastened out in the *Royal James*, his flagship, into the open roadstead to give the Duke and Marshal d'Estrées time to arrange themselves whilst he engaged the enemy. He was naturally furious at the Duke's insinuation, and determined to die rather than be conquered.

Soon Admiral Van Ghent's ship of sixty guns came close to the *Royal James*. It was boarded by young Cottrell, who pulled down the Dutch ensign and got back unwounded to his own ship, which had meanwhile beaten off the too daring Dutchman and killed its Admiral. Another Dutchman tried to board the *Royal James* and was promptly sunk; and three fire-ships were sent to the bottom to keep her company. After six hours of hard fighting they were still thundering away at the Dutchmen as if they had only just begun. Sir William Penn writes in his memoirs: "The Earl of Sandwich especially was grievously crippled and reduced almost to a hulk."

Meanwhile the Duke of York and De Ruyter were fighting with such fury that the Dutch Admiral afterwards declared it was the fiercest combat of all the thirty-two actions in which he had taken part. So fearful was the damage that at last the Duke removed his flag and himself to another ship. This happened when the battle was at its height, and the *Royal James*, a mere wreck, torn in pieces with shot and shell, was in even worse case

¹ Burnet's *History of His Own Times*.

than the Duke's ship. The Earl sent to his second in command, Sir Joseph Jordan, for assistance, but that Admiral was just then hastening to the succour of the Duke of York, and ignored his own chief's need. Then a fourth fireship engaged the poor crippled *Royal James*. She was luckier than her sisters, and effected her purpose; the flag-ship burst into flame. Campbell describes the end as follows:

"Of her crew of a thousand, six hundred lay in frightful slaughter on the decks, and the flames threatened a still more painful death to the remainder. The Earl, seeing that all human efforts were in vain, ordered his Captain, Sir Richard Haddock, and the other survivors to save themselves the best way they could, and then retired to his cabin. Sir Richard followed thither and urged him to save his life in a boat that still waited for him. But the Earl, raising his face from the handkerchief he held in his hand, firmly refused, saying, 'I see how things go, and I am resolved to perish with the ship.'"

Charles Harbord, though a practised swimmer, and his friend Clement Cottrell, would not leave their chief; they remained on the deserted deck, and perished together in the explosion that sent the remnants of the gallant flag-ship to the winds.¹

The fighting went on, though less furiously, for both sides were severely damaged, until sunset, when the Dutch crept away; the English, weakened and dispirited, did not follow them. Their allies, the Frenchmen, had scarcely taken any part in the action, and it was generally believed that they never intended to do so, but simply wished to egg on the opposing Fleets until both were annihilated.

At first it was hoped that the Earl had escaped, but a few days later his body was picked up intact. This rather contradicts the statement that he was blown up with the ship, and it is more probable that at the last moment, supposing everyone else had left, he jumped from his cabin window into the sea. His son-in-law, Philip Carteret, husband of Lady Jemima Montague, who was on board with him, also lost his life in this encounter.

Bishop Parker, in his *History of My Own Times*, says of the Earl: "He was a gentleman adorned with all the virtues of Alcibiades, and untainted by any of his vices: of high birth, full of wisdom, a great commander at sea and on land; also learned and eloquent; affable, liberal, and magnificent." He was forty-seven at the time of his death.

¹ We have a large picture at Gunton, I do not know by whom, showing the two friends together on deck resisting the appeals of the Captain and others to leave the burning ship with them.

By some mistake Evelyn called his ship the *Prince* instead of the *Royal James*. In his diary he says :

" I received another command to repair to the seaside ; so I went to Rochester, where I found many wounded, sick, and prisoners, newly put on shore after the engagement on the 28th, in which the Earl of Sandwich, that incomparable person and my particular friend, and divers more whom I loved were lost. My Lord (who was Admiral of the Blue) was in the *Prince*, which was burnt, one of the best men-of-war that ever spread canvas on the sea. There were lost with this brave man, a son of Sir Charles Cotterell (Master of the Ceremonies), and a son of Sir Charles Harbord (his Majesty's Surveyor-General), two valiant and most accomplished youths, full of virtue and courage, who might have saved themselves ; but chose to perish with my Lord, whom they honoured and loved above their own lives.

" Here, I cannot but make some reflections on things past. It was not above a day or two that going to Whitehall to take leave of his Lordship, who had his lodgings in the Privy-Garden, shaking me by the hand he bid me good-bye, and said he thought he should see me no more, and I saw, to my thinking, something boding in his countenance : ' No,' says he, ' they will not have me live. Had I lost a fleet (meaning on his return from Bergen when he took the East India prize) I should have fared better ; but, be as it pleases God—I must do something, I know not what, to save my reputation.' Something to this effect, he had hinted to me ; thus I took my leave. I well remember that the Duke of Albemarle, and my now Lord Clifford, had, I know not why, no great opinion of his courage, because on former conflicts, being an able and experienced seaman (which neither of them were), he always brought off his majesty's ships without loss, though not without as many marks of true courage as the stoutest of them ; and I am a witness that, in the late war, his own ship was pierced like a colander. But the business was, he was utterly against this war from the beginning, and abhorred the attacking of the Smyrna Fleet ; he did not favour the heady expedition of Clifford at Bergen, nor was he so furious and confident as was the Duke of Albemarle, who believed he could vanquish the Hollanders with one squadron. My Lord Sandwich was prudent as well as valiant, and always governed his affairs with success and little loss ; he was for deliberation and reason, they for action and slaughter without either ; and for this, whispered as if My Lord Sandwich was not so gallant, because he was not so rash, and knew how fatal it was to lose a fleet,

such as was that under his conduct, and for which these very persons would have censured him on the other side. This it was, I am confident, grieved him, and made him enter like a lion, and fight like one, too, in the midst of the hottest service, where the stoutest of the rest seeing him engaged, and so many ships upon him, durst not, or would not, come to his succour, as some of them, whom I know, might have done. Thus, this gallant person perished, to gratify the pride and envy of some I named.

“Deplorable was the loss of one of the best accomplished persons, not only of this nation but of any other. He was learned in sea-affairs, in politics, in mathematics, and in music ; he had been on divers embassies, was of a sweet and obliging temper, sober, chaste, very ingenious, a true nobleman, an ornament to the Court, and his Prince ; nor has he left any behind him who approach his many virtues.

“He had, I confess, served the tyrant Cromwell, when a young man, but it was without malice, as a soldier of fortune ; and he readily submitted, and that with joy, bringing an entire fleet with him, from the Sound, at the first tidings of his Majesty’s restoration. I verily believe him as faithful a subject as any that were not his friends. I am yet heartily grieved at this mighty loss, nor do I call it to my thoughts without emotion.

“Next day I sailed to the fleet, now riding at the buoy of the Nore, where I met his Majesty, the Duke, Lord Arlington, and all the great men, in the Charles, lying miserably shattered ; but the miss of Lord Sandwich redoubled the loss to me, and showed the folly of hazarding so brave a fleet, and losing so many good men, for no provocation but that the Hollanders exceeded us in industry, and in all things but envy.”¹

After the disaster at Sole Bay the Earl was buried in Westminster Abbey, and Sir Charles Harbord and Sir Charles Cottrell, the bereaved fathers of the two young lieutenants, were with William Harbord and Samuel Pepys among the pall-bearers.

APPENDIX III

SIR CHARLES HARBORD, SENIOR, AND HIS SON WILLIAM

Old Sir Charles, besides being King Charles’ Surveyor-General, was also a politician, and as Member for Launceston

¹ Evelyn’s Diary, vol. ii., ch. I., p. 80.

he is frequently quoted in "Grey's Debates." It appears that, although not a verbose speaker in the House, the little he said was invariably very much to the point. Burnet describes him as a "very rich and covetous man, who knew England well, and his parts were very quick about him in that great age, being past eighty." He adds: "A lively repartee was made by his own son to him in the Debate on supplies. Sir Charles said that 'The right way of dealing with the King, and of gaining him to them was to lay their hands on their purses, and to deal roundly with him.' So his son said he seconded the motion: but he meant that they should lay their hands on their purses as he himself did, and hold them well, that no money should go out of them."

Grey reports this story differently. He says: "Sir Charles Harbord in the debate on Navy Stores remarked that 'In the year 1601 the French had but three ships of war; they were afraid of Queen Bess, and durst build no more. The French increasing this rate in shipping as we are told, 'tis high time to lay your hands upon your hearts and purses.'"

Sir Thomas Meres retorted that "He would lay his hand upon his purse as Harbord does to keep his money in it."

Charles II. apparently made him a grant for his services, for when the re-assumption of Crown lands was under discussion Charles Goring cited him as one of those to whom such property had been given. Sir Charles evidently resented this as a reproach, for he said:

"I have both before and since I was the King's servant endeavoured to prevent grants of the Crown lands. But when they are passed I would not have the King less just nor honest than another man. . . . The King has granted me four Manors at four hundred pounds each, not a farthing profit to me as long as the Queen lives. As I have saved the Crown eighty thousand pounds at a time I desire only a mark of my service and that is all."

The Speaker sympathetically seconded him, saying:

"Cast your thoughts back a little and remember that never any King can enter his Kingdom with such a debt of bounty as this King had to reward. Though their interest was given up for the public peace, yet some compensation they might expect of their lost fortune for preservation of the Government, and you now lay upon them a charge for that loyalty. If you lay the charge on these Gentlemen it is unjust. If on the purchasers, it is so too. I would lay this debate aside."

Sir Charles received only £200 a year for his services as Surveyor-General to Charles II. He is described in the

Calendar of State Papers as "a most deserving servant, and fit for a service requiring ability and experience." After the restoration he was among those commissioned to inquire after and recover plate, money, bullion, etc., belonging to the King, and Evelyn mentions his "calling to take an account of what grounds I challenged at Sayes Court."

He and his son William sat together in Parliament for many years. William was a man of blunt speech; as he himself once observed: "I pretend not to charm any man by what I say." Both were fervent Loyalists and staunch Protestants, with an almost rabid hatred of Papists. They were essentially just men, however, and though intolerant of the slightest blemish on the honour of the House, there are several instances of one or both standing out for leniency when their colleagues were demanding the extreme measure of the law. One of the most interesting debates in which they took part was on the question of Lord Danby's impeachment.¹

They had always been great friends of the Montagues of Boughton, and when Ralph Montague, while our Ambassador in France, incurred the King's personal enmity, it was to William Harbord that he confided the story. It seems, according to Burnet, that Montague, "who was a man of pleasure," had become enamoured of the King's late mistress, the Duchess of Cleveland. While this was going on, the King asked him to discover the whereabouts of a certain astrologer in whom he had great faith. Montague found the man, and confided to the Duchess that he had somewhat prompted him in the hints he should send the King. Later on, the Duchess, to punish Montague for preferring a rival, betrayed this confidence to the King, and Montague, feeling that he had incurred the King's enmity, left his post as Ambassador without being recalled, and came home.

Meanwhile, the Earl of Danby's foolish attempts to obtain money had incurred the hatred of both people and Parliament, and when Montague confided to his friend the history of the treaty he had endeavoured to make with France, that astute politician at once foresaw the efforts Danby would make, should his treachery ever come to light, to recover the incriminating documents the late Ambassador held. He urged Montague to go into Parliament, in order that he might take advantage of the old rule which prohibits the seizure of a Member's papers unless treason has been sworn against him, and so, when Danby made one of his underlings write home

¹ Grey's Debates, vol. vi.

that Montague had been "in secret correspondence and dangerous practices with the Pope's Nuncio in Paris," and the King informed the House that he was resolved to bring the late Ambassador to trial after seizing his papers, the House declared it to be a breach of privilege. All they would permit was that the box of papers should be opened in Montague's presence, and William Harbord said :

"This has been intended three or four days, but I believe that they have missed of their aims, and I would not for £40,000 they had these papers. And freely this was my great inducement to stir so much to make Mr. Montague a Member of this House. In due time you will see what those papers are. They will open your eyes. And though too late to cure the evil, yet they will tell you who to proceed against as the authors of our misfortune. I desire that some persons of honour and worth may be present at the opening of these Cabinets, lest some of these letters should be there, for they are of the greatest consequence that ever you saw."

Harbord and some others were ordered to receive directions from Mr. Montague where to find the papers, and the House sat until they returned with them.

Montague said : "I am sorry that so great a Minister has brought this guilt upon himself. It was my intention to have acquainted Mr. Secretary Coventry with the papers. I will now only tell you that the King has been as much deluded as the Dutch or Spain ; and you have been deluded too by this great Minister."

The box being opened, Montague took from it two letters, one dated January 16th, 1678, the other March 25th, 1678. The gist of them was :

"In case the conditions of peace shall be accepted, the King expects to have five million *livres* yearly for three years, from the time that this agreement shall be signed between His Majesty and the King of France ; because there will be two or three years before he can hope to find his Parliament in humour to give him supplies after your having made any peace with France." Subscribed Danby. "To the secretary you must not mention one syllable of the money. This letter is writ by my Order. C. R."

Harbord said : "I hope now Gentlemen's eyes are opened by the design on foot to destroy the government and our liberties. I believe that if the House will command Mr. Montague, he will tell you more. But I would not press it now upon him because poisoning and stabbing are in use. . . . As to the danger to the King's person, there is something

much more extraordinary. . . . I protest I am afraid that the King will be murdered every night. An intimate of this Earl said, 'there would be a change in the government in a year.' He has poisoned both in liquid and in powders. I doubt not that this great man will have condign punishment when this matter comes before the Lords."

Sir Henry Goodrich demurred. "We now come," said he, "upon impeachment of a noble Peer who deserves well of the nation, and I assure you has promoted the Protestant religion and has honour for the government. I put Harbord upon it that all the evidence against him may be produced, and make it out who converse with this Nobleman, that has the poisons he mentions. . . ."

Harbord returned: "If you please, I will tell Mr. Secretary Coventry who it is, but I assure you it is told the King already."

After some discussion he continued: "If I was not well satisfied that the King had known of it I would have found means to acquaint the King, but the design of moving this was to divert the question. The desire I had in not naming the person was that it might be impossible for the person to avoid being taken off. . . . The King knows it, and if you will know it too, I am not afraid to name him. He had the poison and tried it upon dogs with good success. There has been £200,000 in thirteen months paid out of the Exchequer for Secret Service, and vast sums of money diverted out of the course of payment in the Exchequer."

Colonel Titus said: "I find it a hard matter, and very dangerous to accuse a Treasurer. The righteous or unrighteous makes friends. There has been £197,000 issued out of the £200,000 we gave. This Lord . . . never anything prospered in his Ministry . . . some fear the Treasurer and some love him. I do neither, and would impeach him."

But Sir John Ernly defended the Treasurer, saying: "Far from nothing having prospered under his ministry he has paid a great part of the debt of two millions upon the Exchequer."

The debate ended by a Committee being appointed to draw up articles of Impeachment, and an ingrossed Bill from the Lords was read for banishing the Earl of Danby, viz., "By perpetual banishment and exile not to sit in the House of Lords, nor enjoy any office, &c. If he comes to England after the 1st day of May 1679, Treason, or to be found in any part of England, Treason, and no Pardon but by Act of Parliament. All correspondence with his wife and children forbidden, unless about his estate. If they hold any other correspondence

with him, they shall be punished as for corresponding with Traitors. Letters sent to him or received from him, shall within ten days &c. be showed to one of the Secretaries of State . . .”

But this Bill was rejected by the Commons on the plea that it was “a compounding for treason.”

When the question of his pardon was before the House in May 1679, Sir Charles Harbord, who had been one of the twelve on the Secret Committee in Lord Stafford's Impeachment thirty-nine years before, was consulted as to the proper procedure.¹

“The Lord High Steward in Lord Stafford's case,” he said, “was *quasi* a Chairman, to put questions. My opinion is that it is best for you to appoint Members to be present; else you will never be informed what the Council say. . . .”

The King next sent for the Commons to the House of Lords, and snubbed them rather severely. His Majesty said:

“My Lords and Gentlemen, I should have been glad to see you had you made any good progress in the matter I called you for. I perceive that your proceedings against my Lord Treasurer have hindered you therein. I am therefore now come to put an end to that business, such as I hope will be to your satisfaction. I have given him my pardon under my Broad Seal, before calling this Parliament, for securing both his life and fortunes, and if there should happen to be any defect therein in point of form or otherwise, I will give it him ten times over, rather than it should not be full and sufficient for the purpose I design it. I never denied it to any of my servants or Ministers, when they quitted their places, as Lord Shaftesbury and the Duke of Buckingham well know. Besides, I must inform you, that there are great mistakes in those matters concerning him. For the letters were written by my order. And for concealing the plot it was impossible, for he had heard nothing of that but what he had immediately from myself. I have dismissed him from my Court and Councils, and not to return. Public business presses hard, and therefore I recommend them to you to go speedily upon them.”

Apart from the amusing manner of speech of these long-ago gentlemen, the debate upon this address is particularly interesting to-day, when the King is treated as a mere cipher by the Commons, chiefly owing to the injudicious use his predecessors made of their power; and the Members of that “honourable” House do things that in the old days would

¹ Grey's Debates, vol. vii., p. 203.

have sent them to the Tower. The debate resulted in a fresh prosecution of the Lord Treasurer, who was imprisoned in the Tower for five years, and was only bailed out by Judge Jeffreys after three Parliaments had sat.

Mr. Bennet opened the argument by saying that "as there has been too much heat used here formerly, so I hope this House will not be too cool now. . . . It is for the safety of the King and the Nation, that a Minister be afraid of this House. . . . The King tells us 'he would have us mind the great business of the Nation.' You have no greater business than this. If these Pardons are thus obtained, it will be such an encouragement to rogues."

Sir Charles Harbord remarked somewhat caustically: "It is ordinary for a Minister or Secretary of State to say, 'Sir, I am going off from your service; pray let me have your Pardon. Lord Bacon, Michell, Mompesson, Lord Middlesex, Lord Suffolk had Pardons. But did the King ever pardon anyone after an Impeachment was against them? This way of pardoning . . . is of the most dangerous consequence in the world. . . . I have said this fifty years ago. In the last King's time, projects and monopolies flew about, and I was troubled about them; those reduced the King, the best of Kings, and perhaps of men, to own them at the Council-Table. It is a destruction to the Laws of the Kingdom and of the people . . . when the Treasurer of the Kingdom disposes of the public treasure, for the King's recreation, still it is *pro bono publico*. It is *crimen laesti imperii* to destroy the Treasury which is for the safety of the people. How shall the Commons be able to support the King, that he may aid his Allies abroad, when the Treasury is wasted? Whoever does this commits treason against his allegiance. I move, that you will make a remonstrance of the State of the Kingdom."

Sir Thomas Clarges said: "The King . . . says: 'that we were best able to vindicate him from the calumny put upon him by the worst of men.' Nothing can make the King more happy, nor shine in greater lustre, than his Parliament. This is no factious Parliament, no bands of Pensioners are here. Here the King's sceptre is of gold and not of red iron. . . . And the King shines in his greatest lustre. Though the King has pardoned my Lord Treasurer, the like was never done in any memory, when the whole body of the Kingdom hold up their hands for justice against him. Those about the King have his ear, and represent things to him. If those about him (*protectio trahit subjectionem*) intercept his Grace from his Parliament, nor two nor ten can protect the

King at Whitehall. Let us, in what we do, beget a confidence in the King. But still these unhappy actions and advices are the King's own ; when we should deliver him from them, they are put upon him, and what those about him advise, is ill advice. . . .”

William Harbord said : “ Suppose any man had sold forty or fifty ships of the King's to the French King, or burnt them, does any man think that the King would pardon it ? . . . The Lords have refused you justice, and have not committed the Treasurer to custody, and you ought to insist upon it as your right. . . . I can never believe that the King is so ill a man, that, when a War was depending &c. he should order those Letters to bargain for a peace. I desire justice against the Treasurer, in the name of all the Commons in England, but yet with all good manners to the King. I would have a Committee to draw up a representation to the King of the miserable estate of the Kingdom, and that this Gentleman is the occasion of it. If you suffer this Pardon to pass over so you will never discover the Plot. And if the advice of this Gentleman had been followed, some heads of the last Parliament that were troublesome to this Gentleman had been cut off. . . .”

Sir Francis Winnington spoke next.

“ The Rights of the Crown,” said he, “ are not only in the case of this Pardon, but of us and our Posterity when we have done. I never had any difference with this Lord, but as an enemy to the King and the Nation. Now, what is your duty to do in this case upon the King's signification of his intention of pardoning the Treasurer ? Which is, I suppose, as it were, asking our advice in it. . . . If the King proposes it as a legislative case, then it is but to give the King advice what is fit and convenient to be done. But if you consider it as you are persecutors then you are to consider the legal part ; and I will consider both. He that stands charged and pretends to a Pardon, confesses the crime he stands charged with ; he takes sanctuary and pleads his pardon under the Great Seal of England. . . . A Pardon once granted is not the Law of Medes and Persians, not to be revoked. . . . What is this Lord guilty of ? . . . He has exhausted the Treasure of the Crown, by acquiring a great estate to himself, &c. and endeavoured to stifle the discovery of the Plot, when it was just coming to light. Now the King communicates his Pardon to you, for these and several other offences, &c. for your advice. . . . The Law of England is of an admirable composition. . . . He that sets up Popery suppresses the Royal Family.

The Spiritual Pope, and the Temporal Power of France, suppresses both soul and body. . . . Was ever any man punished for not going against Law? . . . But shall he be pardoned that has gone against the Law and breaks the Law? No man is so mean as to have malice in his heart against the Treasurer, but the rights of the King are concerned in his crimes, and a good mettled man sets up again, and does the like exorbitances, and gets a Pardon from the King, and this shall be a reward for his crimes, and so escape unpunished. Since this Pardon of the Treasurer's was passed, he has got £5,000 a year for a year of the Fee Farm Rents, which is part of the Queen's jointure, and has taken it out of another branch of the revenue, because the Queen will not be so kind to him as to die! It has been said that 'the King lets the unfortunate fall gently,' but never that he rewarded a man that has been such an enemy to the King and Country. . . . It is a position in Law, 'That the King's mercy is boundless,' but upon an Appeal, if one kills my father, the King cannot pardon it; I am his heir; I may have vengeance. The King can pardon only what relates to himself. . . ."

The Debate ended with a message sent to the House of Lords demanding "that Thomas, Earl of Danby, may be forthwith sequestered from Parliament and committed to safe custody."

There are many instances throughout Grey's Debates of Sir Charles Harbord's horror of Papists. In the debate on the Bill for disabling Papists to sit in either House in Parliament, and on a proviso exempting the Duke of York from taking the oaths of allegiance, etc., he told the House a story of Queen Elizabeth. "When she was Lady Elizabeth," he said, "and in Queen Mary's hands, two articles were against her to take her off; one was that she was of the conspiracy of Sir Thomas Wyatt. They were brought in by the Pope and ratified by the Emperor. My Lord William of Pembroke (that great Lord who could neither read nor write) said to King Philip's great Minister of State: 'If the Lady Elizabeth be taken off and Queen Mary die, there is an end of your mastering England, for Mary Queen of Scots comes in as next heir to the Crown. But your master may have a dispensation to marry the Lady Elizabeth; she is the heir apparent, and then no man can come 'twixt the Kingdom and him.'

"By these means," said Sir Charles, "Queen Elizabeth was preserved."

The sturdy old Protestant, perhaps happily for his own peace of mind, died at the age of eighty-six, in 1679, just five years before the King he had helped back to the throne.

APPENDIX IV

WILLIAM HARBORD AND PEPYS

According to the Editor of Wheatley's Edition of Pepys' Diary, the immortal Samuel regarded William Harbord as his "most persistent enemy," and pretended to believe that he had maliciously trumped up the case that led to his impeachment in 1679. But it seems that so long before as February 1673 Pepys had been accused of being a Papist and of having an altar and crucifix in his chest. Again, in November 1678, he was subjected to a "solemn inspection," when Sir Charles Cottrell gave the House an account of a letter sent to the Dutch Ambassador saying that a Jesuit had been discoursing with a merchant at Frankfort, who was just about embarking for England, and had told him that before he could get into England a great change would take place there and their design for setting up the Catholic religion would take effect. He added that there were about a thousand Jesuits engaged in the plot. The letter was then laid upon the table, and the Speaker said :

"I have intimation from a Member of the House that Mr. Pepys has granted passes to some Jesuits to go beyond the sea."

Pepys retorted : "I am much more beholden to you, Mr. Speaker, than to the Member who informed you. I challenge any man that can ever say I have conversed with a Jesuit, spoke with, or granted him a pass, in my life."

Bennet then said : "One Dr. Conquest got a pass by means of Atkins, Pepys' Clerk, for Thimblebee, a Jesuit, to go beyond sea."

This also Pepys flatly denied. Oates had accused the Queen of engaging this very Thimblebee to murder the King, and he was the occasion for the first suggestion that all Papists should be banished. This passed over, but Pepys, probably because he was so firm an adherent and so open an admirer of the Duke of York, was apparently not very popular in the House, for he was sometimes rather severely snubbed. On one occasion when the question of Naval supplies arose, he said :

"I challenge any man alive, and his books to help him, to show me that in January there were ever more stores in the victualling house than now."

Sir George Downing retorted : "Pray take not that authority upon you in the Committee that the House has not given you."

Where is your authority? Who bid you meddle with the Speakers adjourning the House?"

In April 1679, when the question of supplies was again before the House, Pepys observed:

"It is easy to foresee a great deal of work cut out for me for another time. It is natural for you to enquire, what is become of the money you gave for the Fleet and the Stores, and what religion the Commanders are of. I move, therefore, that you will order Thursday for consideration."

Bennet said: "I do intend to give Money, &c. and so I shall save that Motion; but not only that, but I would see what Protestant Ally we have. We have forsaken all but the Popish and French side. The necessity of the Fleet will make you all beggars, when you pay twelve pence for six pence value, as they manage it. The Hollanders could say, 'All their Money is gone, and the way to bring England into subjection, is to make England poor.' And as they have managed it, they make you so. As to favouring Popery in the Navy, a Captain was called out for calling his Lieutenant 'Papist,' that was so, and I will prove Popery in your Fleet at the Bar. There is not a man that has served in the Fleet since the King came in, but was made by the Duke of York. Prince Rupert had not the power to make a boatswain. Bring us once upon a Protestant fund, but let us never give supply to be cozened of it by these villains."

Pepys returned: "This point of Religion in the Fleet, that this gentleman seems with so much vehemence to assert, and will justify, on my conscience is a mistake. I never heard of it; but that a general reproach should be cast upon the Navy, because the Duke of York named Officers! The Duke is unfortunate, and with my life I would rescue him. But I offer it to your consideration, whether any Prince was ever fitter to name Officers for the Fleet, than he. From the moment I have been in employment, I never knew that the Duke gave countenance to any one Catholic, as a Catholic. I do affirm that by all the care and inspection that could be taken in the Navy, there is not one Catholic in it from top to bottom, as far as it was possible for me to know. There was one suspected, and he not in the Navy. Since that he has come in, and will submit to any inspection. For myself, possibly Bennet may speak with some reflection. I am the man of England that has passed the most solemn inspection of my Religion. In the devotion and whole tenor of my whole life, I have been as good a son of the Church of England as any man. In the name of God go on in your inspection &c., I

am so far from the suspicion of Popery, that I am sure I shall merit quite otherwise."

Bennet said: "Give me your Warrant, and I will fetch the Captain that shall make good, that he was turned out &c. for calling his Lieutenant 'Papist'; and I can tell you of another Captain that has never taken the Oath, etc. What testimony Pepys has given you of his Religion, was this Parliament."

About a month after this little passage at arms Pepys was accused, with his colleague Sir Anthony Deane, by a certain Colonel Scott, of "some miscarriages relating to Piracy in the Navy."

It fell to William Harbord's lot to report the case, but there is nothing in the evidence to suggest that any personal feeling was shown.

It seems that on Friday, May 20th, 1679, "Mr. Harbord reports from the Committee of Enquiry into the Miscarriages of the Navy, that Samuel Pepys was concerned with Sir Anthony Deane in fitting out a sloop called the 'Hunter' from His Majesty's Stores, in the year 1673, making her free of the French Ports and procuring her a French commission in order to cruise on the Dutch, which being contrary to treaty might have occasioned a war between the two nations."¹

The "Hunter," it appears, "also made a prize of a free ship of England called the 'Catherine of London' which though proved to be English before His Majesty in Council, the Check-master of Portsmouth was sent to Paris to get condemned."²

Colonel Scott gave evidence of a number of papers that had been signed by Pepys containing information of the state of the Navy, methods of sea fights, maps of the coast of England, and so on. He also told the Committee that Pellissary, a Treasurer of the French King's Navy, had shown him these papers, and said:

"Pepys would not part with these things but for so good a sum as £40,000."

Scott had thereupon replied: "I hope these rogues who have betrayed their country are not of our religion, the Reformed."

To which Pellissary answered: "They are of the Devil's Religion."

The evidence at the Bar said that he had often heard Colonel Scott say that "Pepys was a great betrayer of his country, and in time he would make it appear that he was one of the

¹ Grey's Debates, vol. vii., p. 303.

² Ralph.

Arch Traitors of the Kingdom. He had heard Pepys commend the Catholics for their constancy in Religion."

Harbord said: "There have been reflections upon Pepys formerly, as to his religion, and by collateral proof I shall much convince the House that he is not of our Religion. I am sorry I must say it of a man I have lived well withall."¹

One of the witnesses produced was a man named John James, who had been Pepys' butler. He swore that one Morello, a Papist, who used to say Mass at the Queen's Chapel, etc., was "frequently shut up with Pepys in his closet, singing of psalms."

Pepys spoke crisply and with his usual bluntness in his defence. "It is a mighty misfortune," said he, "that I am charged with so many accumulative ills at once, and all by surprise. . . . Lord! Sir, it is a crime upon me of that weight, a man of my place, and in a time so dangerous, that I am willing to contribute to my own prosecution to clear myself. . . . It is Scott's 'Yea' by report; it is my 'No' before God Almighty!

"James," he continued, "was my butler, and in his way an ingenious servant, but it was his ill-luck to fall into an amour with my housekeeper, and, as fortune was, Morello caught them together at an unreasonable time of night. It was Sunday, three o'clock in the morning (the better the day the better the deed). I turned him away and he was never in my house since. As to Morello, my leisure will not permit me to go abroad for diversion and I sent abroad for a man of learning and a good musician, and a Merchant named Hill sent me over Morello. His qualifications are these; he is a thoroughbred scholar, and may be the greatest master of music we have. He came to Lisbon as page to a great man, and my friend Thomas Hill found him out there for me. . . . I have entertained myself harmlessly with him, singing with his lute till 12 o'clock, when it was time to rest. At Lisbon he was thought so moderate a Catholic that he was under some suspicion."

Sir Anthony Deane also having made his defence, Mr. Sacheverall said: "I have here the report from the Committee and the Gentlemen's defence, but I would not have the thing lightly passed over. If what is charged against them be true, they are as great crimes as the Lords in the Tower are charged with."

¹ Grey's Debates.

William Harbord said : " These Gentlemen have made long speeches in defence and these have made themselves innocent. But I will call witnesses to prove those ships etc., fitted out with the King's Stores. It was said to Pepys by one of the Council Table ' that he would forfeit £500 if he did not prove this to be true.' He will undertake to prove this of the ' Hunter ' and as for the information given by Pepys' butler, the butler had £500 security for his honesty. When you had an account the last year, of the two Navies, the French and the Dutch, in this Deane now contradicts himself. The Duke of York was put out of commission of Admiral by Act of Parliament, and yet these men must be protected by the Duke, to put the Navy into the Papists' hands. Pepys is an ill man, and I will prove him so."

It was ordered that Pepys and Sir Antony Deane " be committed to the custody of the Sergeant at Arms attending this House." Two days later Harbord made a farther report concerning them, and produced an inventory for Stores for the " Hunter " signed by the clerk of the Stores. It was then ordered that they should be sent to the prison of the Tower, and that the Attorney-General be directed forthwith to prosecute them for the crimes objected against them. When brought to the Bar on the 12th of June, the Attorney-General refused bail, but subsequently the accused were allowed to find security for £30,000.

Ralph says : " How far the charge against them was true or false, is nowhere cleared up ; for though Deane and Pepys were immediately committed to the Tower, and the Attorney-General was enjoined to prosecute them, it does not appear that ever any such prosecution took place. So that if innocent they suffered too much, if guilty, too little, and justice was equally offended either way."

It is at all events certain that Pepys did not lose by his advocacy of the Duke of York.

APPENDIX V

EDWARD, LORD SUFFIELD, AND THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY

My father took a very prominent part early in the movement for the abolition of slavery. It was not until 1831, however, that it assumed any appreciable proportions, and even then it was only proposed to form a committee in the planters' interest. He spoke eloquently against this, feeling that it merely meant

delay, but he was alone in his objections, and the Committee was appointed on the 29th of April, 1832—with the result he anticipated.

T. F. Buxton, in writing to ask him for a list of the Committee, added : “ Tell me whether the anti-slavery party, that is *yours*, will have any authority or control in the Committee. . . . I protest I think you Lords are even worse than we Commons, bad as we are. I never saw such an exhibition of cold hearts, ignorant heads, and false tongues as the noble Lords on the other side gave us to view the night before last. I could hardly listen to them in silence, or refrain from cheering the solitary voice that was lifted up for truth and righteousness. Much as we must lament that there are not many to echo it, how deeply rejoiced and thankful am I that in the name of the best part of England and of the slaves there *is that one*. Personally I can but congratulate you on what I considered was pre-eminently the post of honour.

“ . . . For this was all I cared
To stand approved of God ; even though worlds
Judge this perverse.”

One day a few weeks later, in May 1832, on the Chancellor presenting an anti-slavery petition, my father remarked that he had twenty-one similar petitions on the same subject to present, some of them signed by six thousand people, most of them coming from places of great importance. The opinion of the petitioners was that the recently appointed Committee was a still further stain and reproach on the horrors of the question, seeing that just when England was expecting slavery to be abolished, this delay, in the shape of further and quite unnecessary enquiry, had been permitted.

He said that in 1825 he had suffered for making allusions to certain authenticated cases of cruelty and ill-treatment of slaves ; a newspaper in the West Indies' interest had proclaimed him a liar and held him up to public execration, but he had taken no notice, feeling that their enmity to such a cause was beneath resentment.

In July he presented another petition, signed by fourteen thousand six hundred people, which protested most strongly against further enquiry or delay, and called for the immediate abolition of slavery throughout the British Dominions. Early in 1833 public agitation on the subject became much more acute, and as he was considered the heart and soul of the movement he was bombarded with correspondence and petitions. Some of these were signed only by women, one

from Bolton by five thousand two hundred, and another from Edinburgh by thirteen thousand two hundred, while a general petition from Edinburgh numbered twenty-one thousand two hundred and ninety-one signatures, and so on. At last it was announced in the House of Commons that the Government were about to introduce such a measure regarding the state of slavery in the colonies as would permanently settle the question. The announcement gave great satisfaction throughout the country. Meetings were held at various places and a deputation of three hundred and thirty-nine gentlemen was sent up from all parts of the country to wait upon Earl Grey and the Government.

Then the Duke of Wellington presented a petition in May for the *safe and gradual* abolition of slavery and a compensation to the planters. My father remarked that "the noble Duke had taken an unusual course in entering into arguments on the subject of the petition, without having given notice of his intentions. After the evidence they had heard they would consent to sacrifice their property rather than such a state of degradation and misery should continue. The noble Duke had said that the emancipation of the slaves would be the ruin of the colonies and the result a loss to Great Britain. He, on the contrary, thought that the only means to save the colonies was by emancipating the slaves without delay. . . . Neither partial nor protracted emancipation would satisfy the people of England, and they would never consent to anything but total abolition."¹

In June 1833 Earl St. Vincent, supported by the Earl of Ripon, having spoken in favour of compensation, my father, in presenting a petition from Cork, spoke at some length on the subject. He began his address by expressing his opinion that when justice had been done to the negro, the wrong-doer and those who acquiesced in the wrong, and they only, could settle the matter of compensation. He quoted Blackstone on the rights of human beings, and said:

"Lord Chief Justice Holt holds the view that the authority of Parliament is derived from the law, and if Parliament

¹ This was not the first time my father had resented the Duke's "safe and gradual" policy. When the subject of finding some means of alleviating the agricultural distress was before the House in 1830 he said, in reference to the reluctance of the Government to originate measures of relief, that "he admired the noble Duke's military character, the great merit of which was, he understood, *waiting for the enemy*, but he was now afraid that the principle which was admirable for the field was carried by the noble Duke's colleagues into the Cabinet, where it was utterly inexpedient."

exceeds the law its acts are wrongful, and cannot be justified any more than *acts of private persons*."

A day or so later he made a crushing retort to one of the anti-abolitionists. Lord Winford presented a petition from an individual possessing considerable property in the West Indies, who stated that he had invested a capital of £28,000 in slaves and estates, which he had purchased from the Crown, and demanded that his property or an equivalent should be restored to him when the measure for the emancipation should be passed.

"The Prayer of the Petition," said Lord Winford,¹ "appears to me to be only equitable and right."

My father immediately rose and presented thirteen petitions against slavery. "His Lordship has forgotten," he remarked, "to allude to one authority than which a better could not be adduced, to prove that man could not be made a slave. It is the authority of Chief Justice Best¹ in a judgment which that learned individual gave some time since. Amongst other excellent sentiments which he uttered in it were the following: 'Human beings could not be the subject matter of property, and any law sanctioning slavery was an anti-Christian law and one that violated the rights of nature.'"

In July 1833 the Bill reached the Upper House, and his task became even more laborious and thankless. Quite unsupported he struggled over each clause as it passed through the Committee. For many weeks past he had presented something like fifty petitions a day in favour of the Bill, and latterly had increased the number first to one and then to two and three hundred a day, many of them signed by tens of thousands of persons. His earnestness led to his suggesting temporary reforms pending the total abolition, but so little in favour of the measure were his fellow politicians that even one which asked that the flogging of women should be stopped was only supported by the Duke of Cumberland.

Later in the session he objected to the amount of £20,000,000 compensation being granted, as being more than the planters ought to get, and more than they were prepared to accept. He differed from the Duke of Wellington as to the beneficial legislation of the colonists in regard to slaves, and also to the Duke's opinion that emancipated slaves would not work. The Duke had argued that by the abolition of slavery in our colonies we should encourage the slave trade outside His

¹ Chief Justice Best became Lord Winford in 1829 on becoming Deputy Speaker to the House of Lords. He died March 3rd, 1845. His mother's father was Sir William Draper, well known as an antagonist of Juniors.

Majesty's dominions. To this he maintained just the opposite opinion, as also to the Duke's suggestion that the missionaries were the instigators of the recent insurrection of the Colonies. The Colonies, he said, had taken great pains to make out that fact, even to unwarrantable measures, but the minutest investigation had failed to justify any such suspicion.

On the 12th of August, 1823, the Bill was read a third time and passed. "And thus," says Richard Bacon, "Lord Suffield had the happiness to see accomplished the noblest work of humanity, perhaps, that ever was wrought by popular feeling, and in which it was his highest boast to have taken so honourable and so effectual a part."

APPENDIX VI

THE GENEALOGY OF FRANCES, LADY SUFFIELD

Frances, widow of Colonel C. C. Rich, R.H.A., is a daughter of the late Major R. P. Gabbett, of Corbally, Limerick. Major Gabbett's name was originally de la Garbette, he being a direct descendant of the grandmother of William the Conqueror. His ancestors came to England with William, and settled in Shropshire. One of the family had been knighted by the Emperor Maximilian for his ferocious bravery when serving as a standard bearer on the field of battle, and his crest was changed by the Emperor to a double-headed eagle, with the motto *Garde à la Bête*. In the reign of Henry VII. the family went with Strongbow to Ireland, and remained there, the name getting gradually abbreviated to its present form, as may be seen on the old tombstones in Cahircoulis churchyard, County Limerick. Major R. P. Gabbett married his cousin, a member of the Leinster family; one of her brothers was killed in the Indian Mutiny, and her sister's husband, Major Norcliff Dalton, a nephew of the Duchess of Roxburghe of that date, died in the Crimea. Queen Victoria sent exceedingly kind letters to her mother and sister in condolence.

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